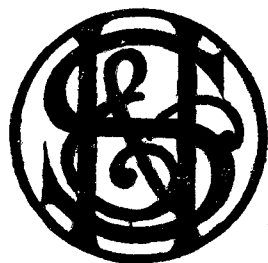


THE
BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

1926



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ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. BY MGR. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.	PIPES OF PAN. BY S. R. LITTLEWOOD.
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THE POPULARITY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

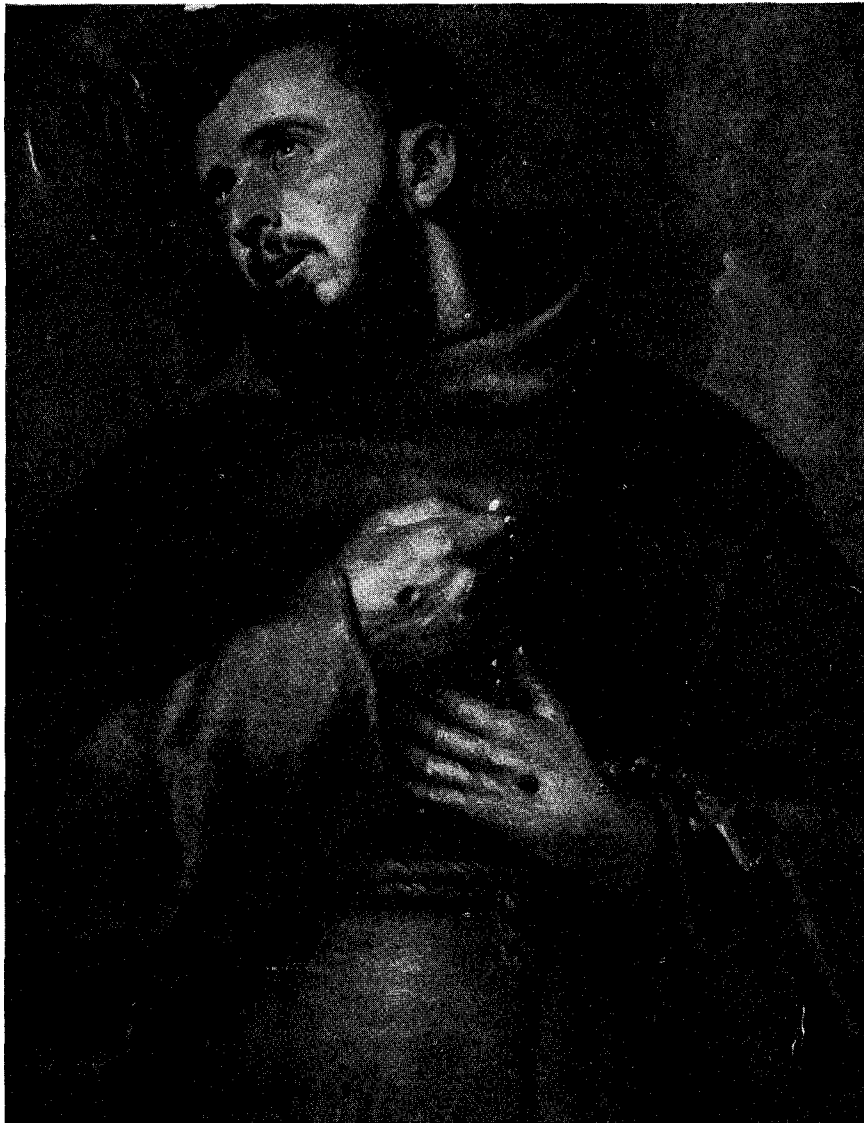
ONE of the many remarkable things about St. Francis of Assisi is the breadth as well as the strength of his appeal. With him it is not a case of special devotion from members of the Church which he inspired, nor even of the admiration of those who, while not members of that Church, have the greatest sympathy with the Catholic spirit. Francis of Assisi is a hero to many to whom Catholicism or indeed any form of orthodox religion means little. His most famous biographer is a Liberal Protestant. Yet Francis is not only a Catholic saint and a saint of the so-called Dark Ages, but a monastic saint, vowed to a life apart from his fellows, with a whole system of discipline and prayer, as well as orthodox Roman theology, dividing him from the semi-sentimental, semi-materialistic thought of to-day.

For psychological reasons it would be interesting to know why certain saints capture at once the popular imagination, while others, whose sanctity appears to be no less and who made just as much stir in their own generation, have no appeal beyond their immediate time and devotees. Why is it, for instance, that Francis of Assisi attracts more widely than Francis de Sales or Francis Xavier? In the first case, perhaps, the

reason is not hard to find. Francis de Sales was a high-born bishop, a prince of the Church and a nobleman; and though the collect appointed for his feast celebrates

the "Blessed Confessor Saint Francis" having "become all things to all men," the circumstances of his life, as given us either by himself or by his fervent disciple, the Bishop of Belley, show him as chiefly a frequenter of ecclesiastical circles, moving either among devout women or pious churchmen. There is about him too rare an atmosphere, he lacks homeliness, and though he lived nearer our age than St. Francis of Assisi he seems altogether more remote from us.

In the case of St. Francis Xavier the situation is more complex. Here is a man whose story, one would think, is bound



St. Francis Praying.

From the painting by Rubens.

to capture the popular imagination outside his own communion as well as within it—the soldier of fortune converted and changed into the soldier of the Lord, the life of dedicated adventure, ranging from the shores of Spain to the unknown shores of the Yellow Sea—beside which the saint died with his eyes on China, the land to which he longed to bring the Good News he had brought with so much romantic triumph to Japan.

No doubt one reason why we have not the same

feeling for Francis de Sales and Francis Xavier as we have for Francis of Assisi is that they were both theologians, and theologians brought by the conditions of their time into direct conflict with the faith which is the faith of most Englishmen of the present day. Francis de Sales drove back the Reformation from Savoy into Switzerland; Francis Xavier, Knight of the Society of Jesus, was pledged to fight the darkness of Protestant error with the light of truth as shed by the Council of Trent. The average man does not like the theologian, even if he happens to agree with his theology; or rather I should say that the amateur theologian does not like the professional. We are all theologians in a measure, and are jealous for the little systems we build for ourselves and range against those great edifices of the chartered craftsmen, as gipsies pitch their tents in the grounds of a great house.

But I think another reason why Francis Xavier, at least, fails in his appeal to the majority, is that from its beginning there has been a tendency to ignore and belittle the virile element in Christianity. The soldier saint has not the same chance of popularity as the saint whose only war-cry appears to be "Peace and goodwill." Francis of Assisi was kind to animals, while the Jesuits burnt heretics—that may account in a measure for the difference in our attitude towards them.

We see this tendency to emasculation at work throughout the whole history of Christianity. We see it in church music, which has degenerated from the austere simplicity of Gregory to the sentimental banalities of Gounod—and worse than Gounod. We see it in church art—the saint in a stained glass window and in most so-called religious pictures is an anæmic if not an effeminate creature. Even a harsh, knobby, truculent personality like St. Paul can only be made manly by the addition of a beard, and when we come to St. John—Boanerges, Son of Thunder—all that as a rule the artist can show us is a drooping, sentimental boy. We have even pursued this tendency with our Lord Himself. I doubt if there is any aspect of the Gospels more striking to anyone who reads them for the first time, or who reads them after a long interval, than the fact that the Christ they show is so entirely different from the Christ of popular tradition. Instead of the "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" of the hymn, we find the Lion of Judah roaring in the courts of the Lord, fierce and relentless in His condemnation of all that was hateful to His Father's honour. If at times He carries the shepherd's crook, at others He is armed with the whip of small cords with which He drove the money-changers from the Temple when the zeal of the Lord's house ate Him up. Instead of a careless, good-natured toleration of every form of belief and ethics, we find a Teacher who replied to that inquiring nonconformist, the woman of Samaria: "Ye worship ye know not what; salvation is of the Jews." We have built up a milk-and-water conception of Christianity which we have come to revolt from, forgetting that we ourselves have created it. In this we have been helped by changes in the meaning of English since the days when the Authorised Version of the Bible was made. Then the word "meek" had not its present milky significance, but one very similar to that of the French "*debonair*."

No doubt this sentimentalising process, founded on some instinctive tendency, has helped to put St. Francis of Assisi in his present place in the popular imagination. It is not that he was merely a mild and good-tempered saint, but that his life and circumstances give more scope for sentiment than do the lives of Francis de Sales or Francis Xavier. Also he is one of the "little" saints of history. He is akin to the Little Flower herself, St. Thérèse de l'enfant Jésus. One wonders how much the popularity of her canonisation is due to the fact that she was always such a little girl—a little girl whose doll is still to be seen among her relics at Lisieux. She gives us the impression that the saintly life is an easy and childlike affair, an impression which we cherish even while we realise it to be an illusion. The saint who strives and fights, who resists unto blood and at a great price wins his freedom, may, we admit, be a more admirable character, but we do not find him so appealing. There is something so inevitable, so natural and so easy about the whole story of St. Francis that our hearts are touched even more than our imaginations, our love even more than our wonder.

There is too another quality which has helped recommend him to Englishmen, and that is his romantic fellowship with the beasts. He was their friend in a day when they had not the favour that modern times have given them. The love of St. Francis for the birds and for the fierce wolf of Agobio appeals to us English people even more than his love for his fellow men. Recently those in high places have pointed out that he had an even closer association with the animals, in the fact that, like most of his generation, he was probably verminous. But we must remember that in those days high places were equally liable to the same reproach. St. Francis called himself the Troubadour of God, but the Troubadours, for all the glamour that history has cast upon them, were soiled and tattered fellows, and with their gaiety also was mingled austerity, an austerity which we find underlying the songs of the Troubadour Francis.

Nowadays only athletes are austere. We expect our athletes to train themselves and deny themselves for the sake of sport; we have lost the conception of austerity as a training for other ways of life—the life of the poet and the life of the saint. In the Middle Ages austerity was admired as a form of spiritual athletics—the physical side of the training for holiness which the saints, who were the sportsmen of the Middle Ages, underwent so courageously. Francis, for all his gaiety, was no exception to the rule; indeed, though we are inclined to turn aside from the idea of his asceticism, it stands out as a dominant passion of his life. We have the story of his forty days' fast, the fast which he broke in the midst by eating half a loaf for fear that he should dare to think himself too like his Lord. There is also the well-authenticated story of the stigmata—the inward suffering of the spirit so reacting on the body that the body itself is wounded with the wounds which are the wounds of the Body of Christ.

It is difficult perhaps to see a clear picture of this saint. Our pens and imaginations have been too busily at work upon him for too long. From the first authority has had to check a tendency to over-idealise

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.**



*From the painting by Murillo
(Madrid Museum).*

**ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI,
"LA PORCIUNCULA."**



From "ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI"
Essays in Commemoration, 1226-1926
Edited by WALTER SETON, M.A., D.Lit.
(University of London Press).

ST. FRANCIS RECEIVING THE STIGMATA.
(By Sassetta, 1444.)

By courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen.



From "ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI"
Essays in Commemoration, 1226-1926
Edited by WALTER SETON, M.A., D.Lit.
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MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF ST. FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY.

(By Sassetta, 1444.)
(Musée Condé, Chantilly.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
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ST. FRANCIS IN PRAYER.

From "ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI"
By G. K. CHESTERTON
New edition, with illustrations in colour
(Hodder & Stoughton).

and romanticise him, for he captured the people's imagination from the start. Later on we may have grown too critical, been inclined to deny too much, to see too small and one-sided a picture. Perhaps we are nearest the truth if we see him as a typical Italian, not of the austere, aquiline Roman sort, but the Italian of the provinces, merry and smiling, light-hearted, full of goodwill and of humility, the Italian that we see so often in our streets, come from some peasant home in Lombardy or Tuscany, making music under our street lamps, a wayfarer giving tunes and smiles for the dole

of charity. The Italian organ-grinder is not so unlike the Italian friar. Is it impossible to imagine an organ-grinder who, behind his outward merriment and music-making has an intense, almost remorseless, spiritual life, hidden austerities and hidden yearnings, hidden mystical aspirations and experiences? If our imagination can give us that—and I do not think it is beyond imagination even if it is beyond probability—then our imagination has taken us a little way towards St. Francis, where he sits in converse with the sun, wounded and smiling.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY MGR. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

TWO figures from the Middle Ages, a woman and a man, have lately stood out before the modern world and taken its homage in acknowledgment of qualities intensely human but still something more. I mean, of course, Joan of Arc and Francis of Assisi. Both are Catholic Saints, and we keep their festivals in this order, although the French heroine came a full two centuries after the "Poverello," the Poor Man, who was God's friend and ours. I have traced the swift and splendid career of the Maid from Orleans to Rheims, and thence to Beauvais and the fiery pile beside Rouen Cathedral where the saviour of France was burnt in 1431. And I have said Mass over the body of the "Seraphic" (as we also call him) beneath Giotto's immortal picturing of his dedication to Gospel poverty. Long ago, when I first read his life, I added the name of Francis to my own, being still a member of what is termed the Third Order. But St. Francis did not found any "Order," in the medieval corporate sense. He brought a fresh inspiration to Christians by creating in beautiful but distracted Umbria something that more resembled Galilee than our Western world had seen in the past—nothing short of a divine episode. Italy, says a bold proverb, added in the person of Francis another page to the New Testament. What more could be told us that would not seem dispraise after this?

And how was the miracle wrought? By a single word, but an incarnate example in him that uttered it—the word "poverty." He said in presence of the creative, combative and magnificent thirteenth century, "With Christ I am fastened to the Cross." He stripped himself literally of all things, with a passion of disdain so complete that it became joy and broke into song. When comrades, kindled by his heavenly ardour, thronged about him, Francis bade them go "as God's minstrels" and spread abroad the glad tidings of this emancipation from care, contentions, covetousness. To be poor, yet happy in God's favour—that was sound Pauline philosophy, "as having nothing, yet possessing all things." His "Friars"—the "Brethren," or "Minors," the "Common Folk"—went forth, a joyous band, not secluded in cloisters, but as the Apostles did, wherever men abounded; nor is it untrue to affirm that wherever they came a wave of Christian happiness flowed into suffering hearts. The genuine Franciscan note was joy, simple as the Saint's trust in God. Hence the love of nature, the incentives to poetry and art. Not only Giotto, but the supreme

Dante, whose words paint while they move musically on, is in the tradition of Assisi. For the days of Galilee had their lovely landscape, their hymns and parables, their "Fioretti," once again, while Francis with his companions evangelised the Casentino country-side.

And in spirit and in truth we may catch a breath of this mountain air, while reading the "Fioretti," if we will become as little children for awhile. How almost impossible is such a mood in a century like ours! Perhaps for that very reason many who would not dream of imitating Francis are drawn to admire him. Englishmen, too, can enter most heartily into the adventurous life, the freedom from bounds, and the extempore makeshifts, which lent an air of crusade to the coming of the Friars. They were fervent Catholics, but arrived everywhere as if to convert the natives; and monasticism of the elder type found itself old-fashioned wherever these wandering "minstrels of God" appeared. Francis himself was neither a priest nor a monk. He did not wish that his disciples should retire into a solitude, or be fenced in with exemptions and privileges, much less were they to become Lord Abbots or Peers of Parliament, or Prince Bishops. The mighty medieval structure of the Church seemed solid enough in the age of that undoubtedly great ruler, Innocent III, who has been called the Augustus Cæsar of the Papacy. And when this poor little pilgrim from Umbria drew nigh with a petition that he might have leave to spread the Gospel message, Pope Innocent turned scornfully away. But in a vision of the night he saw Francis holding up the roof of St. John Lateran against collapse; and he awoke and altered his policy. Henceforth, no favours could be too precious for the Friars. The succeeding Pope, Honorius III, conceded to Francis that remarkable "Indulgence of the Portiuncula" which I cannot stop to explain, but which was almost unique among Indulgences down to these latter days. Cardinal Ugolino, later known as Pope Gregory IX, was a devoted, though politic, friend of St. Francis and St. Clare. He canonised Francis in the year 1228.

But neither he nor any other authority of an age given over (despite its violence) to legalism could rise with our Seraph to the law of liberty. Hence the sufferings which he endured from worldly-minded, ambitious brethren like that Elias who usurped the Saint's powers, but sacrificed to ambition the original simplicity of the movement. No doubt, when thousands

all over the West were crowding into it, discipline was a necessity and Francis could not exchange his beautiful, romantic and tender spirit for the lawgiver's peremptory ways. His Rule was the Gospel he had heard in church. That was all he knew. Attempts have been made to represent him as drawing up three Rules, one for men under vows, a second for the Poor Clares, and a third for the so-called Third Order. But surely we do him violence if we transform his little unstudied expressions into the solemn enactments of a Code. The Holy See was acting within its rights when it drew up constitutions adapted to these various ranks and duties which could not fail to emerge as disciples multiplied. After the days of Galilee we must expect Jerusalem. And such a struggle as ensued between the "Spirituals" and the "Moderates" was already foreshadowed in the last years of Francis. He could neither hinder nor end it. Leaving men and their perversities, he went up for a Lent in honour of St. Michael to the lonely mountain of La Verna, in Casentino. There, so Thomas Aquinas tells Dante in the eleventh canto of the *Paradiso*,

"On the hard rock
'Twixt Arno and the Tiber, he from Christ
Took the last signet, which his limbs two years
Did carry."

Such was the undoubted belief when our supreme of Florentines wrote. And I have beheld in Assisi the autograph statement to the same effect of Brother Leo, companion to the Saint during those two years, who had himself seen the facts to which he testifies. A marvel without precedent (if I may quote words from St. Bonaventure's *Life of St. Francis*) could not fail to set its recipient apart, even before the great White Throne. And how could the faithful do honour beyond his merit to the Saint who was literally crucified with Christ? I cannot but conclude that the unique position of Francis in Catholic devotion owes not a little to these "stigmata," or "marks of the Lord Jesus," which St. Paul declares that he himself bore about in his own body.

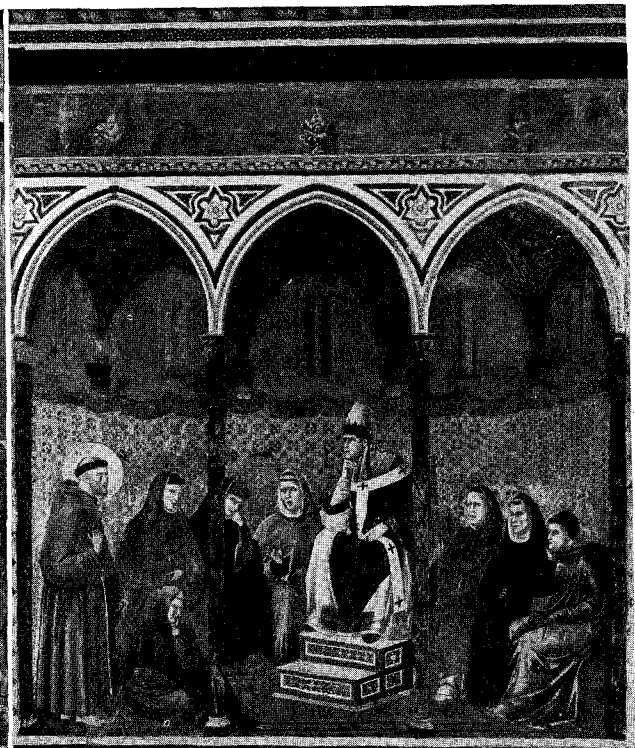
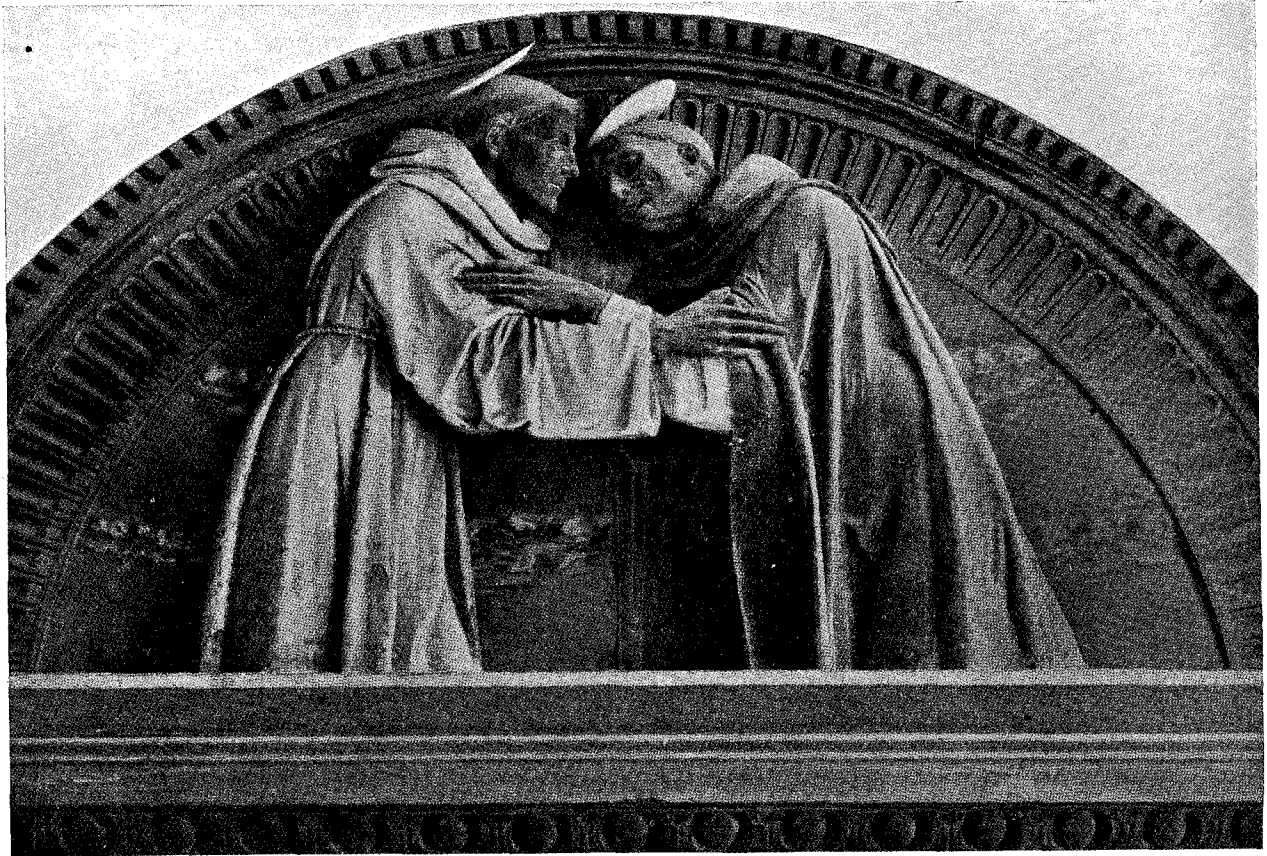
Francis travelled much, and in many directions. Missionary zeal drove him on a voyage to the East, when he was nearly cast away off the shore of Albania. He joined the Fifth Crusade in 1219 before Damietta (not of course as a combatant) and was present at the assault and capture of that city. Then it was that he "through thirst of martyrdom, stood up in the proud Soldan's presence, and preached Christ." The Soldan, Malik Shah, listened courteously, but was like his people, "unripe for conversion." Francis, however, sent missionaries to Morocco, where five of them suffered death at the hands of Mohammedan fanatics, while he himself made a journey into Spain, urged by this vehement desire of spreading the Faith. His teaching and example inspired the Order with enthusiasm; they became, and are to this day, guardians of the Holy Places in Palestine; their missions to the Far East have a fascinating record; and at this moment the Archbishop of Simla, who is building a fine Cathedral for natives and Europeans, is a Capuchin.

The expedition to Spain of a man like St. Francis yields a welcome glimpse of intercourse between Christian and Islamite which proved to be a step in

the world's progress. We know how much St. Thomas, the "Angelic Doctor," was indebted to Spanish-Arabic sources for his acquaintance with Greek philosophy. And we have learned of late to our astonishment that the whole plan and structure of Dante's greatest work were borrowed from Islamic legends dealing with Mohammed's ascent to Heaven on the "Night of Power." (See "Islam and the Divine Comedy," by Professor Miguel Asin, translated from the Spanish by H. Sunderland.)

In the splendid intellectual Renaissance of the thirteenth century this man, who had his own divine gifts, took no part, neither could he have taken any. His mind (if I may speak by the card) was unitive, not discursive. He saw heaven opened by faith and love to the humble soul; with abstract reasonings, propositions, deductions, he was simply not at home. A poet cares little for syllogisms; yet he reasons in his own way. At the humble little church of Greccio he kept Christmas with such a joyous return to Bethlehem that ever after Catholics have brought down from on high the choirs of Heaven, and the shepherds from their wintry night-watches, to celebrate the birth of our Saviour. We most of us keep in the manner of Francis what would otherwise be the Yuletide of our heathen ancestors. Was not such a visit to the Madonna with her new-born Babe in that midnight cave equal to a whole treatise of the Incarnation? To Francis the Gospel, instead of merely recording a story long past, was alive here and now. Its day had not simply come and gone. Therefore, Umbria might be an Italian Galilee, and the crucified Christ came, borne on the Seraph's wings, to Monte Alverna, just as He had been transfigured on Tabor. Francis, I repeat, was concerned with persons, not propositions, with Gospel made present, and Christ at His people's call, and a life dedicated to His imitation. By and by—nay in the very lifetime of their founder, certain disciples turned eagerly to these attractive studies. They flocked into Paris, the most brilliant of Christian universities; they would soon be conquering Oxford, and in due course making it Scotist, down to the Reformation, or even (as may be plausibly maintained) down to this day. St. Francis looked on, as an Angel might that could speak no human dialect. His quite simple doctrine of Love must find some equivalent in Canon Law; his devotion to Jesus be drawn out into "theses," flung backwards and forwards in syllogistic tournaments. I have myself seen this done on set occasions in our Roman University. Not the slightest irreverence was meant; but I can well understand how that beautiful soul shrank and hesitated when St. Anthony of Padua began not only to learn but to teach scientific theology.

In truth St. Francis was a poet, to whom everything in nature brought inspiration. His deep-felt "Cantic of the Sun" is a grand Benedicite; his ecstasy when a stave of music rapt him out of this world; and his instant response to the pleadings or the mere presence of our lowlier brethren, all betoken a sympathy with God's creation which no verbal wisdom would satisfy. The story of the Wolf of Agubbio need not be a fable, and is in any case a parable. His understanding of the wild wood and its denizens would



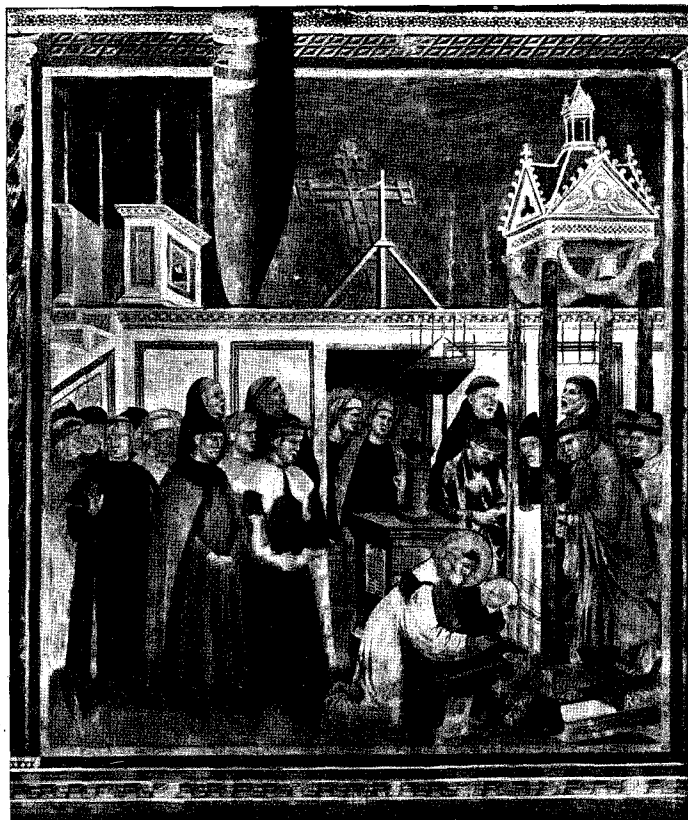
1. Meeting of SS. Francis and Dominic.
*Andrea della Robbia—Loggia di San Paolo, Florence. Photo by Alinari, Florence.
From "Franciscan Legends in Italian Art," by E. Burney Slater (Dent).*
2. St. Francis renouncing his heritage. (*Giotto fresco at Assisi.*)
3. St. Francis before the Pope. (*Giotto.*)

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.



en suivant la misere par
courir. par victoire en ba
tissant par le denier en

doibi fermer en tous temps
ne fussent mie greues. Et
en Rachez dont de lamedu



Giotto : Christmas at Greccio
(Upper Church of St. Francis, Assisi).

From "St. Francis of Assisi and Giotto." By Dr. Alexander Koltonski.
(Sampson Low).

give him rank among Celtic hermits ; the dog and the dove equally obeyed him ; and he preached to the birds. No creature that heard him could resist him. At Subiaco, in the Apennines, to which he once came on pilgrimage, I have been shown the rose-garden where he plucked some blossoms. Those flowers, touched by St. Francis, they say have no thorns. It is a pretty legend.

And now the whole world is keeping his seventh centenary, with a strange simple kind of joy, as when a hard-pressed man, looking up from sorrow, calls back his innocent childhood, which at once rebukes him tenderly and whispers comfort.

" Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that thou wert here again ! "

Thus our late and still not forgotten Poet Laureate, whose temper, training, and success might have been reckoned fatal hindrances to his apprehension of a character so unlike his own. Happily, it was not so ; Tennyson's homage to the Seraphic Father was renewed on October 4th, the day of the Saint's burial, with a hearty goodwill, throughout our English-speaking world. John Ruskin, who in his fanciful way became a " Tertiary," declared that he taught the Gospel of St. Francis. We shall not do ill if we bind the same cord about us, and beg a cutting from the thornless roses of Subiaco.

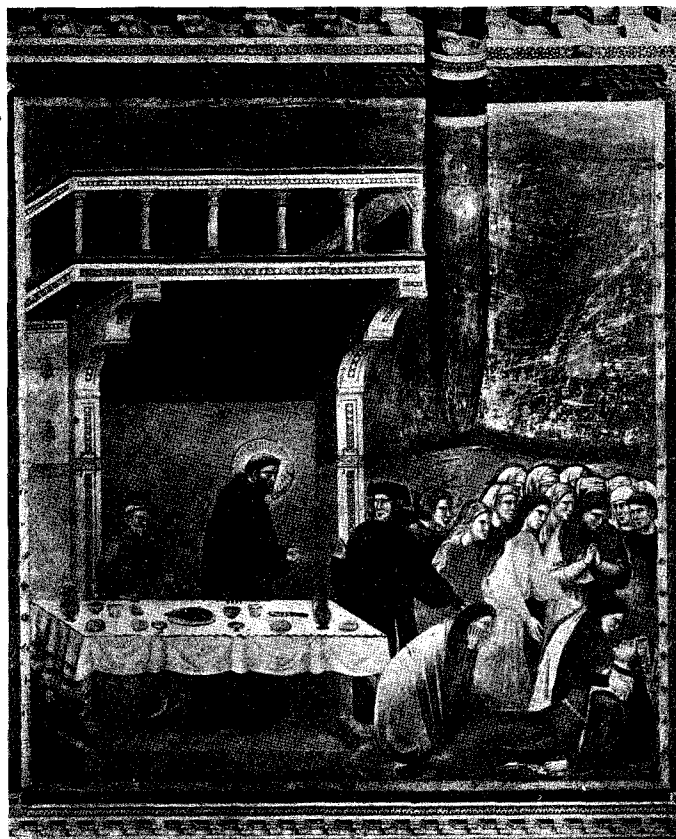
IL POVERELLO.

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON.

HISTORY is unconscious irony. It was never more so than during this present *anno Domini*, 1926, when, by reason of the fact that he died seven hundred years ago, we, members of the most acquisitive of all civilisations, have been reminded of the Saint of Assisi who made poverty and holiness interdependent. It is but one more link in the garland of praise to the memory of *il Poverello* to say that if he had seen the irony of the situation, as he doubtless would have done had he been looking on, he would have laughed in that joyful way of his, full of the great confidence of humility. St. Francis was a Mark Tapley among saints. He rejoiced that there was work to be done, just as he found happiness in allowing the poor to pace him in the race for dispossession. He won in that race. He wedded his Lady Poverty and so became poorer than the poor, and for the seven hundred years since he died on a piece of sackcloth spread upon the bare ground, praising God " for our Sister the death of the body," for he had no desire even to possess so much as his own body, he has been venerated by members of all sections of the Christian faith as the practical exponent of an adorable but impractical ideal. He is even more highly venerated than that. His peculiar and admirable qualities, his simplicity and joyousness, his physical courage and spiritual strength, have singled him out from among all the saints for the special praise, the moral acceptance, of the profane and the infidel.

St. Francis paid his fellow men the compliment of love, and they have returned the compliment. They still admire him in the perspective of history, because

he had the courage to be poor, and even the rich envy him because he could afford to be happy.



Giotto : St. Francis predicts the death of Celano
(Upper Church of St. Francis, Assisi).

From "St. Francis of Assisi and Giotto." By Dr. Alexander Koltonski.
(Sampson Low).



Fresco Portrait.

From "Franciscan Italy." By H. E. Goad (Methuen).

I have been reading carefully and dipping casually into some of the books * which soon will be all that remains of the septennial celebrations of last October, St. Francis in a little while will retire again into the ranks of the saints, regarded intimately only by the specialist and the devout, but always a little more familiar because of the universality of his attitude towards life, if not in practice, at least in sentiment. These books will remain memorials not to him but to our own need of the St. Francis legend. There are those who would disentangle the legendary from the historic Francis, forgetting, or being incapable of understanding, that legends are among the facts of history. To strip him of his legendary robes is merely to denude him without making him a greater reality than he is. The curious and interesting fact about the life of St. Francis is not that he has become a legend, but that he has remained indisputably alive in the imagination of men. His genius is thus proved, but not explained. The explanation, I mean the outstanding explanation, obvious on a moment's reflection—obvious anyhow and very real for me, and I am not of his Church or likely to be—is the fundamental Franciscan idea behind the man and the saint, namely, that he is necessary.

* "St. Francis of Assisi and Giotto." By Alexander Koltonski. 5s. (Sampson, Low.)—"The Life of St. Francis." By W. H. Leatham. 3s. 6d. (Clarke.)—"St. Francis: An Historical Drama." By Father Cuthbert. 5s. (Longmans.)—"The Franciscans in England." By Edward Hutton. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)—"St. Francis and the Greyfriars." By Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D. 5s. 6d. (Mowbray.)—"Knights of St. Francis." By Elizabeth Grierson. 4s. 6d. (Mowbray.)—"The Friars Minor." Translated by A. G. Little and H. Boehmer. 5s. (Dent.)

St. Francis of Assisi won his place in the affections of so many diverse people, in the main, people who have no intention whatever of following his example, because he symbolised that knowledge of the emptiness of possessions which everyone feels at certain moments though few admit it. He is reputed to have achieved miracles, but the greatest miracle of his life was his victory over the affections of men although he had renounced everything men desire. St. Francis proved himself to be a psychological necessity. The popular idea of his popularity is that, as Matthew Arnold said, "he brought religion to the people," realising that "poverty and suffering are a condition of the people, the multitude, the immense majority of mankind." That may have been true at one time; it is more than probable that it was true in the thirteenth century. But it does not explain his continued popularity among all classes. The explanation of that popularity, it would seem to me, is only possible on the basis of what I have called psychological necessity. One of the outstanding characteristics of modern civilisation is our tendency to engage in doing a more or less definite job of work and hiring others to live for us. Instead of singing songs for ourselves we allow others to sing to us at concerts, through loud-speakers and gramophones; we go in increasing numbers to see increasingly specialised athletes play games for us, at cricket and football matches and boxing tournaments; our sedentary lives are relieved by the dramatic conflict in the theatre and the violence of the popular press; and the hotelier is rapidly becoming a substitute for the domestic host. This tendency is common to all classes, but it becomes most intense amongst those who have comfortable incomes. So it comes about that we support people who play for us, and look with sentimental affection upon those who make a profession of being poor for us. St. Francis and his Order have become a part of our romance by proxy. We have sentimentalised the Greyfriars in much the same way as we have sentimentalised the common tramp. For us St. Francis is a spiritualised "Beloved Vagabond." As for the poor, who were the original devotees of the Saint, they know little of St. Francis and need him less because they have no occasion to indulge their poverty by proxy.

In the thirteenth century religion had become a thing apart much as it is to-day. St. Francis was a protest against that apartness. He saw that the barrier between the possessed and the dispossessed was a limitation of the Christian idea, and by dispossessing himself he sought once more to communalise religion. But religion for him was a joyous and not a gloomy thing. He was as happy as a Salvationist. It was this joyousness that he contributed to his fellows rather than any other of his religious attributes. And perhaps in this we have the final key to such power as he still wields. Doctor Alexander Koltonski has shown in his eloquent little book how the Franciscan cult affected the art of the period. "The gloomy forms of French Gothic did not apparently suit the simplicity of Franciscan sermons," and "by reducing to a minimum the importance of the Church as an intermediary between God and man, he created that wonderful base for individuality

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.**



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

G. K. CHESTERTON

whereon blossomed in later years the most exquisite flowers of human thought." There was a kindly spaciousness and brightness about his attitude. It was as much the negation of the acquisitive caveman as of the religious caveman. And finally the quintessence of his genius was not so much what he did as what he was. If he had not been a saint he might have been a wit. The idea is supported by his replies to his

critics. His joyousness was geographical and climatic. He was a child of Italy and the sun. I like to think of him as opening doors and windows to let in the light. He has done that for seven hundred years, and it is not only evident in the hearts of those he has influenced, but in the art of Italy. Saint Francis was once a renaissance; it is his tragedy and ours that he has become a convention.

PATHETIC YET SPLENDID.*

BY C. LEWIS HIND.

THIS is a pathetic, yet a splendid book.

It is pathetic because it can please nobody wholly—neither the full believer, the half believer, nor the unbeliever. It is pathetic, too, because Jesus, or pure religion, is of the heart, not of the head. Mr. Middleton Murry is an Intellectual. But let me be fair: let me quote a passage towards the end, at the conclusion of his chapter called "The Final Message":

"For, whatever we may believe, whatever we may know, if our souls are alive at all, we are judged by Jesus of Nazareth. One act of love, and we live; and the loveless ones are damned everlastingly."

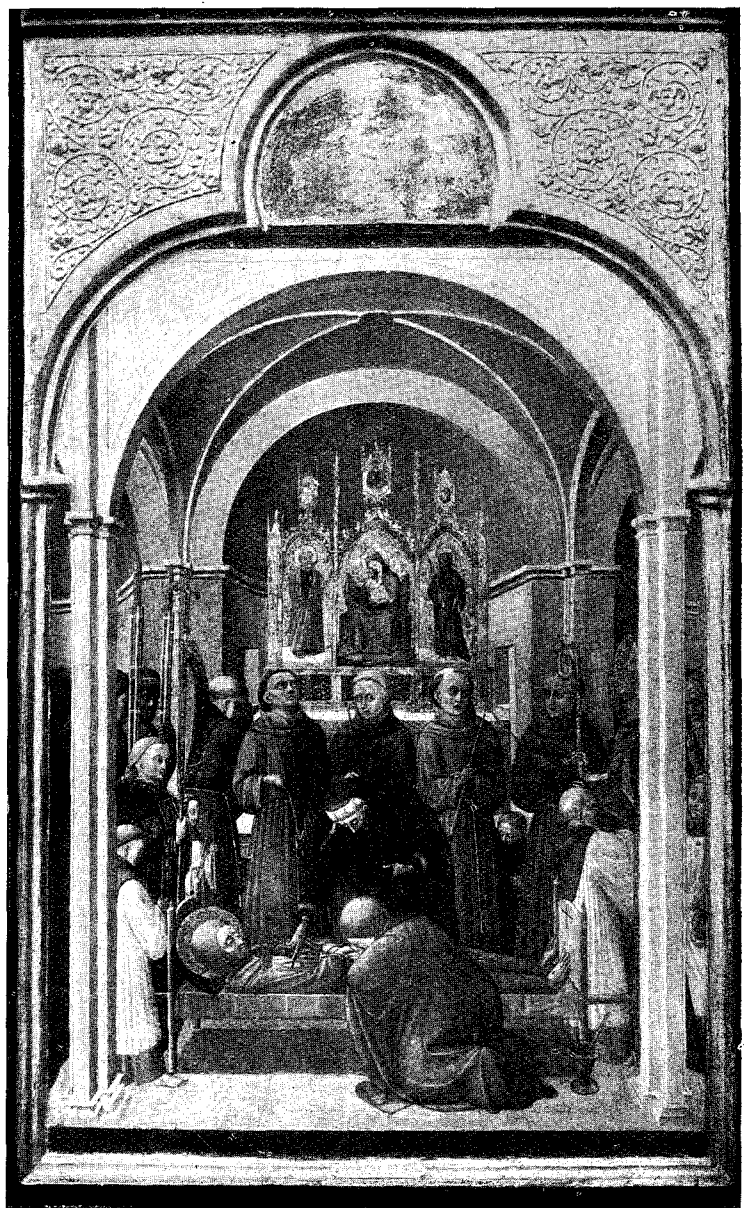
Just what he means I know not. To be "damned everlastingly" is incomprehensible to me. But I understand the word—love. It is pathetic—this undying love in this author's heart, trying to illumine his intellect. Many years have passed since I read Renan, but I seem to remember that he always made his meaning beautifully clear, even his radiant doubts. The trouble with lay writers on Jesus, who are Unitarians, is that while treating Jesus as man they can never forget that he talks as God might talk. They can never forget the wonder of Jesus.

It is a splendid book because Mr. Middleton Murry must have given years to his task—that is not the word—let me say to his infatuation, all the time knowing that he could convince neither the convinced nor the unconvinced. Why then did he write this book? He tells us—"I wrote it because I needed to write it; it had become urgent upon me to make up my mind about Jesus." His mind, observe, not his heart. Has he made up his mind? Has he made up anybody's mind with the 317 pages of his splendid forlorn hope? Words! Words! Words! We are told that the pure in heart shall see God, not that the intellect shall see God.

Mr. Murry also informs us that "what is original, and so far as I know, wholly original in the Life is the psychological interpretation of these historical facts—that is to say, the history of the development of the mind and soul of Jesus from His baptism until His death."

Well, and what then? I gain nothing from his "psychological interpretation." Yet I have read every word of his book, pondered many, and

started (I was bred a Unitarian and so am shock-proof) when I read that Simon Peter's name the Rock was "given with a smile, and that it meant Simon the Wobbler." No, I gain nothing from this "Life of Jesus" except admiration for the splendid infatuation of the author. But it has turned me towards dwelling more intently upon these matters which are never far away from the heart of an elderly man who cheerfully sees the world ever growing but



By courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen.

The Funeral of St. Francis.

By Sassetta, 1444.

From "St. Francis of Assisi." (University of London Press).

* "The Life of Jesus." By J. Middleton Murry. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

ever lessening for him. Said Mr. Edwards to Dr. Johnson, "I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."

Cheerfulness broke in when after reading Mr. Middleton Murry's "Life of Jesus" I turned to an interesting Bible I possess wherein all the words of Jesus in the New Testament are printed in red letters. I read, and it was like arriving home after a bewildering journey. And I remembered a dinner party at the house of a Christian Scientist in America, a few years ago, when that body was divided into two opposing camps, and Words, Words, Words met you everywhere. There was a bride at that dinner-party who had lately become a Christian Scientist. I admired her because she was silent during our long, not uninteresting, but rather worldly—the letter not the spirit—discussion about the rightness of one camp, and the wrongness of the other. When we were at the height of our argument I turned to her and said, "You have not spoken." She replied, "Why not go back to Jesus." Then there was silence. We had been reproved.

But I am reviewing this book—or I am supposed to be. As I have said, its chief value may be that it directs our minds to Mr. Middleton Murry's infatuation. Certainly it has made me read other reviews, and visit places of worship, perhaps to pray, but also to be reminded of Belief that needs no words to strengthen it, which is the real thing. Such Belief comes from within, not from without. Churches should be accessories not essentials.

First two reviews of this "Life of Jesus"—two that count. No. 1 was in *The Times Literary Supplement*, an extraordinarily sympathetic, friendly and long review, but one of those that never actually say that

two and two is four. It ended thus, "This is a true work of evangelisation. It is a gift to religion as well as to modern letters."

The second was in the *British Weekly*. It was also long: it was signed James Moffatt: it was, if I may say so, much to my liking because in column two, Mr. Moffatt comes to grips with the author, has no doubts that two and two make four, and says, "Here is one more book on lines that lead nowhere."

To refresh myself, and to see the act of worship, after so much talk about its meaning, I attended Westminster Abbey, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the Wesleyan service at Central Buildings. Oh, hearts seeking peace! "Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder: wondering, he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reacheth the kingdom he shall find rest."

There was a fourth adventure. I sat through a Coliseum programme, including an appalling Jazz band for the pleasure of watching the faces of the audience during the performance of Bernard Shaw's "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet."

Later, as luck would have it, I read in a magazine that President Coolidge has "an abiding faith in a divine power which is working for the good of humanity," and I reflected that the worshippers in all the forms of worship above mentioned, and Mr. Middleton Murry, could unite in the belief that, however they may disagree about the origin and purpose of Jesus of Nazareth, they can agree that he revealed to man the "Divine Power," and that his revelation has not been surpassed, and never, I suppose, can be surpassed.

There, in a world of disagreement, is unity.

TAGORE.*

BY WILFRID GIBSON.

IT is a difficult and thankless task to attempt to assess the essential and permanent value of the work of a versatile and voluminous contemporary. With the older writers who have already passed through the refining fires of time, no especial gift of divination is needed; we can discover the gold at a glance, and disregard the dross: but, with the output of a contemporary, the critic must try to perform the offices of time, and do the necessary riddling and purging himself. Mr. Thompson complains of the treatment of Tagore by his English reviewers: he says that they are now blowing cold, after having welcomed the publication of "Gitanjali" in 1912 with a gust of enthusiasm; though he does admit that the poet himself and his publishers may in a measure be to blame for the change of atmosphere. Too rapid a succession of small and rather similar books by Tagore have been poured out from the press during the last fourteen years; and the fire that blazed so famously at a first kindling has been almost choked by the

successive buckets of fuel that have been injudiciously dumped upon it—fuel that, if it had been added more slowly and with discretion, would have fed the fire until it burned with a steady and unquenchable glow. Not that I mean to hint that the fame of Tagore could ever be finally extinguished, even by a too-enthusiastic publisher. His reputation has only had a temporary set-back, a fate that befalls most contemporary reputations. Every fresh publication by a living author is bound to modify our opinion of the value of his work; and a series of indifferent books may even obliterate the impression made by earlier first-rate work; so that we may come, ultimately, to underestimate the essential significance of the writer.

But the difficulties of assessing the value of the work of a contemporary native writer are as nothing compared with the task of assessing the value of the work of a hybrid genius and bilingual writer such as Tagore, a genius who derives from the alien and even antagonistic cultures of the East and the West; and I, for one, have never been able to make up my mind about it. (Please note, Mr. Thompson, I was not one

* "Rabindranath Tagore." By E. J. Thompson. 10s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

of the early and fickle enthusiasts!) I read the "Gitanjali" on its first appearance with a sympathetic appreciation, and yet with a feeling that there was something a little unsatisfactory about it. I said to myself that this might be because the author had translated the poems into an alien tongue; and that, though he wrote English with distinction, the poems probably could only find their perfect expression in the original Bengali. (Has a poem ever been the same poem in two languages?) So that it is a little disconcerting to learn from Mr. Thompson's book that some at least of Tagore's countrymen consider that his poems are only really satisfactory in their English versions! Doubtless both my opinion and that of the Bengali critic quoted are biased by, possibly unconscious, prejudice: and yet I have no doubt at all in my own mind that Tagore, whether or no he be a great English poet, is a great man, and a great man of a new type, an international genius, and a writer who has really assimilated the cultures of the East and West. When we consider his achievement, we are filled with hope that Mr. Kipling's dogmatic assertion of the impossibility of bringing the East and West together

may go the way of so many other cocksure pronouncements. And this is evidently also the hope of Mr. Thompson. His purpose in writing his exhaustive study of the poems and plays of Tagore has been "to set out the materials for a new and juster understanding" and to persuade "the reader who is open to conviction" that the poet's work is "much more vigorous and varied than it is taken to be" by those who only know it from the unsatisfactory English versions. What a stupendous task Mr. Thompson has set himself, and has indeed accomplished with credit, may be appreciated when we consider that the publications of Tagore, in the two languages, actually run into hundreds; and that Mr. Thompson computes that his poet has written something like 100,000 lines of verse! Not content with attempting a critical survey of this huge bulk of poetic work, Mr. Thompson also considers his subject's activities as a journalist, playwright, actor, singer and teacher; and gives an interesting account of the famous school at Santiniketan, the foundation of which institution alone would justify the

claim that, in Tagore, we have one of the great spiritual forces of the day. Though Mr. Thompson has performed his task of interpretation with much skill, it is impossible for a reviewer who is ignorant of Bengali to judge whether he has been entirely successful. He tries to hold the balance between those enthusiasts who acclaim Tagore as the greatest of the world-poets, and those detractors, even more foolish, who denounce

him as a charlatan—a clever Oriental "who has acquired a knack of saying things in such a way as will readily appeal to a European mind." Perhaps he is mistaken in attempting to be calmly judicial. At all events, he does not entirely succeed. The balance is incessantly tilting one way or the other as Mr. Thompson is warmed by enthusiasm, or cooled by adverse winds of criticism: so that a great many of the verdicts he pronounces in passing seem to cancel one another. At one moment he appears to think that Tagore possesses all the attributes of a great poet; at another he seems to find some essential quality lacking. Yet why should Mr. Thompson, or indeed anyone else, attempt to do the work of time? Surely, in doing so, we are troubling ourselves uselessly, for who can anticipate the verdict of

the future? Why cannot we be content to enjoy the wealth that Tagore offers us with both hands, without attempting any searching appraisal of its ultimate value, without troubling as to whether he is a great poet or not? When we reflect on the mistakes of contemporary critics in the past, and recall how their giants usually turned out to be pygmies; and how, too often, in mistaking molehills for mountains, they were altogether oblivious of the authentic peaks on the horizon, can we not take warning, and pocket our little foot-rules and calipers; and give ourselves up to generous and uncritical appreciation? No, we cannot. We love poetry so much, and reverence the poets so highly, that we must regard every new-comer with a jealous eye, and decline to admit him into the magic circle until we have put his work to the most searching test we know. We must inevitably make foolish and lamentable misjudgments, being fallible mortals; but we shall at least preserve our integrity. To Mr. Thompson all honour is due for his serious study of the work of one of the most significant writers of our time.

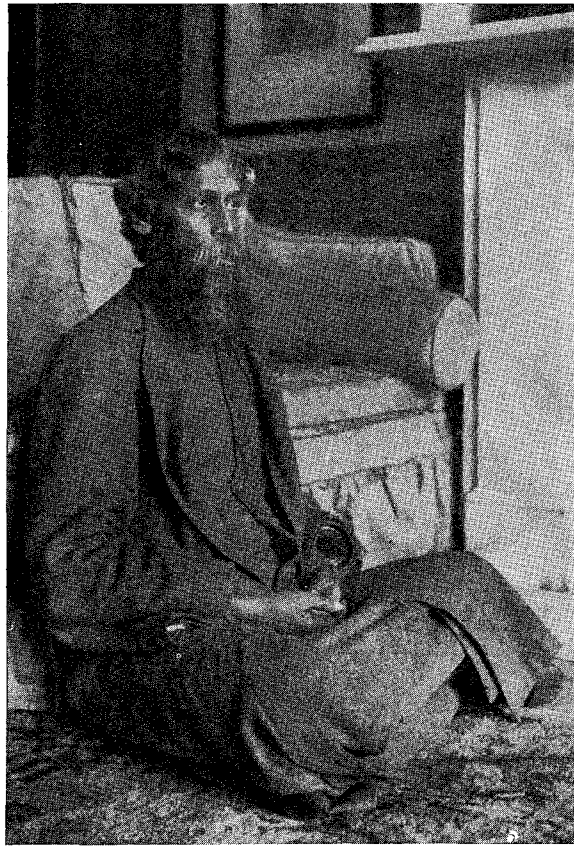


Photo by John Trevor,
Hampstead.

Rabindranath Tagore.

THEODORE DREISER.

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I

SOMEWHERE Mr. Dreiser said once: "For myself I do not know what truth is, what beauty is, what love is, what hope is." It is an unfortunate position for a creative artist, and it explains the extraordinary character of Mr. Dreiser's books. An artist has no reason for producing work unless he has a vision of beauty; he has no reason for studying character, unless he can say what is true or what is false; only a complete cynicism, which must result in complete inertia, can afford to be ignorant of the difference between love and hate; and not to know what hope is, is to confess unacquaintance with disappointment, which is absurd. So reason tells any of us; and yet Mr. Dreiser is undoubtedly sincere, he is, in his strange, chaotic, unregulated way, an artist. How can this be explained? There are two explanations. If his work—not only his fiction, but also his biographical books—is read even carelessly, it is quickly evident that his approach to the world and to his fellow-creatures is essentially unintellectual. Mr. Dreiser was writing long before Mr. D. H. Lawrence made popular those philosophies which depreciate reason, long before he was preaching the pre-eminence of the solar plexus; yet Theodore Dreiser might be a character in one of Mr. Lawrence's novels. When he says he does not know "what truth is," he is sincere and speaking the truth: but the importance of his confession becomes profoundly modified when we realise that Mr. Dreiser does not *know* anything. He feels. He has a curious, blundering awareness. Acutely aware of his own abandonment and ignorance in a world he neither understands nor likes, he moves vast antennæ blindly, persistently feeling after things in the universe, things which he hears, without comprehending, other men call "love" and "truth" and "beauty."

Then there is another truth of this nihilism. The blind, we know, become amazingly sensitive to touch, and sometimes to smell. So, Mr. Dreiser, who does not know what truth is, has, I am certain, an intellectual as well as emotional hold over one quality. He knows what pity is, and he knows what cruelty is. The one is revealed to him by touch, while he can smell the other, finding it—as in his study of Frank Cowper Wood in "The Financier" and "The Titan"—in its subtlest and most disguised forms.

This instinctive sense of pity is what makes Dreiser's books most noteworthy. It has no patronage, and it has no philosophy. At the sight of suffering Dreiser pities, just as a man will blink if a candle is suddenly, in the dark, flashed in his eyes. In Dreiser's complete freedom from patronage will be found the reason, if not the excuse, for the dreadful wearisomeness, the heavy-footed, maddening boredom which he too often produces. For he sees no reason why everything should not be told about everybody and anything. He has no particular curiosity, for curiosity is a kind of selection: he just notices everything, puts down everything, and expects us (or perhaps does not expect us) to share his sense of interest in these details which have no

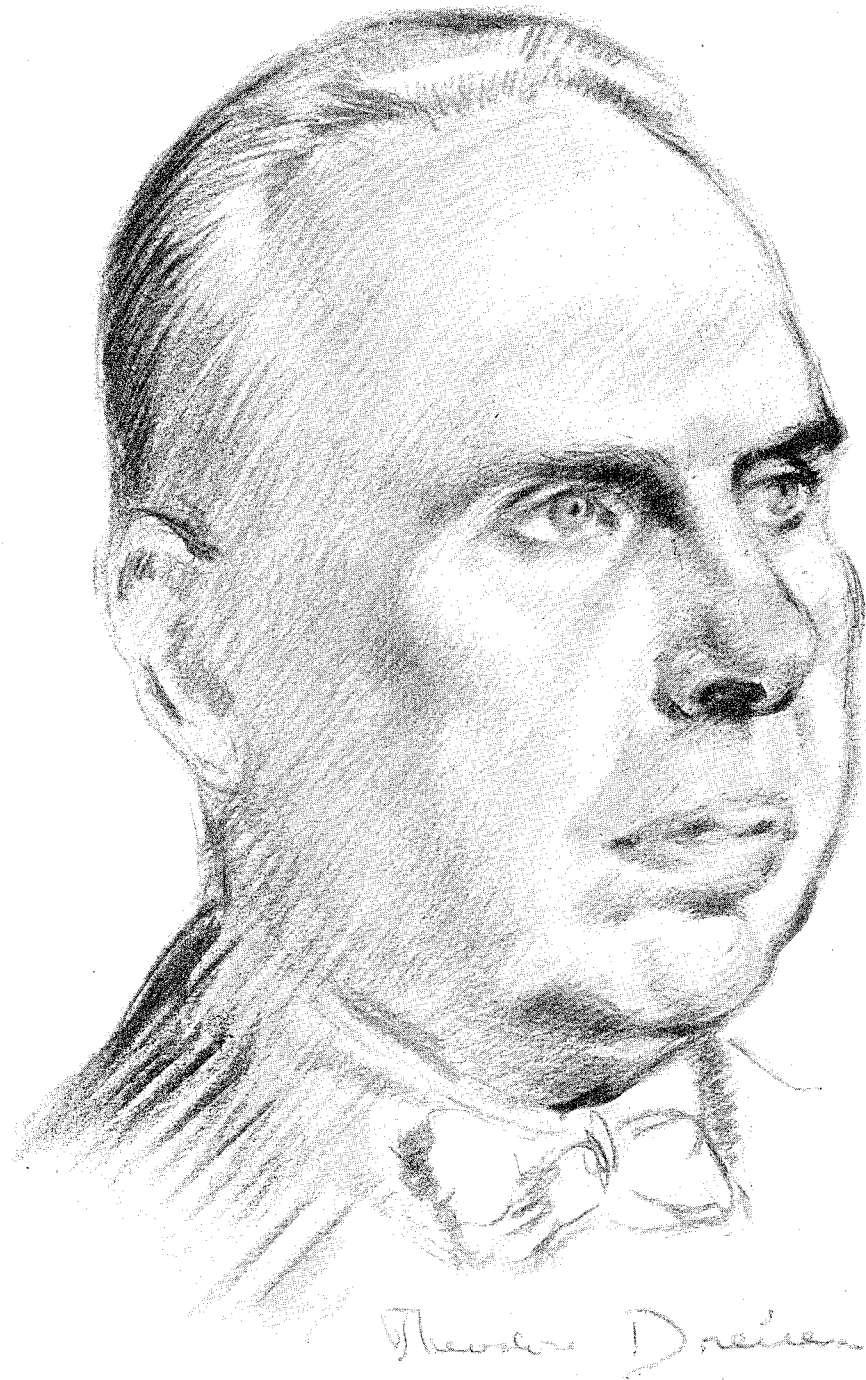
value—except that they arouse a sense of pity, and the sense of pity is the only human emotion which Dreiser thoroughly understands and continuously experiences.

II

Theodore Dreiser was born in the United States in 1871. He has written short stories, plays, much journalism, two books of autobiography, and six novels. "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," "The Financier," "The Titan," "The Genius" and, the latest, "An American Tragedy."* There has been a good deal of discussion in America concerning Dreiser's derivations. The obvious suggestion of Zola was countered by the author with the information that he had not read the French author when he began writing. This is of course unimportant. Long before Mr. Dreiser published "Sister Carrie" in 1900 the naturalist method had been familiarised in many languages and in innumerable books: nobody who could read a newspaper report could escape it, except by deliberate rejection. Dreiser seems to have encountered it through the later novels of Thomas Hardy, possibly through the novels of Frank Norris, his compatriot, and, I should say, through Sudermann and the George Moore of "A Mummer's Wife" and of "Esther Waters." What distinguishes Dreiser from Moore and Hardy, and in a less degree from Zola, is his lamentable lack of style. It is easy to attach too much importance to style. Dickens, whose style is often execrable, is a much greater author than Walter Pater or even than Flaubert, and this although Dickens never wrote a single book as perfect as "Madame Bovary." But Dickens's style can also be extremely good—it nearly always is in his more frankly comic passages, or even in the low melodrama of "Oliver Twist." Dreiser's style is, except occasionally in a few uncertain passages of intense emotion, uniformly banal, cumbrous, awkward and unsuitable. It does not remind us of a good style or a traditional style, misapprehended and misapplied; it is not a hurried, careless style, as is much of Balzac's; it is simply the bad style of a man who has never taken the trouble to learn the relation of words to a sentence, or of the sentence to a paragraph. It is so undistinguished as often to be unrecognisable. Nor can I find that the thought in his books is sufficiently lofty, as some American critics aver, to make one overlook this clumsiness. An affection for the ideas of Darwin and Huxley cannot mean to us quite what they do to the lusty young rebels who staged the trial at Dayton, Ohio. What compels one to read "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt" and "The Titan"; what makes it just possible for one to read "The Genius" is the author's profound respect for humanity, and his considerable power of looking the pity which he feels. I do not believe, however, that his work could not be enormously improved if he took the trouble. His method has enslaved him: and his practice as a journalist has perverted his talent. He simply cannot help

* "An American Tragedy." By Theodore Dreiser. 10s. (Constable.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

THEODORE DREISER.

giving the reader information. He tells us about his people, instead of allowing or forcing his people to think and act for themselves. This is still true even in "An American Tragedy," which is certainly his masterpiece. Here for instance are Hortense's thoughts about Clyde Griffiths:

"She was pleased to think that Clyde was sporty enough to think of flowers. Also he was saying such nice things about her. At the same time she was convinced that he was a boy who had little, if anything, to do with girls. And she preferred youths and men who were more experienced, not so easily flattered by her—not so easy to hold. Yet she could not help thinking that Clyde was a better type of boy or man than she was accustomed to—more refined. And for that reason, in spite of his gaucheness (in her eyes), she was inclined to tolerate him—to see how he would do."

The three words in brackets—"in her eyes"—are an epitome in miniature of Dreiser's weakness as a novelist. He is describing Hortense's feelings: nothing else is or should be present in the mind of the reader. Suddenly the author intrudes himself—not in the frank, old-fashioned method of Thackeray, but as an interior critic, not an outside showman—in that fatal little phrase. He might just as well have marked "gaucheness" with an asterisk and added a foot-note: "Clyde Griffiths was not really more awkward than other boys of his age and occupation. His friend, Zeke Gamble, knocked his feet together far more often than Clyde; and Bert Toller was much more conspicuous with his hands; while Tom Treadwell, only a week ago, had pushed over a perambulator. Hortense was just over-particular." Mr. Dreiser's capital fault is that he cannot for long leave his people alone to manage and explain themselves.

III

Still, they are people—these players in "An American Tragedy." It is not really Clyde Griffiths's tragedy, though the story ends with his trial, conviction and execution for a murder he did not commit, except in wish. Clyde is not a tragic character: he has neither will enough, nor strong enough desires. The tragedy

is his mother's, and Roberta Alden's, the girl he seduces, deserts and allows to drown. In his previous novels Mr. Dreiser has often affirmed the weakness, the helplessness of man: but he has too often done this—especially in "Jennie Gerhardt"—in a way which forces the reader to consider whether the argument has not been too obviously arranged. There is no suspicion of that in "An American Tragedy." Clyde's wretched story proceeds with the deadly, ineluctable inevitability of an ancient tragedy. The stars have so ordered it, and there is no one in the book with the power to sway that supernal influence. Clyde's parents are weak and gentle. They tour the States as evangelists with a gospel compounded mostly of teetotalism and emotional evangelicalism. Clyde starts early to earn his living as a bell-boy in an hotel. He is involved in a bad automobile accident, and then by chance comes across his rich uncle, Griffiths, of a great collar and shirt manufactory. He is doomed from that moment. Though his uncle only gives him an inferior job in his business, Clyde is popular as well as weak. He gradually climbs into society, a society which has no idea of culture except the ability to assimilate the more refined kinds of comfort and to enjoy the more expensive forms of pleasure. His liaison with Roberta Alden—a girl employed at the factory in a room over which he has charge, becomes a weariness, and when he meets and loves Sandra, a terror and an incubus. Clyde feels he must get rid of Roberta, who is with child by him: because he feels he must marry Sandra. He plans to kill Roberta, when she has shown she is determined to marry him; and though he can't do it at the critical moment, still Roberta is killed. Then Clyde, guilty in desire and intention, behaves as though he were guilty, and plunges from one folly of deceit and subterfuge to another. The greatest part of the book is the story of the trapping and trial of Clyde. In it Mr. Dreiser displays that enormous pity of his, a pity unconditioned and irrational, a pity as beautiful as the consolation of the dawn or the comfort of a dark and secure night. For this, and for the portraits of Roberta, of Sandra and of Clyde's mother this book would be memorable.

WHITMAN IN FICTIVE BIOGRAPHY.

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

"BIOGRAPHY in the form of a novel . . . re-creating Walt Whitman in all the vigour of his fiery genius"—the publisher's description of Mr. Rogers's book* provokes questions which are worth pondering. Biography is much less certain than fiction, its form much less insistent, its basis much less steady. It is easy to be precise when you are inventing, it is hard to be precise when you are engaged in recollection—a short definition of biography. The hero of biography—if in 1926 he may still be called hero rather than victim—is capable of those vast surprises, inconsistencies, spiritual improprieties, which if we are candid we shall admit as true of every man's life, written or unrecorded; but in all these he is setting a snare for the author. He disconcerts the biographer now by his fullness, anon by his elusiveness, and again by his cunning

muteness. He leaves his papers to his widow, his friends yield up letters and notes of conversations, and the biographer, teased maybe by his own recollections, is plagued to reconcile one thing with another and present, as he thinks and hopes, a figure of consistency and verisimilitude. He becomes, when he is wary, a kind of art-photographer, whose chief business is to get a smooth, suburban likeness, with all that is hard, coarse, odd, smoothed away and vapidly smiling instead from unwrinkled flesh. Or, escaping this humiliation, the biographer stumbles upon a worse danger: he indulges in speculation, guesses at truth and stays not to consider whether a guess is permissible, stretches himself and rejoices in the very absence of true material, and with the aid of what is supposed to be the "new psychology," he offers a hypothetical record as boldly as if it had the authority of statute.

Now Mr. Rogers's biography in the form of a novel

* "The Magnificent Idler (The Story of Walt Whitman)." By Cameron Rogers. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

is at once a good and a bad book. With a formal and avowed biography an opportunity is given to the reader to reach his own conclusions upon the presentation of facts. All the facts cannot be told between the covers of any book; all those that are told are not likely to be correct, and certainly will not be told with equal care and disinterestedness; for there are so many people to please, and it is so hard to please oneself instead. Those that know most of a man are often those that tell least; loyalty is set as a seal upon their lips, faith unfaithful keeps them falsely true; the instinct to suppress is at war with the instinct to reveal, until at length to suppress seems kinder than to reveal. What, then, shall the zealous student do? His pen is restive, his spirits prance, he must write; he calls on the shade of Rousseau, but it is conscience that answers, humane scruples follow, and he looks in his heart and writes, thinking of the time when he, too, may plead from his grave for tenderness at the hands of another.

Mr. Rogers has tried to avoid the handicap of biography by pretending a fiction, with a vague background of fact. His success is to be judged by comparison with formal biography, and we are entitled to ask if the liberty of his method has produced a more lively and active image than the stricter method of, say, Mr. John Bailey in a recent study of Whitman, in "The English Men of Letters" series. The worst danger of the fictitious method is avoided, namely, the danger of an easy sentimentality, and his invention is restrained by a sense of what is fitting in any account of a great man; but these are negative merits, and there is little to praise as a positive quality. The facts of Whitman's life are not especially obscure, nor are they exciting; he impressed people by what he was and seemed, rather than by what he said and did. A Boswell might have made a hero of him, but even a Boswell could not have made him a hero of letters. Mr. Rogers shows Whitman as a large general figure, blurred and edgeless. Compare Mr. Rogers with Whitman himself. Mr. Rogers writes:

"During the summer of '63 when the weather smote the inhabitants at Washington at midday as with a vast and steaming maul, Walt in the early morning would see the President riding to his work, a stiff top-hat upon his head, clad in rusty black clothes, and his seat upon the big grey that he bestrode that of a ploughboy grown old, trotting out to the fields, a secure but undistinguished equestrian. At his side a young lieutenant of cavalry and behind him by twos trotted two dozen or so troopers, tanned, expressionless, posting to the swift trot, easily, their shoulders loose. Walt would halt and lift a hand in salute, marking the brown, lined face of Mr. Lincoln and the comprehending sadness of his eyes. He had a face, thought Walt, like a Hoosier Michael Angelo"—and so on.

But this is Whitman himself on Lincoln:

"The President very quietly rode down to the capitol

in his own carriage, by himself, on a sharp trot about noon, either because he wish'd to be on hand to sign bills, or to get rid of marching in line with the absurd procession, the muslin temple of liberty and pasteboard monitor. I saw him on his return, at three o'clock, after the performance was over. He was in his plain two-horse barouche, and look'd very much worn and tired; the lines, indeed, of vast responsibilities, intricate questions, and demands of life and death, cut deeper than ever upon his dark brown face; yet all the old goodness, tenderness, sadness, and canny shrewdness, underneath the furrows. (I never see that man without feeling that he is one to become personally attach'd to, for his combination of purest, heartiest tenderness and native western form of manliness.) By his side sat his little boy, of ten years. There were no soldiers, only a lot of civilians on horseback, with huge yellow scarfs over their shoulders, riding round the carriage."

The same point might be made by comparing Mr. Rogers's half picturesque shadow of a popular Bohemian with the prophetic figure that appears in "Leaves of Grass." This is Whitman—"the figure of himself":

"This is what you shall do; love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labour to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young and with the mothers of families, read these *Leaves* in the open air every season of every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your soul: and your very flesh shall be a great poem, and have the richest fluency, not only in its words, but in the silent lines of its lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body."

There are phrases by Sir Edmund Gosse, recounting an early visit to Whitman, which yield up a human impression far more sharply than Mr. Rogers's soothing inventions. There are incidents recorded by various people, eminent and humble, witnessing to something extraordinary and massive in Whitman, something exhilarating in an hour's contact with him; but of this Mr. Rogers gives scarce a hint. And, above all, Mr. Rogers forgets or shrinks from the fact that Whitman was a poet: shapeless, vulgar, egotistical—yes; but far more than this, a singer of humanity and divinity mingling and uplifting in the body of a man and the love of a woman, a singer with notes of the purest music permitted to mortal lips, a singer who sang easily, naturally, profoundly of those eternal matters of which we do not speak save in poetry, nor even think save in intense moments of sorrow or joy. Mr. Rogers has drawn in his imaginary portrait an American citizen of irregular manners and pleasant independence; he has given no picture at all of the man of genius who helped to make America a part of civilisation.

CALE YOUNG RICE.*

BY GILBERT THOMAS.

UNTIL chance brought me this handsome "Definitive Edition" of Mr. Cale Young Rice's plays and poems, containing all the poetical work by which he would wish to be known, I had but

* "Selected Plays and Poems." (Definitive Edition). By Cale Young Rice. In one volume. 25s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

a scant acquaintance with the writings of this celebrated American author. Mark you, I have not prefixed this admission with "I confess" or "I am afraid." I do not pretend that it is only through some very singular accident or oversight that Mr. Rice has been familiar to me as little more than a name. I am

always suspicious of those who assume airs of omniscience. There may be a few critics like Mr. Saintsbury who can read everything and at the same time retain their zest for reading. But such harvesters of the whole field of literature are rare. So great is the modern output of books that it is impossible for the average reader, even if he be a professional one, to keep pace with them—if, at all events, he wishes to have any time for personal reflection. I make no excuse, therefore, for my belated study of Mr. Rice, and I am bold enough to claim some positive advantage as a critic in that I have been able to approach his work without preconceptions and unhampered by any knowledge of how he may be "estimated" by rival cliques.

The first obvious thing about Mr. Rice is that [he is not a poet of small perfections. The arresting phrase, the jewelled line, the flawless stanza, are not his. It is true that in his "Poetic Epigrams" he exhibits a clean compression of form, as "The Dead Thinker" may demonstrate:

"In the slow, silent
hearse
He takes his way
Home to the Uni-
verse."

Nor can it be denied that the poet can crowd a vivid scene into a small compass. In "A Poet's Childhood" nineteen formative impressions of his early years are recalled in as many brief stanzas, of which "Crime" is sufficiently characteristic:

"Election day—August,
The town thronged with the country,
The first-plucked water-melons
Red to the heart with ripeness—
Money to spend—and so
A saloon door flung open,
A rind flicked at a passer,
A curse, a blade flashing,
Then blood, the stain of the ages,
On stones that seemed to the boy
The altar of murdered Abel."

But, while he can be neat and terse, Mr. Rice seldom gives us, in a word or phrase, the stab of sudden and complete illumination, as do the epigrammists and impressionists at their best. His lyrics are, however, vital and graceful. Here, for example, is his "Waves":

"The evening sails come home
With twilight in their wings,
The harbour-light across the gloam
Springs;
The wind sings.

"The waves begin to tell
The sea's night-sorrow o'er,
Weaving within their ancient spell
More
Than earth's lore.



Mr. Cale Young Rice.

"The rising moon
wafts strange
Low lures across
the tide,
On which my dim
thoughts seem
to range,
Stride
Upon stride,
"Until, with flooding
thrill,
They seem at last
to blend
With waves that
from the Eternal
Will
Wend
Without end."

That is one of Mr. Rice's best lyrics, and its charm, atmosphere, and sincerity are beyond denial. If I have stressed some of Mr. Rice's limitations, it has not been with a view to belittling his stature, but of showing the kind of poet that he is. And he is just the kind of poet whose work gains by being presented in the bulk, as in the eight hundred page volume before us. The

poets of small, but perfect, accomplishment shine better in a tiny compass. But Mr. Rice is a singer of broad, rugged sweep, and it is the sustained and cumulative effect of his work that counts. His verse has the boldness, the freedom, and the passion of the sea; and those are just the qualities that it should have, for it requires but a casual turning of Mr. Rice's pages to show one that the sea is the central spring of his inspiration:

"O sea, glad bride of me!
Born of the bright ether and given to wed me,
Given to glance, ever, for me, and gleam and dance
in the sun;
Come to my arms, come to my reaching arms,
That seem so still and unavailing to take you and
hold you,
Yet never forget,
Never by day or night,
The hymeneal delights of your embracing. . . .

"Come with your veil thrown back, breaking to spray!
And oh, with plangent passion!

Come with your naked sweetness, salt and wholesome,
to my bosom ;
Let not a care or crevice of me miss you, or cranny.
For, oh, the nuptial joy you float into me,
The cooling ambient clasp of you, I have waited
over-long,
And I need to know again its marriage meaning ! ”

So, sitting on “ the grey Maine rocks,” does Mr. Rice hear “ the Shore’s Song to the Sea.” And the song ends on a note of mysticism :

“ For I think it is not alone to bring forth life that
I mate you ;
More than life is the beauty of life with love !
Plentiful are the children that you bear to me, the
blossoms,
The fruits and all the creatures at your breast dewily
fed,
But mating is troubled with a far higher meaning—
A hint of consummation of all things.
Come utterly then,
Utterly to me come,
And let us surge together, clasped close, in infinite
union,
Until we reach a transcendence of all birth, and all
dying,
An ecstasy holding the universe blended—
Such ecstasy as is its ultimate Aim ! ”

In poem after poem, the sea, in all its moods, lives in Mr. Rice’s pages. But the sea, loved for itself, is loved still more as the emblem of man’s own passion, striving, and uncertainty. Sometimes the horizon is cold and forbidding :

“ Who looks too long in the twilight,
Or the dawn-light, or the noon-light,
Who sees an anchor lifted
And hungers past content,
Shall pack his chest for the world’s end,
For alien sun—or moonlight,
And follow the wind, sateless,
To Disillusionment ! ”

But confidence that “ I am faring right ” returns :

“ When I was far from the sea’s voice and vastness,
I looked for God in the days and hours and seasons.
But now, by its large and eternal tides surrounded,
I know I shall only find Him in the greater swing
of the years.
For like the sea’s are His mysteries, not to be learned
from a single surf-beat ;
No wave suffices Him for a revelation.
I will be certain, then, that the stars are not idle
jetsam tossing
On meaningless waters of waste Omnipotence.”

But though it is as an interpreter of the sea, and of those alternating human moods of doubt and faith which the sea inspires and reflects, that Mr. Rice is almost supreme among living poets, it would be unfair not to suggest the wider range of his vision. He has

an intensely dramatic interest, akin to Browning’s, in men and women. Here again it is struggle that fascinates and perplexes him—the struggle not only between doubt and faith, but betwixt flesh and spirit. A monk tortured by desire is the central character of the play, “ A Night in Avignon,” and in one of his dramatic monologues entitled “ Cloister Lays ” the poet gives us the prayer of a nun, whose maternal instinct is stimulated by the contemplation of Mary with her Child, that she be not tempted beyond endurance. The conflict between body and soul finds powerful utterance again in “ David,” a long play rich in description, characterisation and imagination, and impeccable in dramatic technique. (Aa a poetic technician Mr. Rice is at his best on the large canvass afforded by a play.)

Finally, there is an idyllic phase in Mr. Rice that should not be overlooked. Let “ The Church by the Sea ” bear witness :

“ A little grey church by the sea,
In a grey, lone little town that I know,
Has windows, one, two, and three,
With each a saint and a verse.
Lush vines climb over the panes ;
Saint Paul has leaves twined to his knee ;
And more than the sea-winds whisper
Within, to each prayer-lisper.

“ On the roof in a stole of moss
Is a belfry meek and mellow and wise,
Lifting above it a cross
And tongued with a priestly bell.
Grey paths that wind to the door
Are of shells from the sea’s tide and toss,
And a coast-light, calm as a verger,
Greets, near, each seaward emerger.

“ Something to soul and heart
This grey, sad little sea-church is ;
For it holds the sacred art
Of being simply itself.
And never can words impart
What calm beauty in that abides ;
Or what ineffable leaven
Of grace, as if from Heaven.”

Mr. Rice may not be a prophet. He may reflect for us our own doubts and aspirations and emotions without resolving them. But the essential elements of poetry—imagination, sympathy, and music—he possesses in abundant measure. He has, moreover, the rare quality of being natural. He holds, like his little grey church, the “ sacred art ” of being simply himself. His work is in vivid and wholesome contrast to the artificiality too prevalent in modern verse. And how welcome, after petty chatter in suffocating rooms, is a glimpse of the stars and a breath of the eternal sea !

MINIATURE MAGAZINES OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

WITH UNPUBLISHED POEMS FROM AN ORIGINAL MS. IN ASHLEY LIBRARY.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.(Scot.).

THE Brontës apprenticed themselves to literature very early, and it is quite evident that the favourite diversion in Haworth parsonage was the great writing game of “ Authors.” Numerous juvenile Brontë manuscripts are extant, and the earliest one in the handwriting of Charlotte is in the wonderful collection of Mr. H. H. Bonnell, of Philadelphia. It is undated

but is supposed to have been written about 1824, when the author of “ Jane Eyre ” was eight years of age. This early attempt at authorship is a Story without title, illustrated with six coloured drawings and maps. It begins : “ There was once a little girl, and her name was Anne.”

In his “ Notes on some Brontë Poems ” (“ Complete



SHAKESPEARE LOOKS OUT ON THE LIFE OF LONDON
AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER

From ARTHUR MEE'S
THE CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE
HODDER & STOUGHTON LTD., LONDON

Poems of Emily Jane Brontë," 1923, p. xvii), Mr. C. W. Hatfield says :

"From their early years the four Brontës divided themselves into two groups in their literary work: the two eldest, Charlotte and Patrick Branwell (usually called Branwell), invented and wrote about a country named Angria, supposed to be situate near the Calabar River, east of Niger delta, in West Africa, and governed by a king named Zamorna; the two youngest, Emily Jane and Anne, invented and wrote about Angora, a cold and mountainous northern country, peopled by a primitive race called the Gondals."

By the time she reached the mature age—for the Brontës—of thirteen years, Charlotte had written many stories, poems, articles and playlets, and had created a crowded gallery of characters which were so real to the creator that I am not sure if even in later years they were not more vividly alive to her, and more idolised in her heart of hearts, than any of the characters familiar to the world in her published books. Among her abounding literary activities Charlotte Brontë produced a number of miniature manuscript magazines of which she was editor and publisher, and to which she contributed all manner of early writings under various fictitious names such as Captain Bud, Captain Tree and Charles Wellesley. One of these bold journalistic-literary adventures was "Natural History. A Magazine. January 1829." Another describes itself as "Blackwood's Young Men's Magazine. Edited by the Genius C.B. Printed by Captain Tree and Sold by Captain Cory. 1829."

Partly with the assistance of her twelve-year-old brother Branwell as a joint contributor, Charlotte launched on her "readers," to whom she frequently refers, a "Young Men's Magazine" in a series of six tiny numbers dated August to December, 1829. The feature was repeated in other six issues dated August to December, 1830, alluding to which the young editor says: "This second Series of Magazines is conducted on like principles with the first; the same eminent authors are also engaged to contribute for it."

The handwriting in these minute manuscript magazines is microscopic and at times extremely difficult to decipher. The location of some of them is unknown. Several are in the Bonnell Collection. There is one example in the Brontë Museum at Haworth, and another in the Honresfeld Collection. The sixth number of the First Series is in the famous Ashley Library, though it has escaped inclusion in the Brontë section of Mr. Wise's delightful catalogue owing to the fact that at the time "B" items were being listed the precious little morsel, which measures 2 inches by 1½ inches, had contrived to secrete itself. It consists of eighteen written and two blank pages bound in a coarse brown paper cover which is lettered on the front:

"DECEMBER C B 1829."



Charlotte Brontë.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph, believed to be of Charlotte Brontë, that is in the possession of Mr. St. Vincent Rohu. See note in The Bookman's Diary.

Mr. Wise very kindly allowed me to examine this interesting little juvenile magazine, and generously permitted me to transcribe its contents, which are entirely unpublished. Some of them are here printed for the first time by the authority of Mr. Clement Shorter, owner of the Brontë copyrights. The first item was evidently written by the many-sided editor as the Magazine's Art Critic. The article is entitled "Review of 'The Chief Geni in Council' by Edward de Lisle," and is signed and dated at the end, "C. Brontë, December 9, 1829." This is how the keen critic of the "Young Men's Magazine" makes the contemporary French school of artists cringe and squirm:

"The City of Might (as the Glass Town is called by that admirable novelist, Captain Tree) appears to be much more famous for writers of eminence than for painters of eminence, for the only Artists of merit in the present time are Dundee and De Lisle, but these are of superlative excellence and their glorious works will live from generation to generation, yea, for thousands of years, if this sublunary system should last so long, after the stiff unnatural colourless portraits of the French limners (we do not mean Le Brun and Vernet &c.)

are dead buried and forgotten together with the miserable beings they represent."

The next piece was written by Charlotte Brontë in collaboration with Branwell. As far as I know this is the first of these juvenile joint productions to appear in print:

HARVEST IN SPAIN.

Now all is joy and gladness, the ripe fruits
Of autumn hang on every orchard bough;
The living gold of harvest waves around,
The festooned vine empurpled with the grape
Weighed to the ground by clusters rich and bright
As precious Amethyst, gives promise fair
Of future plenty. While the almond tree
springs gracefully from out the verdant earth
Crowned with its emerald leaves, its pleasant fruit,
And waving in the gentle fragrant breeze
Which sweeps o'er orangegroves mid myrtle bowers
And plays in Olive woods, drinking the dew
Which falls like crystal on their russet leaves
hid by luxuriant foliage from the beam
Of the great glorious sun which shines on high
In bright and burning strength, casting its rays
to the firmament of the mighty arc,
enlightening and illuminating all,
making it glow with beauty and with joy,
raising songs of gladness and of praise
To God the father and the king of all.

December 9 [C. BRONTË (deleted)] U. T. 1829.

"U.T." means "Us Two," and in "A General Index to the Magazines," given at the end of this sixth number, nine of the items are so initialled, including "The statue and vase" and "The boy of the Glass Town," which are inaccurately named in the Bibliography in the Brontë Transactions, xxxii, p. 103.

The next feature of the little magazine is the conclusion of a tale called "The Swiss Artist," which began

in the previous number. This is followed by a prose contribution in which is grafted an unpublished poem by Charlotte Brontë. It will be remembered that in the last Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN there appeared a Playlet written by Charlotte when she was fourteen years of age. Here is one written a year earlier :

CONVERSATIONS NIGHT.

CAPTAIN TREE, CAPTAIN BUD, MARQUIS OF DURO, AND LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY.

CAPTAIN BUD : Well this has been a right snowing blowing winter's day.

MARQUIS OF DURO : O I like such weather when the snow is drifted up into great curling wreaths like a garland of lillies woven for the coffin of a giant, or to crown his head with when he is wrapped in his shroud ; when the crystal icicles are hanging from the eaves of the houses and the bushy evergreens are all spangled with snow flakes as if it was spring and they were flourishing in full blossom—

LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY : When all the old women traverse the streets in great woollen cloaks and clanking in pattens ; when apothecaries are seen rushing about with gargles and tinctures, and washes for sprained arches, chilblains, and frost-bitten noses ; when you can hardly feel your hands and feet for the cold and are forced to stand shuddering over the fire on pain of being petrified by the frost—how pleasant that is Arthur ?

CAPTAIN TREE (*laughing*) : That will do, Lord Charles, but do you dislike spring as much as you dislike winter ?

LORD C. WELLESLEY : Nearly, only consider of the frosty nights and windy showery uncertain days when you can't stir abroad without an umbrella in your hand, and if you unfurl it you are in danger of being lifted over the tops of the houses. Or perhaps you may be going over a bridge and in that case nothing but death stares you in the face. Oh, summer and autumn for me.

MARQUIS OF DURO : Yes, yes I like summer, cornfields green as emeralds, trees with the foliage thick and dark in full woods frowning in shadowy groves—all the gardens flowering and blooming and casting a sweet, fragrant smell as you pass by their high ample walls acovered with fruit trees on which the ripe summer or the ripening autumn fruits are hanging in rich and gem-like clusters.

CAPTAIN TREE : Now Lord Charles, what do you say to Arthur ?

LORD C. WELLESLEY : The pleasantest season of the year—up you get at break of day and off with your gun and greyhound through the fields all hoary with frost in the cool crispness of an October morning. Presently the horizon becomes illuminated with a faint light which by degrees grows brighter and brighter till it is of a glowing orange, and at length, just as you are passing some pleasant rural farmhouse, a stately chancicleer breaks out with a long silver chime. The thin veil of grey mists is suddenly rent asunder and the glorious round sun appears in majestic splendour over the tops of the light blue hills that are dimly seen among rolling clouds of vapour in the distance.

MARQUIS OF DURO : Well done Charley. Now let us have a little politics. Captain B what do you think of the state of France ?

CAPTAIN BUD : I'll tell you what young man, the French are naturally of a republican disposition and they will not bear long a monarchical much less an absolute government, even if the head be their own beloved Napoleon (who by the bye has lately shown himself of a very tyrannical demeanour—witness the executions of Talleyrand, of Detignstes and of Maria Louisa). Bernadotte is likewise going on in a very stylish manner.

CAPTAIN TREE : They say he's lately got many accessions to the faction Du Nianze. Is't true I wonder ?

CAPTAIN BUD : Perfectly true. Within the last three weeks no less than four thousand persons have sent in

their adherence including Pigtail, Skeleton, and young Napoleon.

MARQUIS OF DURO : Young Napoleon is behaving in a manner not very becoming his high station.

CAPTAIN TREE : It is only a week since he was taken before a magistrate on the charge of stealing three rings off the finger of a man under pretence of telling him his fortune.

LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY : The poor wretch is in danger of starving. Last night as I was standing by the fire of Tally's Inn, a knocking was heard at the door. Somebody opened it and young Napoleon entered. Tally asked him what he wanted. He replied that he was come a-begging, and then walked up to me. I said, "How do you do Prince ?" He answered that he was very poor and hungry, and his pale haggard countenance confirmed the truth of what he said. I immediately gave him a guinea and he went away. A short time after he was gone I had occasion to look what o'clock it was but behold my watch had vanished and this morning it was found in his possession.

CAPTAIN BUD : What a rogue ! But now young men let us have a song.

LORD CHARLES (*aside*) : Shall we Arthur ?

MARQUIS : I don't mind except that I'll not sing.

CHAS : Well, well, recite then—

DURO : What shall be the subject Bud ?

BUD : England !

MARQUIS OF DURO AND LORD C. W. :

Merry England, land of glory,
Plenty on thee fall,
Joy dwell on thy castles hoary,
Gladness in each hall.

Might be on thy stately towers,
Beauty in each dell,
In thy blossomed vernal bowers
May peace ever dwell.

When war's trumpet fierce is sounding,
Britain's Lion roars,
O'er the mighty waters bounding
To the foe's dark shores.

When in battle he stands warlike,
And his meteor sword
Gleams amid the Fight more starlike,
Round him blood is poured

Till his mane is red and gory,
And his flashing eye,
As he springs to future glory,
Is of crimson dye.

Now when victory hath assuaged him
Of his thirst for blood,
'Neath his oaktree he hath laid him,
While around the flood

Of the raging mighty ocean
Guards his own fair land,
Standing mid the wild commotion
All serene and grand.

MARQUIS OF DURO AND LORD C. WELLESLEY : Now will that do ?

(*Amid loud cheering the curtain falls.*)

At the foot of this page Charlotte has written :

December 1829 Number ii
We have been oblige to have 2
numbers this month.

The quaint little magazine has even a number of displayed advertisements, the first of which reads :

GRAND DISCOVERY!!!!

Captain Brainless has lately discovered a method
by which men may get rid of their money.

The last one runs :

YOUNG MAN NAUGHTY

Will instruct 6 pupils in the
elegant art of assassination.

On the last page there is an arresting drawing of some
flower which I am not botanist enough to name, and
above it the young author-editor has written :

We now take leave of
our readers
CHARLOTTE
BRONTË

CHILD POETRY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY R. L. MÉGROZ.

THAT notorious road to unpopularity, the compiling of an anthology, is scarcely more fraught with danger than the writing of an article with the



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Walter
de la Mare.

above title; but one makes this discovery when it is too late to retreat. It is a wonderful subject, the poetry of childhood; but better write 30,000 than 3,000 words about it, for you no sooner begin to delve into English literature than you are overwhelmed by the wealth of material. One could quite well begin with Chaucer (having sternly dismissed pre-Chaucerian candidates), and after Chaucer came those successors of the fabliaux, the ballads, which, it has been authoritatively suggested, were often written by the mediaeval ladies—a point in favour of their being mentioned here, for it is indisputable that women have produced more child poetry than men since child poetry became a separate literary genre.

Certain limitations of our subject must be maintained. Only verse can be considered, and in particular verse which children would enjoy. That would not exclude contributions from the older poets, such as Shakespeare, Skelton and Herrick, Amelia Opie and William Oldys; but like the eternally popular anonymous nursery rhymes, these contributions are generally unpremeditated and accidental. Watts's "Divine Songs" (1715) and the still more divine "Songs of Innocence" (1789) were perhaps the first deliberate collections of child poems, unless one includes Bunyan's moral emblems for children. Already two problems are involved. What can children enjoy? How distinguish between what is fundamentally poetry *per se* and the less poetic but often more popular verse for children? The former problem should dissolve as we proceed to examine the verse which children have enjoyed, leaving only a residue of uncertainty as to the importance of adult appreciation in the popularity of such work.

Now for the distinction between the more and the less serious poetry, for the differences of poetic rank are mainly due to varying degrees of seriousness in the poet, seriousness here meaning that quality of sincerity by which the writer of verse puts the whole of his poetic self into the slightest nursery rhyme. In

Shakespeare's lyrical verse are examples which can be assigned to each of the broad divisions just suggested. Many people would jib at any attempt to put a Shakespearean song among the non-serious verse, but so long as it is remembered that this is done for purposes of comparison and contrast, and that what cannot be included with the fundamentally poetic is not necessarily untouched by poetry there should be no difficulty in admitting that among the serious work is the serenade to Sylvia, Touchstone's "The rain it raineth every day," and the dirge of Imogen ("Fear no more the heat o' the sun"). Among the less serious things, which are not born of the embrace of passion and thought, we have "It was a lover and his lass," "Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more," and the pedlar's song, "Lawn as white as driven snow." A useful purpose is served by quoting such good things as in our second class, apart from the definition of types, for it is a warning against treating in a cavalier manner the work of a host of writers who have delighted children of all ages.

Having thus boldly rushed in where angels might fear to tread, one is no longer afraid of marking off lesser work which has won the loving approval of countless thousands of readers, or hearers. Among the serious verse, fundamentally poetic creations which are not to be excluded from the poetry of childhood, is a considerable proportion of the rich store of religious poetry, particularly the best of that written in the seventeenth century. Herbert and Traherne and Vaughan offer us preludings of the fresh vision of Blake.

"How like an Angel came I down!
How bright were all things here!
When first among His works I did appear
O how their Glory me did crown!
The world resembled His *Eternity*,
In which my soul did walk;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk."

From Traherne's vision it is not a far cry to Wordsworth's philosophy of childhood; and it is quite close to Hodgson:

"The everlasting pipe and flute
Of wind and sea and bird and brute,
And lips deaf men imagine mute
In wood and stone and clay,"

and to De la Mare in more than half of his poems, even his most playful:

"Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
From his bush in the corner, of may,
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn
Knobble-kneed, lonely and gray;

And over the grass would seem to pass
 'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
 Something much better than words between me
 And Nicholas Nye."

In the seventeenth century too are the forerunners of all that is best in the later "sacred" poetry of the hymn writers. Of how many comparatively modern hymns is such a thing as Vaughan's:

"My soul, there is a country
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged
 sentry
 All skilful in the wars"

the precursor?

As we should expect, the continuity is more remarkable than the changes brought by time in what is essential poetry, because this is a product of the poet's searching inner quest which touches the universal centre of human experience. But in that great body of work of varying poetic degrees, but at its best just not essential enough to go into our first class, from Dr. Watts, to the Taylors (including a few things from Cowper, Southey, Hogg, and the "We are Seven" Wordsworth), and then through a host of writers for the young up to the present day, the changes are very interesting: they are as marked as the changes which come over all other types of literature reflecting contemporary social environment.

The most cursory survey suggests that the tastes of children are as various as that of adults. The eternal appeal of essential poetry is not lost on the child mind; indeed those qualities of poetry which most readily win the suffrage of all ages suffice to bring it into the child's sphere, for in the flashing perception of beauty child and man, unseparated by the sophisticated, and essentially practical reason, join hands in the universal communion. Poetry is the sensuous feeling of truth and the ecstasy of emotional harmony and this is why no poem can be too beautiful for childish enjoyment, for that very enjoyment is the trailing of the clouds of glory. What does distinguish specifically child poetry from poetry in general is a difference in the intellectual (including moral) content. Much great poetry contains elements beyond the intellectual grasp of the child. Even the adult world often requires the accumulation of the experience of several generations before it learns to appreciate a "Divine Comedy" or a "King Lear."

Children's verse as a popular genre in English literature, was not formed—at least, if we except pious verse—before the publication in 1804 of "Original Poems for

Infant Minds" by Anne and Jane Taylor. The sweeping success of these daughters of a cultured Quaker and their collaborator, Adelaide O'Keefe, was unprecedented, but thereafter the nineteenth century was to yield a vast harvest of verse for children. There was Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, whose cautionary tales have probably influenced Mr. Belloc's *Bad Child's* books, and other modern writers' productions, not less

than Watts's "The Sluggard" and "How Doth the Little Busy Bee," and the similar verse stories of the Taylors. There was William Roscoe, whose "Butterflies' Ball" is still imitated; and Eliza Cook; and Mary Howitt, who wrote "The Spider and the Fly"; and many others, of more or less genius up to Lear,* Carroll* and Stevenson. Nor must we in common decency forget Mary Elliott, W. B. Rands, Mrs. Hawkshare, and Albert Midlane who wrote "There's a Friend for Little Children."

Why the authors of "Meddlesome Matty" have nowadays a renewed popularity is not easy to explain, except on the score of genius, some intrinsic quality by which they approached perfection in this type of literature. After all, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" does take some

beating. The effect of reaction must also be remembered. Miss Edith Sitwell in her Introduction to a recent edition of "Meddlesome Matty and Other Poems for Infant Minds" suggests:

"When we ask ourselves—as some people do—why the public at this time should still be interested in these verses, we must remember, first of all, their prettiness, their fresh, elusive and naïve charm—a charm which was, no doubt, quite unknown to the authoresses themselves—they would probably have disapproved of such a quality. And we must remember, too, that, every hundred years or so, a time comes when the problems of conduct take the place of the problems of the heart, as the protagonists of literature and the drama! One of these pleasing periods is now with us...."

The effect of reaction must be taken into account, certainly; but if we re-read the poetry for infant minds written a century or more ago, we find that when problems of conduct are the themes the attitude is quite distinct from that of to-day. The modern laureate of childhood who knows his job (it is generally

* I have put these writers in the second class because of the need for brief generalisation, but one could claim for a few things like the "Yonghy Bonghy Bo," a place in the first.



Mrs. Marion St. John Webb,

whose new book for children, "The Magic Lamplighter," illustrated by Margaret Tarrant, has just been published by the Medici Society.

Drawing by Frank E. Slater.

—significantly enough—"her") either makes fun of the moralist, or else shows us the moralising child confound the conventions. Listen to this little thing by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb:

LOGIC.

"They've put me in the corner
Jus' because I threw a ball
An' broke the parlour window;
And it isn't fair at all

"To put me in the corner,
Making both my legs to stand,
Because I accident'ly
Broke a window with my hand."

This shows the child mind from the inside, with a most delicate tact and a skill all the finer for being so unobtrusive, and this new insight is a peculiarly modern characteristic of child poetry. It must be counted one up to the present age that whenever such work is both good technically and shows this fineness of sympathy it attains popularity. Mrs. St. John Webb's "The Littlest One," and Mr. A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young," and the other volumes of these writers,

show qualities which were unknown to the nineteenth century writers, except that genius, Lewis Carroll. Even Stevenson's "Garden of Verses" lacks the insight belonging either to intimate sympathy or to poetic intuition which we can find growing more frequent in English poetry after the appearance of Walter de la Mare's "Songs of Childhood," just a hundred years after the publication of the "Original Poems."

We may say therefore that the "charm" of "Meddlesome Matty," "The Fisherman," and similar cautionary and hortative poems is now mainly due to our humorous reading; they have become quaint in the course of time. Humour was not so pervasive then, but it was not unknown. Mary Elliott's "What is Veal?" for example, is not so funny as (or funnier than) she thought it, but it evidently amused her and was intended to amuse children, which it undoubtedly could do still.

Just as we have become more subtle—or rather more sympathetic and much nearer to reality—in writing of conduct for children, so humour is much finer now. A host of writers, of all degrees of genius, including De la Mare, Rose Fyleman, A. A. Milne, Marion St. John Webb, Norman Gale, Edith Sitwell, Phyllis

Mégroz, Eleanor Farjeon, Kate Louise Brown, Sturge Moore, Enid Blyton and Ellen Parry Eden, are deliciously humorous in some of their best nursery rhymes.

But whether in the humorous mood or that of pure fantasy, which is equally characteristic of this already richest of centuries in child poetry, our most successful writers generally so identify themselves with the child that their work is likely to hold an important place in the regard of all the children of the future who are yet to inherit this ever growing and ever unconsumed legacy. Although space is rapidly evaporating, may I quote three stanzas out of one of Eleanor Farjeon's

"Nursery Rhymes of London Town" to show how a poet can put the whole of herself into a nursery rhyme?

KINGSWAY.

"Walking on the King's Way, lady my lady,
Walking on the King's Way will you go in red?
With a silken wimple and a ruby on your finger,
And a furry mantle trailing where you tread?

"Neither red nor ruby I'll wear upon the King's Way,
I will go in duffle grey with nothing on my head. . . .

"Walking on the King's Way, lady my lady,
Walking on the King's Way will you go in blue?
With an ermine border, and a plume of peacock feathers,
And a silver circlet, and a sapphire on your shoe?

"Neither blue nor sapphire I'll wear upon the King's Way,
I will go in duffle grey and barefoot too.

"Walking on the King's Way, lady my lady,
Walking on the King's Way will you go in green?
With a golden girdle, and a pointed velvet slipper,
And a crown of emeralds fit for a queen?

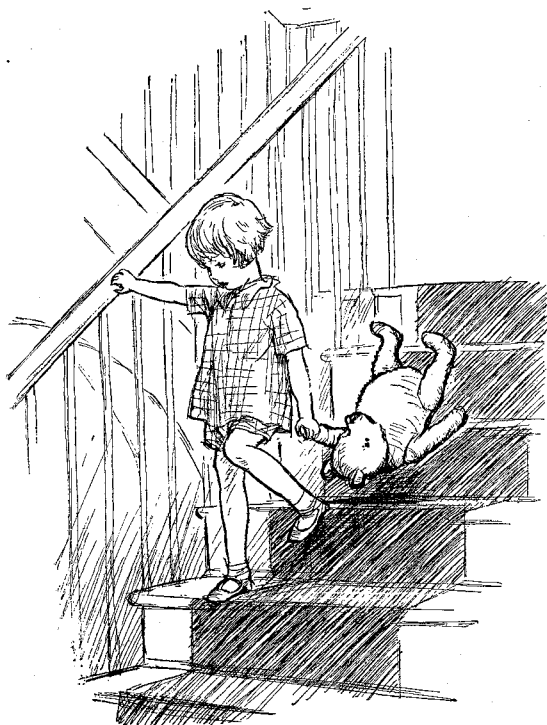
"Neither green nor emerald I'll wear upon the King's Way,
I will go in duffle grey so lovely to be seen,
And the King will stop and kiss me and call me his Queen."

I would like to quote too from "Pillicock Hill," the volume with which Mr. Herbert Asquith recently joined the honourable company of writers for children, though one must say that he wavers, as yet, between the detached adult attitude and the childish seriousness. But then even the sensitive Stevenson, the rare Christina Rossetti, can claim only an intermittent success. Both are sometimes sentimental instead of absorbed, though Christina, when she is serious, gives us most beautiful things which are undeniably in our first class. I feel



Photo by Coster, Photographer of Men.

Mr. A. A. Milne
and Christopher Robin.



Decoration by
E. H. Shepard.

From "Winnie—The Pooh." By A. A. Milne (Methuen).

that Walter de la Mare is supreme among English child poets by reason of the frequency and variety of his successes in various moods. An exquisite little thing like "The Hare" is a perfect poem, but it is perfectly childlike:

"In the black furrow of a field
I saw an old witch-hare this night;
And she cocked a lissome ear,
And she eyed the moon so bright,
And she nibbled of the green;
And I whispered 'Wh-s-st! witch-hare,'
Away like a ghostie o'er the field
She fled, and left the moonlight there."

The reader will perceive the access of expressive technique which supplements the direct vision. It is so surprising to find yourself touched by the ecstasy of poetry in "a song of childhood."

Mr. R. L. Gales not long ago wrote a letter to the *Daily News*, asserting that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was the only living writer of nursery rhymes, and that Mr. de la Mare was "too moonshiny." But he had claims, of course. I wrote back reminding Mr. Gales of the happy, jolly, flesh-and-blood poems to be found in "Songs of Childhood" and "Peacock Pie"—to mention no others; though it remained incomprehensible why moonshine should be excluded from the nursery, that is to say from childhood. Mr. Gales then admitted that Mr. de la Mare could write nursery rhymes, but stuck to his assertion that Mr. de la Mare's work was confined to an elfin world. I might—had space in the correspondence columns allowed of it—have answered by quoting such things as "Ann, Ann, Come Quick as You Can," "The Bandog," "The Three Jolly Farmers," and many more. But the interesting point in Mr. Gales's remarks was that De la Mare's nursery rhymes had not the quality of "Jack and Jill," which, so Mr. Gales declared, belongs to "the old, robustious England," which is "noisy," and in which Mr. Kipling

is at home. I think I have disposed of his argument so far as it concerns the inhumanity of De la Mare's poems. Moreover while it is true that the nursery loves noise; does it not also enjoy spells of peace? And day-dreaming? And the mere glint of laughter?

But the "Jack and Jill" notion is fruitful. Many of the oldest favourites of the nursery started like this one, as political doggerel. It is the noisy doggerel, not the satire which has won favour. And of course, when you come to think of it, much of Mr. Kipling's verse is noisy. His noisiness is not subtle, but it is effective:

- (a) "'Git-toot!' blared the fog-horn of St. Cecilia."
- (b) "Elephants a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek."
- (c) "Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp,
Strumpty-tumpty!
Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tump!
Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!
Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!
Ta-ra-rara-ra-ra-rrrp!"

No one has been so much addicted to imitative noises as Mr. Kipling, and the gusto which has gone into his happy improvisations is obvious also in the mood and manner of his work. Except for Lear, Carroll and Stevenson, he was the first important English poet to appeal so readily and so frequently to children.

By means of his rhythms, Mr. Alfred Noyes can produce a similar mood, but imbued with romance. Such a thing as "Crimson Sails" ("The Lord of Misrule and other Poems") with its chorus bursting out:

"Salomon sacked the sunset!
Salomon sacked the sunset!
He rolled it up like a crimson cloth,
And crammed it into his hold,"

and:

"The Kings could cut their cedars,
Cut their Lebanon cedars;
But Salomon packed his heart with dreams,
And all the dreams were true."



"What will you choose?"
said the woman stooping
at the charcoal fire.

From "Pillcock Hill." By Herbert Asquith (Heinemann).

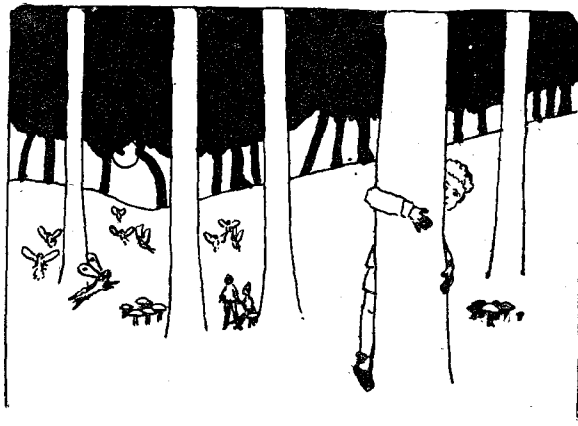
It has a Chestertonian, strutting, healthily shouting cheerfulness; which reminds one to say that surely no boy could fail to enjoy "Lepanto," the ballad of Don John of Austria. Mr. Noyes has however done some fine songs of the "serious" type, besides his delightful romances.

In child poetry then, we have not only the well recognised elements of beauty; there is moonshine, morality, humour, romance, noise and the metaphysics of nonsense. The poets of childhood are a great and increasing company, of whom it has not been possible to mention more than some of the chief. As a peace-offering to any readers who now hate the writer of this article, he will make a confession. A very interesting compilation called "A Treasury of Verse for School and Home," selected by M. G. Edgar and Eric Chilman, which Harraps have recently published, has just reminded him of some of the poets not even mentioned above. He blushes to have forgotten William Allingham, Thomas Hood, Matthew Arnold, William Canton, Jean Ingelow, J. R. Lowell, H. W. Longfellow, J. G. Whittier, W. B.

Yeats, Eva Gore-Booth, Alice Meynell, M. Betham-Edwards, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, and Charles Kingsley, and he is grateful to the compilers for the discovery (so far as he is concerned) of Gabriel Setoun, Eugene Field, Esther W. Buxton, M. C. Davies, among others. On the other hand, having paid our thanks for the riches they have collected, we may justifiably

complain of the inadequate representation of Christina Rossetti, Francis Thompson, Herrick, Jean Ingelow, Sturge Moore, Edward Lear, and one or two others; and the *complete omission* of Anna Bunston de Bary, R. W. Dixon, Coventry Patmore, Edith Sitwell, Ralph Hodgson, Humbert Wolfe, Harold Munro, and others who ought to appear in an anthology for youth as comprehensive as this "Treasury." It is because most anthologies of poetry lack perspective,

and the harmonious order which belongs to a work of art, that Mr. Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither" stands so high above all such collections of verse. Perhaps one ought to be a poet of childhood to make an anthology which altogether is worth more than the sum of its parts.



From "Joan's Door." By Eleanor Farjeon (Collins).

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL COMPETITION.

FORTY-FIVE POUNDS FOR SHORT STORIES.

THE BOOKMAN offers for the three best short stories three prizes of £20, £15 and £10, on the following conditions:

- (1) All stories submitted must be original and unpublished.
- (2) No story may be more than 2,000 words in length.
- (3) MSS. should be typed.
- (4) No competitor may send more than two stories.
- (5) Competitors may use a pseudonym, but his or her real name must also be on the MS., and

will be printed in the event of a prize being awarded.

(6) The Competition is open to all writers of English in all parts of the world.

(7) MSS. should be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, and "Short Story Competition" written on the envelopes in which they are sent.

(8) The Editor's decision shall be final.

All MSS. must reach the office of THE BOOKMAN not later than February 15th next, and results will be announced and the Prize Stories and a selection of the others printed in next April Double Number of THE BOOKMAN.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Christmas BOOKMAN goes to press too early for it to be possible to publish results of usual monthly Competitions in this issue. The closing date for the November Competitions is therefore extended to December 14th and results will be announced in the January Number.

BLAKE.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

MR. BURDETT'S book on Blake is eminently sensible.

This bald statement is, and is meant to be, an outburst of praise. Blake has had panegyrists, fanatics, rhapsodists and dogmatists; he has not often had critics, except in France. Zealots have poured out torrents of eulogy; expositors have made clear the meaning of the obscure, and oracles have made obscure the meaning of the clear. Less often, sensible persons have written sensibly. This is one of the occasions. Hence, I say, my bald statement is high praise.

Mr. Burdett, besides being positively sensible, has negatively refrained from being important. I do not know his age, but I believe he is what people call "one of our younger critics." Now our young critics are delightful (and even useful) when they are young; they are less pleasant and profitable when they pretend to be old. Experience must be earned; it cannot be snatched; and no determination to assume a difference if you have it not, will ever impose for long upon the judicious. In writing about Blake, any young man may well feel tempted to cover himself with importance as with a garment. Mr. Burdett, if tempted, resisted; and his book is not youthful criticism, or eccentric criticism, or perverse criticism; it is just good criticism. It is the best companion and guide to a region of poetry and art where guidance is often desirable and sometimes necessary.

Having praised Mr. Burdett handsomely, I now proceed to scold him. He writes badly. That he is sometimes ugly, we can forgive; that he is sometimes obscure, we cannot. A sentence that is not clear has failed in the first duty of sentences. Take this, for instance:

"You cannot, I believe, recast the thought of a poet which is more than usually lyrical, which, indeed, is more truly a lyrical gift (disguised in intellectual terms), than thought, as it is found in certain of the poets, singing."

Of course, you can extract the critic's meaning; but a critic, above all persons, should not require you to extract his meaning. I urge Mr. Burdett to cultivate lucidity, for he deserves to be understood.

It is rather odd that Mr. John Bailey's book on Whitman does not mention Blake, and that Mr. Burdett's volume on Blake does not mention Whitman; for both poets suffered from a defect clearly and justly emphasised by both critics, the lack of discipline that comes from education. Education, rightly understood, is that which enables a man to make the best of himself. Neither Blake nor Whitman made the best of himself, and each produced a mass of work almost valueless.

This is only partly true of Blake, because in one line he did receive a sound education—he was well educated

as an engraver; and his work as an engraver is therefore stronger than his work in letters. Of literary education he had none. He had a mind strong, clear and original; but he had no background, no standards, and he fed on wind. If, like Bunyan, he had had the Bible, pure and undefiled, all might have been well; but unfortunately he had Swedenborg. I do not of course say a word against Swedenborg as a religious teacher; I merely say that the Swedenborgian atmosphere in which he was brought up, was almost the worst possible for a mind like Blake's. The two books that became a kind of Bible for Blake were the "Aphorisms" of Lavater and the "Wisdom of Angels" of Swedenborg; and, as Mr. Burdett observes, this particular contact of minds was disastrous. Blake's undisciplined vision fell an easy prey to the disciplined vision of his prophets:

"Blake's only religious teachers were heresiarchs, and it became natural to him to identify good sense with idiosyncrasy, and to value his interpretation of familiar truths and figures in proportion as it was peculiar to himself."

And soon he became "a heretic of the heresy of Swedenborg," exclaiming, "I must create a system." Hence arose that vast mythology, which repels artistic minds and attracts the merely detective. The labours of these mystical investigators produce almost nothing. It is the "waste products" of the prophetic books—the occasional lapses into lyric—that alone are valuable. Blake failed in his most ambitious works, not because he could not put down what he really possessed, but because he did not really possess what he tried to put down. Blake is a striking exponent of the false doctrine approved by Coleridge when he censured the Greeks for their clearness and praised the moderns for "affecting the indefinite as the vehicle of the infinite."

In his early days Blake had been attracted by the Elizabethans, and it is to their good influence that we owe the success of his exquisite early poems. These, as Mr. Burdett remarks, belong to the only period when Blake read books simply as works of art. Thereafter he read to confirm, and never to correct, his peculiar dogmatism.

Blake seems to me singularly like Beethoven, who died but a few months before him. The one saw and the other heard more than is vouchsafed to mortals of baser clay. They were at home in the infinite, and made art the expression of something that we can only call religion. But Beethoven's superb technique gave him the power to embody his visions, even when, as in the closing page of his last sonata, the written notes hover on the border of the inexpressible. Blake, as pure in heart and mind as Beethoven, and more equable in spirit, was like a stream of living water choked and engulfed by the profitless sand. The pity of it!

* "William Blake." By Osbert Burdett. English Men of Letters series. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.**



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

H. G. WELLS.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

According to Nat Lee, "Speech is the morning of the mind," and there is no denying it is sometimes a very dull morning. Yet, maybe, it only seems dull to the wrong person. We too readily dismiss a man as a bore, and forget that, finding us unresponsive, his opinion of us may be no better than is ours of him. I confess that if anyone talked to me overmuch about golf, or his family tree, or the state of his digestion, I should soon grow very depressed, yet I can believe that there are others who could listen to him with delight, share his enthusiasms, and go away feeling that he and they had had a most interesting hour together. But in a general way, no doubt Pope was right (I think it was Pope) in saying that "talking is not always to converse." There must be a certain amount of give and take; you must hold yourself in at frequent intervals and allow the other man to hear his own voice if you want to please him and make him realise that you are an engaging and eloquent fellow. That is why I feel pretty sure not many of those who had to sit quiet, vainly trying to get a word in, honestly considered that such brilliant masters of the crushing retort or the monologue as Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Macaulay, were the enjoyable conversationalists that we, who never had to hear them, imagine they were; and that is why when I am told, by serious persons who are looking for listeners, that conversation is a lost art, I cannot make up my mind to pray that it may be found again. For good talk, for real conversation, I would sooner have spent an evening with Goldsmith or Lamb than with any one of those inimitable super-talkers. To be satisfying, to be worth while, talk should be just talk; a sociable thing; a free exchange of views; I am not always in the mood for a lecture, and when I am I prefer to buy a ticket and go and get one in the proper place.



*Photo by Coster,
Photographer of Men.*

Mr. J. B. Priestley.

This is a large subject; too large to be disposed of in a few lines; and for an admirable and exhaustive consideration of it I would send you to Mr. J. B. Priestley's excellent little book on "Talking"—the first volume in a new series entitled "These Diversions," which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing, and of which Mr. Priestley is the general editor. Mr. Priestley justly calls such "interminable talkers as Coleridge plain egoists who knew in their hearts that other people wished for a share in the talk but who were determined to hold the floor themselves." He objects to Dr. Johnson's method of cutting an interrupter short and summing up the conversation every few minutes, but tries to make the best of him, saying:

"Johnson in his younger days was probably neither so acute nor so decisive, neither so wise nor so rich a character, but it is more than likely that being far less judicial and conclusive (though no less dogmatic and pugnacious, but then these are qualities that do little or no harm to a talker of the right breed) he was a better companion. But to the last, his attitude towards talk, not his actual part in it but his thought and feeling about it, was perfect. His 'Sir, we had a good talk' is worth whole volumes in praise of conversation."

Perhaps. I don't know. Before we say so much as that I feel we ought to be assured that the other party to that talk went away and said likewise. Anyhow, Mr. Priestley has had experience of the wrong kind of talkers, the "enemies of talk," and he indicts a selection of them with a forcibility that gladdens my heart.

"There are the whole army corps of selfish monopolists," he writes, "the retired politicians, the young men fresh from college, the mothers of marvellous children, the successful and self-complacent, the unsuccessful and grievance-mongering, whose egotistical din makes real conversation impossible. Such remarks as we are allowed to make from time to time are merely stages for new flights—if anything so pitifully prosaic as their babble can be called a flight. They do not visit us but merely choose a fresh backcloth for their soliloquies. It is doubtful if they are really aware that we exist. If they do know that we exist, that we too have something to say and could, if necessary, chatter as long as they can, then so much the

worse for them. And it is clear, if we may judge from their efforts, the glitter in their eyes if someone should try to cut in, that many of them do know that they are not moving among shadows but are torturing, for their own good pleasure, fellow-souls."

That is the passionate language of one who has suffered. Mr. Priestley has learned in suffering much that he teaches in this book; and he is as sound and suggestive in dealing with what talking could and should be as in dealing with what it never ought to be but too often is. He is entertaining on the happier side of this question; he has known good talk with congenial friends; yet confesses, at last, that he is "haunted by a dream of what talk might be," and has gone about trying to realise it, in vain. But we need not regret that. Probably if he had realised it he would have been so contented that no sense of dissatisfaction would have prompted him to look into this matter, and we should have lost a book which is in itself the liveliest and best of good talk.

Mrs. Ethel Mannin has completed her fourth novel, "Pilgrims," and Messrs. Jarrold are to publish it in January. It will be published by Messrs. Doran in America during the spring. In "Sounding Brass," now in its sixth edition, Mrs. Mannin satirised the advertising profession; "Pilgrims" deals with post-impressionism and the Paris art students. The photograph on this page of Mrs. Mannin, with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Neill, was taken at Neill "Free" School, Summerhill, Lyme Regis, where her little daughter, Jean Porteous, is a scholar. Mr. Neill is the author of those three admirable "Dominie" books, which began with "A Dominie's Log," and more recently of "The



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Dr. Edward Thompson,

whose new book, "Tagore" (Oxford Press), is reviewed in this Number.

Problem Child," all published by Messrs. Herbert Jenkins.

On page 163 we reproduce a very interesting photograph believed to be of Charlotte Brontë. It is the property of Mr. St. Vincent Rohu, who sends me the following account of how it came into his possession:

"During a recent holiday at my old home at Cork, I noticed a portrait in an antique shop in that city which bore a striking resemblance to that of Richmond's Charlotte Brontë. The latter, it will be remembered, was done in crayons during a visit to London in 1850, and was considered by Mrs.

Gaskell to be an admirable likeness, though there was some difference of opinion on the subject. Mr. Brontë thought it looked older than Charlotte did, while in a letter to the donor acknowledging the portrait Charlotte writes:

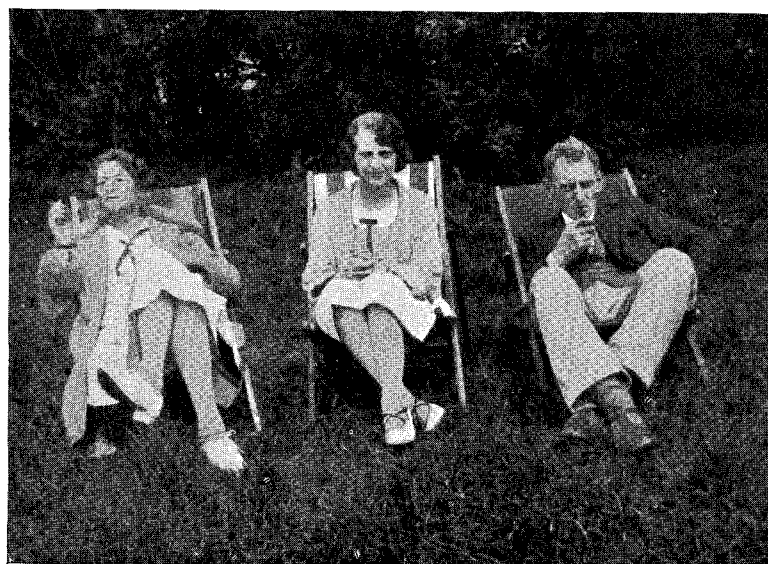
"Our old servant tenaciously maintains that it is not like—that it is too old looking."

If Mr. Brontë's and the old servant's criticisms are correct it strengthens the assumption of the authenticity of the present portrait which was taken a few years later. Remembering as I did that four years after the Richmond photo was taken, Charlotte and Mr. Nicholls spent their honeymoon in Ireland, making a tour by Killarney, Glengarriff, Tralee and

Cork, it is well within the bounds of possibility that Charlotte had this photograph taken in Cork city at one of the leading photographers whose name it bears.

"H. V. R."

Mr. Dornford Yates is usually happy in the titles of his books and, so many have been used, good titles are nowadays getting hard to find. He



Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Neill and Mrs. Ethel Mannin (centre).

is naming his new novel, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the press, "Blind Corner."

What did the war make of the young men who went through it, and what are they thinking in the world-after-the-war? These questions are answered vividly and poignantly in "Harvest," by Peter Deane, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing. Sir Philip Gibbs has written a foreword for the book.

The Rev. Walter A. Mursell, D.D., has followed his "By-ways in Bookland" and "The Bishop's Boots" with another volume of essays, "Foot-notes," which has just been published by Messrs. Gay & Hancock. Mr. Mursell is the son of the Rev. Arthur Mursell, the well-known preacher and lecturer, and was appointed Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking at Aberdeen University in 1921.



Photo by Lenare.

Lady Cynthia Asquith,

who has edited "The Treasure Ship" (Partridge), reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Maurice Walsh, author of "The Key Above the Door" (Chambers), which we recently reviewed, has been telling me something of the unusual circumstances in which that book was written. He went to Dublin early in the winter of 1922,

from the quiet life of the Highlands, and having no friends there, lived all through that winter in Dublin practically alone. His sympathies were with the Free State Government which was still struggling to bring order into the country. Every night snipers got busy from an elm tree at the back of the terrace where he was living, and at intervals there was fighting in the streets, so he found it wiser, on the whole, to spend his evenings at home in a part of the room that was not in line with the window. This might be safe, but was very irksome for a man used to the free, outdoor ways of the North, and to mitigate the tediousness of it he tried to recapture the atmosphere of the Highlands and forget the turmoil of Dublin by writing "The Key Above the Door." Street riots interrupted him; at times there were raids, and his room was searched, once while he was kept looking down the barrel of a revolver. Amid all these distractions "The Key Above the Door" got itself written, and its reception by critics and public indicate again that an author may find his happiest inspiration in a most unencouraging environment.



Miss Margaret Tarrant,

whose painting of St. Francis of Assisi is reproduced as frontispiece to this Number.

A collection of the "Plays and Poems" of Sheila Kaye-Smith will be published early next year by Messrs. Cassell.



Photo by Coster,
Photographer of Men.

Captain G. H. F. Nichols,

"Qæx" of the *Evening News*,

whose "London Town" (Partridge) is reviewed in this Number.



Photo by
Stephen W. Shore.

Mr. Eimar O'Duffy,

author of "King Goshawk and the Birds"
(Macmillan), reviewed in this Number.

Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

"Sir Francis Drake," by J. B. Upcott, who is an assistant master at Eton, is the first volume in Junior History series which Messrs. Putnam are publishing. The series is under the general editorship of Professor H. W. C. Davis, who is Regius

BOOKMAN.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

LONDON.

Members of the Bookman Literary Circle spent a very pleasant evening on Wednesday, October 20th, when, with Miss Almey St. John Adcock in the Chair, Miss Mason-Manheim spoke on "Modern Poetry, English and American." The presence in the Chair of Miss Adcock, and the pith and point of her introductory remarks, contributed in no small degree to the interest of the evening. She spoke of the great esteem in which Miss Mason-Manheim is held in America as a poet and lecturer, and of her growing public here. Many of our present-day poets were as lanterns without the essential flame, but in Miss Mason-Manheim's work, feeling and thought were fused with beauty.

The lecturer, whose charm and perfect enunciation met with immediate response from the audience, spoke appreciatively of the work of Robert Frost and Edward Arlington Robinson, and said they were regarded in America as writing in the old tradition. Of the younger men she mentioned Robinson Jeffers and John Barney. "Continents End" and "Another Flash" as representative poems in free verse by these writers, especially the former, must have won many of those present whose reading and preferences have been mainly in the traditional school, to close attention and appreciation of the beauty that can be presented in new forms. She asked "What is the poetic movement going towards?" It might be said that inspiration was becoming thinner and thinner, and thought was taking the place of inspiration. There was happy alleviation, however, here and there in our present distresses and the issue would be an enlargement of the forms in which the poetic impulse could be presented. Miss Mason-Manheim, from her own youthfulness and the vigour and beauty of much that she read of her own and contemporary American poetry, made many strongly aware of the new and pulsing life that is manifesting itself in the New World.

The particularly interesting discussion which followed was contributed to by Mr. W. Blane, Mr. Edgar Jepson, Mr. F. G. Webb, Mr. Peter Struthers, Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon and one or two others whose names did not transpire.

Wednesday, November 3rd.—The Bookman Literary Circle met in the Hall of Sion College when, with Mr. H. A. Jones (the Official Air Historian) in the Chair, Mr. Philip Guedalla spoke "On Writing History." Mr. Jones referred to the keen anticipation that was felt towards Mr. Guedalla's book on Lord Palmerston, which will be published this season.

Mr. Guedalla spoke informally, delightfully, provocatively on the subject with which his name is associated. He spoke of the sad condition of what was once a great branch of English literature. To-day the writing of history was regarded perhaps with a vague discredit. Men in middle life were apt to leave it to their elders, and these were usually specialists obsessed by worship of "the original document." He was afraid modern history was read only by reviewers and candidates for examination. In the period between 1780 and 1870 history was not only written but read—Gibbon, Macaulay and Froude were "best sellers." Historians, with few exceptions, since the period named had suffered from acute indigestion of facts; certainly all facts were born free and equal, but if history was to become a live thing to the reader it must first pass through the controlled imagination of the writer. Original documents were the paints for the picture, the raw material for building. History must be constructively imagined from the angle of the contemporary, and it would then pulse with life. Dead people weren't always dead, and facile generalisations were not often warranted. Few historical catastrophes have been inevitable—the greatest events in history had very nearly not happened, and there was a heavy mortality among the solemn predictions and generalisations of historians, when new light was thrown on the past, and when events emerged.

A most interesting discussion followed. Mr. Kennedy Williamson thought the newspaper had much to do with the comparatively small interest in modern history, though it was difficult to understand the present without a sound knowledge of the past. Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard defended the historical novelist against some of the lecturer's remarks, and said he was inclined to agree with the great man who had said the historical novel was the mother of history, and as an historical novelist himself he had been listening to Mr. Guedalla with a sort of maternal solicitude; and he proceeded to agree and disagree with him on various points. Mr. Edwin Pugh thought that with one or two exceptions historians had paid little attention to the actual life of the English working people. This had been left largely in the capable hands of the novelist. Mrs. C. A. Nicholson spoke interestingly on this point, and Dr. J. D. Mullins discussed past and present methods of writing history with critical appreciation and a shrewd sense of humour. Mr. Guedalla's reply to his critics was brilliant and incisive. F. A. D.

November 12th (instead of on December 15th).—Mr. Compton Mackenzie: "Early Adventures with Books."

November 17th.—Sir Philip Gibbs: "Journalism as the School of Novel Writing." Chairman: Mr. C. Lewis Hind.

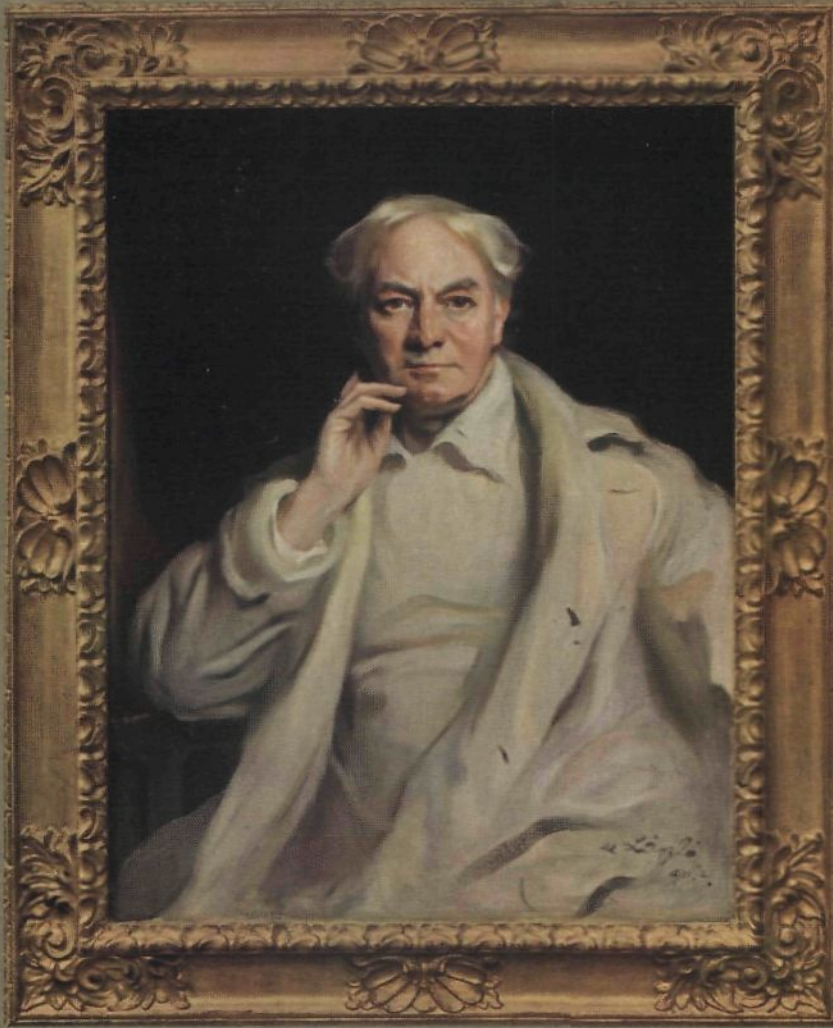
[The Christmas Number going to press before the dates of these two meetings. they will be reported next month.]

December 1st.—Conversazione and Dance. Reception by Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, C.V.O., and Lady Hodder-Williams.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Hine, 3, Holly Terrace, West Hill, Highgate, N.6.

MANCHESTER.

"Sheila Kaye-Smith" was the subject of a fascinating lecture given by Mr. Sidney F. Wicks to the members of the Manchester Bookman Circle on Tuesday, October 19th, in the Milton Hall. Mr. Rowland Cragg was in the Chair. Mr. Wicks said Sheila Kaye-Smith, who has been ranked amongst the first three literary women of the present day, bade fair to be the George Eliot of this generation. She was born in Sussex and wrote about that delightful county.



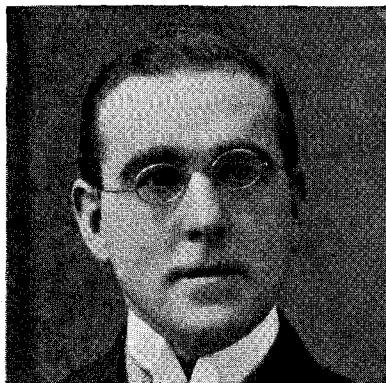
JEROME K. JEROME
From the portrait by de László

From "MY LIFE & TIMES." AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
By JEROME K. JEROME
HODDER & STOUGHTON LTD., LONDON

In Mr. Wicks's opinion the ideal *mise-en-scène* of human passion—the fundamental passions of humanity—are religion or the quest for God, and the desire for self-fulfilment. It is human frustration that makes the tragedies of life. Sheila Kaye-Smith possessed the hall-mark of genius. A very interesting discussion followed the lecture.

Miss Berta Ruck gave a charming lecture to the members of the Manchester Bookman Circle on Tuesday, November 2nd, on "Half-Forgotten Novels." Mr. Stanley Jast, the Manchester City Librarian, was in the Chair.

According to Miss Ruck the trademark of the half-forgotten novel is the *or* of the sub-title. There is one quality in those old-fashioned half-forgotten novels which one cannot find in the subtly analytical work of to-day—the quality of Romance. Romance has been defined as something you pay twelve-and-six to see at a theatre, and would pay half your income to keep it out of your own life—it is a rosy mist in which things are seen, not as they are, but as they ought to be. Miss Ruck believes that there are three kinds of Romance—that of Scenery, Domesticity, and Young Love. Amongst half-forgotten novelists William Black typified the Romance of Scenery. E. Nesbit wrote of the Romance of Domesticity in "The Red House," of chairs, tables and washing dishes. She herself had the spirit of deathless girlhood. A past mistress in describing



Mr. Rowland Johns.

whose new book, "Let Dogs Delight" (Methuen), is reviewed in this Number.

the Romance of "The Way of a Man with a Maid" was Rhoda Broughton. She conveyed the utter absorption of the very young girl in her lover. It is remarkable how popular she was with the young men of her generation. One of Miss Ruck's gentlemen friends was once asked if he was reading "It Cometh up Like a Flower"—he replied "Yes; and it Goeth Down Like an Oyster."

Mr. Jast had many things to say both about modern novels and half-forgotten novels, and made the challenging statement that from the librarian's point of view he would like to see all novels printed on paper which would automatically crumble into dust at the end of a year.

November 16th was a Members' Evening, when Miss Rankin and others spoke on "Manchester Bookmen."

December 14th.—Christmas Supper.

All applications should be made to Mr. J. H. Wharmby, Box 510, G.P.O., Manchester.

HASTINGS.

December 8th—Mr. St. John Adcock: "Dickens and the Victorian Woman."

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Kenneth V. Saville, The Hastings Bookshop, 16, Robertson Street, Hastings.

New Books.

TOWARDS GOD THROUGH FRANCIS THOMPSON.*

It was a fine and a brave thought of the Rev. Dr. Hutton's to lead what must be a steadily growing flock by the way of the Christian poets towards God. He tells us in a

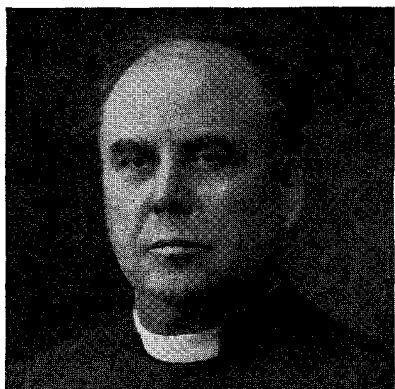


Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Dr. John A. Hutton.

simple and charming preface how he began and how continues this work, not forcing the folks to come in, but having them brought in by simple human reasons—curiosity, the desire not to be left out of what the others have, and so on. I have often thought it strange that the preachers did not make more use of the poets. It might electrify the flock, say, of a country parson if his Christmas sermon were to be Ruskin's "Ode on the Nativity" or Milton's. The great odes would probably be as much within the comprehension of the simple people as the parson's sermons: and the simple people very often love rhyme and rhythm. God has spoken nobly through English-speaking poets. It would be well if Parson would leave aside the volumes of sermons which much use has worn thin, and take down the poets. It would be a liberal education for himself and his flock.

Dr. Hutton is, so far as I know, the first worker in this field—that is to say he is the first to take a definite poet and set him as a witness of God before the people.

* "Guidance from Francis Thompson in Matters of Faith." By John A. Hutton, D.D. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Not God! In gardens!" said one poet of the fool who in his heart or out of his mouth has said: "There is no God."

"I'm very suré he walks in mine."

God walks in the garden of the poets and sees clearly there. In Francis Thompson's the vision of God must have burnt up as clearly as the vision of angels on Jacob's Ladder,

"Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross,"

seen by the outcast who was holding horses for sixpence, to be spent on oblivion. God was even in the opium dreams of a divine drunkard. Francis Thompson was not only drunk with opium, but drunk with God.

He led a more or less outcast life—even after he had been rescued and housed and warmed and praised and loved, breaking away from all these and escaping to the outcast life till he was again saved; but never, never did he feed on the husks of swine. The poor poet was singularly innocent. He was quite fit for the company of children, of whom and for whom he wrote. He died with the child in him. One cannot associate him with any kind of grossness. He wrote opium-haunted poems in the English language, "Dream Tryst" and a love poem, "That ethereal whiteness in its twilight!"

Dr. Hutton divides his lectures or addresses or chapters, what you will, on the various poems, giving three to the "Hound of Heaven," the poem by which chiefly Francis Thompson must live. His exposition of the poems is lucid and understanding. I can imagine how interested Francis Thompson would have been in this book. Dr. Hutton has already expounded Browning for his flock; I hope he may go on to other poets. I do not think his hearers or readers will find the difficulty he anticipates in "The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson used difficult words. His thought was always lucent, ambient. He has found a capable exponent, large-hearted and large-minded. He would be grateful for this admirable guide.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

IRISH DORIC—GRAVES AND GAY.*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, is dead to all save discerning lovers of good poetry and sweet rhyme, but he lived long enough to coin "Irish Doric" as the very happy description of the work of another poet, also Alfred, still very much alive in his Welsh retreat. Hence the adoption of the apt title for Dr. Alfred Perceval Graves's latest volume of verse. In the serene autumn of his days, the author of "Father O'Flynn" can claim to have achieved a very understandable ambition: to exceed the success of his most popular song and sing of more than the humours of a community. It has been a narrow escape, and no wonder. The most utter ignoramus knows the air, author and quality of "Father O'Flynn," with its infectious refrain that sets many a jovial company a-humming:

"Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sláinte and sláinte and sláinte agin."

Dr. Graves is a master of humour in all its shades as "Ould Doctor Mack," "The Kilkenny Cats" or "Trotting to the Fair," with other pieces here reprinted, are eloquent proofs. But that peculiar stage Irishman with black-thorn, clay pipe, pig and impossible speech was never a parishioner of Father O'Flynn whose countrymen and neighbours Dr. Graves once more recreates with kindly humour, pathos and care in his new book, with adaptations of Gaelic poetry, and tales in verse of the Kerry the author knew in his youth.

"Killarney Songs," which appeared in 1873, won Tennyson's apt description, but Dr. Graves has a long and varied library of song to his credit since, altogether apart from his work in collaboration with the late Charles Stanford for Irish folk music. In one sense, Father O'Flynn's popularity is responsible. Stepping from the *Spectator's* columns, Father O'Flynn found such unexpected favour that his author justly feared the nickname "Single Song Graves," as another Irishman by a solitary and powerful oration had earned the nickname "Single Speech Hamilton." He hastened to issue selections of his work of which "Irish Country-side Songs" and "Songs of the Gael" were early examples, representative of the author's several inspirations and varied interests. "Killarney Songs" and "Irish Country-side Songs" have, however, their roots deep in a common origin: many happy years of friendship with County Kerry and its people.

"Songs of the Gael," with a foreword by Dr. Douglas Hyde, reveals the marked influence of the Irish language revival, so powerful a development in Irish life from 1892 onwards. This learned and cordial singer unites in his work two literary traditions, two widely differing Irelands. In "The Girl With the Cows" he can, for instance, sing:

"O the happiest orphan that ever was seen
Was Nora Maguire at the age of eighteen;
Her father and mother both died at her birth,
So grief for their sakes didn't trouble her mirth.
Nora Maguire was the flower of the girls,
Wid her laughin' blue eye and her sunny bright curls,
Wid her mouth's merry dimple, her head's purty poise,
And a foot that played puck right and left wid the boys."

One recalls Lover, Maginn and Le Fanu. For contrast, however, the simple dignity of folk song, with some echo of a graceful and mournful Irish original, is always at hand in Dr. Graves's best work.

"Irish Doric" is essentially a selection of Dr. Graves's many phases in verse. He has, he tells us, winnowed some weak lyrics and reprinted two long pieces written when Kerry speech was still ringing in his ears. He thinks it not unbecoming that "such records of those lovable traits in the Kerry peasants, which so endeared them to my father and mother and all of us as children in our home at Parknasilla, years ago, should be again put forth when the Irish country-side is at last enjoying a rest, an abiding rest I trust, after the reckless internecine war into which it had been so long and cruelly plunged."

Two worlds apart, indeed, Dr. Graves's enchanting and

* "Irish Doric in Song and Story." By Alfred Perceval Graves, D.Litt., F.R.S.L. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

rural memories, as here revealed, and the Kingdom of Kerry as later storm centre in Anglo-Irish conflict and Civil War alike!

DESMOND RYAN.

GHOST STORIES.*

Neither the title nor the cover illustration of the latest contribution to the seasonal symposium (so clearly the honour due to spooks at Yuletide) are fully realised by the contents of this book. The pleasing illustration shows a ghost of the species when churchyards yawn, though why he (or she) is wearing what looks like a grenadier's bearskin is not so obvious. But unhappily no ghosts of this good old-fashioned sort appear in the stories that follow. Indeed only four or five of the sixteen tales could legitimately be styled ghost stories in the original meaning of the phrase. Lady Cynthia Asquith has apparently been hampered by the rule she has laid down for her compilation that all her authors must be still living and modern in technique. Such a stipulation of course eliminates the finest ghost stories; but, further, some living authors who have written excellently of the supernatural are not represented here; the absence of Dr. M. R. James, for instance, the best living author of ghost stories, is a grave oversight; and examples by Mr. E. F. Benson, Miss Marjorie Bowen, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, would have been more suitable than the work here given of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Miss Clemence Dane, Mrs. Mary Webb, whose contributions certainly cannot be called ghost stories of any classification, whilst Mr. Charles Whibley's is merely a retelling of the well-known and true story of Lord Lyttelton's prevision of his own death in 1779. Mr. D. H. Lawrence's story is clever and bizarre, a fantasy of a small boy who could pick the winning horses in forthcoming races when riding his own rocking-horse; but as for a ghost—shades of Le Fanu and Scott!—where is it? Again, Mr. Walter de la Mare's contribution, "A Recluse," though told with exquisite artistry and detail, creating a very real atmosphere of impending terror and horror, lets us down at the end, for nothing "appears"—except a figure in the shrubbery, which "may have been pure illusion." Miss May Sinclair is too subtle.

I take it that the ghost story, in the real meaning of the phrase, may be divided into three classes. First, the apparition of a once living person haunting the scenes of former crime and grief, as exemplified in that supreme ghost story, "The Tapestry Chamber," by Walter Scott, and in "Marley's Ghost." Second, the re-enactment, by a number of phantasms of the dead, of a scene from the past, as exemplified in "Wandering Willie's Tale" and in Mrs. Gaskell's superb example, "The Old Nurse's Story." Third, a delusion in the brain projecting a spectre very real to the eye and ear of the haunted person, as exemplified in many of Le Fanu's stories. To these I must add a fourth class, the Archaeological Ghost story, mainly the creation of Dr. M. R. James, which concern some harmless antiquary who disturbs an old tomb or article of *virtu*, thereby releasing a terrible "It" which pursues the poor human to death.

So it is that the four authors in Lady Cynthia's collection who follow these approved methods of presenting a ghost story are the only ones who justify the title of her book. Mr. Algernon Blackwood is at his best in "Chemical," which is a variation of two of his excellent early short stories in this vein, "A Case of Eavesdropping" and "The Listener"; Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy write well in the way of Le Fanu; and Mr. L. P. Hartley provides what is perhaps the most alarming story of the book, for "A Visitor from Down Under" is what school-boys would term "a real corker," and nothing better could follow the walnuts and wine round the Christmas fireside.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "The Ghost Book." Sixteen new stories of the Uncanny compiled by Lady Cynthia Asquith. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

THIERS AND THE FRENCH MONARCHY.*

The deep-seated and far-reaching influence which Adolphe Thiers, statesman and historian, exercised on the reigns of the three successive kings of post-Napoleonic France is the theme of the researches of Professor Allison in his book, "Thiers and the French Monarchy." Even during the reign of Louis XVIII the young Thiers, though insisting on the overthrow of "Legitimacy," the doctrine which declared the right of the Bourbons to rule under the same conditions and with the same authority as the Bourbons had always ruled, uniformly advocated Constitutional Monarchy, and in his "History of the French Revolution" he openly proclaimed his views.

In the troublous times of Charles X Thiers consistently described his ideal of "representative monarchy" through the medium of the columns of the *National*, the newly established Opposition newspaper, of which he was the chief editor, and it was in the offices of this paper that the first organised protest against the existing Government was made. It was the daring enthusiasm of Thiers that swept the meeting which eventually drafted the Orleanist proclamation, "compromising Louis Philippe without consulting him."

Thiers, as Secretary-General of Finance, as Minister of the Interior and finally as President of the Council, held a powerful sway over the "Bourgeois King," whose confidence and personal friendship he at first fully received, but who later distrusted his President's foreign policy, and on two occasions caused him to lose office through his obdurate refusal to adopt it. Had Louis Philippe consented to follow the counsel of Thiers, when signs of the approaching storm which was to overthrow them both appeared on the horizon, the catastrophe of February, 1848, might have been averted; but in his own words: "Called, when all was lost I came . . . and I carried away with me only pain and sorrow."

The thread of Thiers's personal history is traced through the web of political and social events, and a very definite impression is gathered of the inexhaustible energy and extraordinary versatility of the man of whom Lamartine remarked: "There is enough saltpetre in that little man to blow up ten Governments." Lawyer, journalist, historian, politician and art connoisseur in turn, the little bourgeois who began life in material poverty at Marseilles, studied in quiet obscurity at Aix-en-Provence, and made his debut in Paris in a fourth-floor room of a small and mean hotel in a dark and dirty street, rose by the force of his own personality to hold the very reins of Government in his hands.

An account by an eye-witness of Thiers's distress after the abdication of Louis Philippe gives a pathetic impression of the temporary overthrow of the little man's dominating will-power: "During the whole journey . . . M. Thiers seemed almost out of his senses, gesticulating, sobbing, uttering incoherent phrases." The reader feels relieved to know that "the years covered by this book are only the preparation for the great career and the glory that he achieved in 1870."

* "Thiers and the French Monarchy (1797-1848)." By John S. M. Allison. 18s. (Constable.)



Daumier's Cartoon of Thiers.
The Young Statesman.

From "Thiers and the French Monarchy, 1797-1848." By John S. M. Allison (Constable.)

Those who have read with appreciation this thoughtful and carefully documented account of "Thiers and the French Monarchy" will await with eager anticipation the completion of his history in "Thiers and the Second Empire," which Professor Allison promises shall follow in due time.

E. BROWNING.

ONE COMING FROM CALVARY.*

Why does the modern man like to write about the genus old lady? One sees very well why old ladies should like to write about young men, even, with temerity, entering those realms where angels fear to tread—the worlds of sport. Of such was she who wrote "while all rowed fast, stroke rowed fastest of all." Young manhood means vitality, joy. It is a law that all things lean outwards, reach upwards to life and light. But why should young manhood occupy itself with those frail, etiolated lives, those denizens of the shut rooms "facing south," such as Mr. Sitwell so perfectly describes, furnished with feeding-cups, medicine bottles, and surgical devices; stuffy, often spiritually effete? Is it pity or is it—far more subtle—hatred? Why do so many of those who, in the last war, "died daily," write like this? Did they, perhaps, on numb winter mornings with grisly death on either hand and no hope of a to-morrow, think of old ladies sitting by warm fires, knitting? Did they feel an injustice in this, that they must die for these dames who had already enjoyed life for treble their own span, who did nothing, just sitting by fires in their multitudes, waiting to be died for? Not old ladies only; young ladies also, and others, millions of them, all sending their young men to Moloch—their beautiful young men, radiant, bannered with the dawn.

Now, while in Mr. Walpole pity predominates, I think that Mr. Sitwell's book is touched with a kind of unconscious hatred. He is so glad (and so excusably glad!) when Miss Waddington, with her shawls and her "typically English breakfast," goes to glory in the bombardment. And all the old ladies in bath chairs "like giant blackbeetles": the aquarium-like hotel where "crawl sideways crustacean

* "Before the Bombardment." By Osbert Sitwell. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

and armoured spinsters"; the lady with "as many breasts as Diana of the Ephesians"; the cosmopolitan lady who wishes to find "a little *ventre-à-terre* in London"—all are etched in vitriol. And that souging of the tempest afar, presaging, from the steel-grey ocean, the end; how the author revels in it! With what relief could he write of this seaside town as he writes in his fine passage (page 122) about Pompeii—"Closed for the Winter." He makes one feel that this carnivorous, drunken, fox-hunting portion of this crowd, hypocritical, secretly obscene, is like the people of Sodom. His considered judgment is icy, terrible. We must remember, when we shiver under this savage irony, that the author and others like him are recently come from Calvary, and that the vinegar they proffer there is surely this vision of life as a bleak irony, a cruel and obscene jest...

Of criticism there is little. The redundancy on page 300, from page 13, seems unnecessary, and the quotation from Moore is incorrect. It should be "her young hero," not "her dear hero." The book is packed with wit, humour and subtlety, and, though liking some of the author's poetry extremely, I had not realised his reserves of intensity until I read his prose.

MARY WEBB.
(MRS. H. B. L. WEBB.)

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN.*

Sir William Robertson's two volumes may be regarded as a collection of sermons, erudite, dogmatic and profound, preached on three texts, as follows: "I do not think that the British Constitution as at present worked is a good fighting machine." "We will never get an agreement of this kind with Ministers. They have too many axes to grind." And "We had a theory of the war which seemed crude and comfortable. Our idea was that British statesmen had done everything conceivable to lose the war for the past two or three years, and that if ever they relaxed their efforts we would surely win." The first of these sayings was made by the then Prime Minister (the late Marquis of Salisbury just after Black Week in 1899; it is quoted very early in "Soldiers and Statesmen" and, it may be added, is a text which has been thoroughly expounded by Sir Frederick Maurice recently in his "Governments and War." The second text is an extract—and a typical one—from a letter from Sir William Robertson to Sir Douglas Haig at the time of the *Nivelle affaire*. The third is from a source not strictly canonical, but at any rate a good working apocrypha; it appears in a work published last month by a New Zealand officer. The sentiment was certainly shared by the bulk of Overseas officers and by very many of their British comrades as well.

With what loss of power the machine of State was working is clear from a survey of conditions at the end of 1914. The Secretary of State for War was aiming at decisive results on the Western Front. The First Lord of the Admiralty was advocating the seizure of the Dardanelles and Constantinople. The Secretary of State for India and the Indian Government were conducting a campaign in Mesopotamia. The Secretary of State for the Colonies was concerned with operations in various parts of Africa. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was pressing upon his various colleagues the strategical advantages to be gained by transferring the main military efforts from the Western Front to the Balkan Peninsula and Syria. Well might Sir William Robertson declare that "a more deplorable state of affairs can surely never have existed in the conduct of any war."

This appalling state of things made a profound impression upon Sir William Robertson, although at the moment he was not in a position directly affected by it. The change came, however, when he was Chief of the General Staff and Mr. Lloyd George was Prime Minister,

* "Soldiers and Statesmen, 1914-1918." By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O. (Cassells.)

and the memories of the futile loss of power caused by the ill-fated Dardanelles campaign still remained. The inception, progress and termination of the Gallipoli gamble are dealt with at length in the first volume, and although we may regret the space devoted to reopening a controversy long settled by the report of the Dardanelles Commission, the subject is of interest as revealing the origin of that intense suspicion and dislike with which Sir William viewed projects put forward by statesmen—as they are called in the title, degenerating however sometimes to mere "politicians" in the text—and as showing the *causa causans* of that intensely anti-Eastern bias of the Chief of the General Staff.

This was the rift which disturbed the harmony which should have existed between the head of the State and the head of the army. Sir William Robertson was a fanatical Westerner; Mr. Lloyd George was a confirmed Easterner. The latter was ever seeking a "way round"; looking for outlying props which might be knocked away from under the enemy; and inclined, it must be added, to flirting with the dangerous heresy that war can be made on the cheap. On the other hand Sir William Robertson accepted as an article of his military religion that the Western was the decisive front. The main body of the enemy was there to be found and, instead of searching for unstable and subsidiary props, Sir William was determined to undermine and destroy the main pillar by which the enemy superstructure was supported. Casualties terrible in number would necessarily ensue, but the price would have to be paid without flinching. Such in a few words were the summarised philosophies of the two leading men in England from 1916 till the last crisis of the war. Where two men, each of strong personality, a combative disposition and holding diametrically opposite views, are fated to have to work in concert, it is clear that one or the other must give way. Sir William Robertson found that he could not conscientiously continue to hold his high office unless the Prime Minister would conform to his views, and, as this solution was rejected, the Chief of the Staff resigned.

The reluctance of Mr. Lloyd George and the statesmen generally to see eye to eye with Sir William was due to the fact that for nearly four years millions of men had been poured into France, and a decisive result seemed as far off as ever. With the introduction of the tank however, in 1916, the possibility of a break through on the Western Front had sensibly increased, and the arguments of the Westerners could now be pitched in a more assertive key. The almost complete lack of appreciation of this new arm which is apparent in Sir William Robertson's volumes is a confession that this new factor was overlooked. This is the most curious feature of a book which has many curious things.

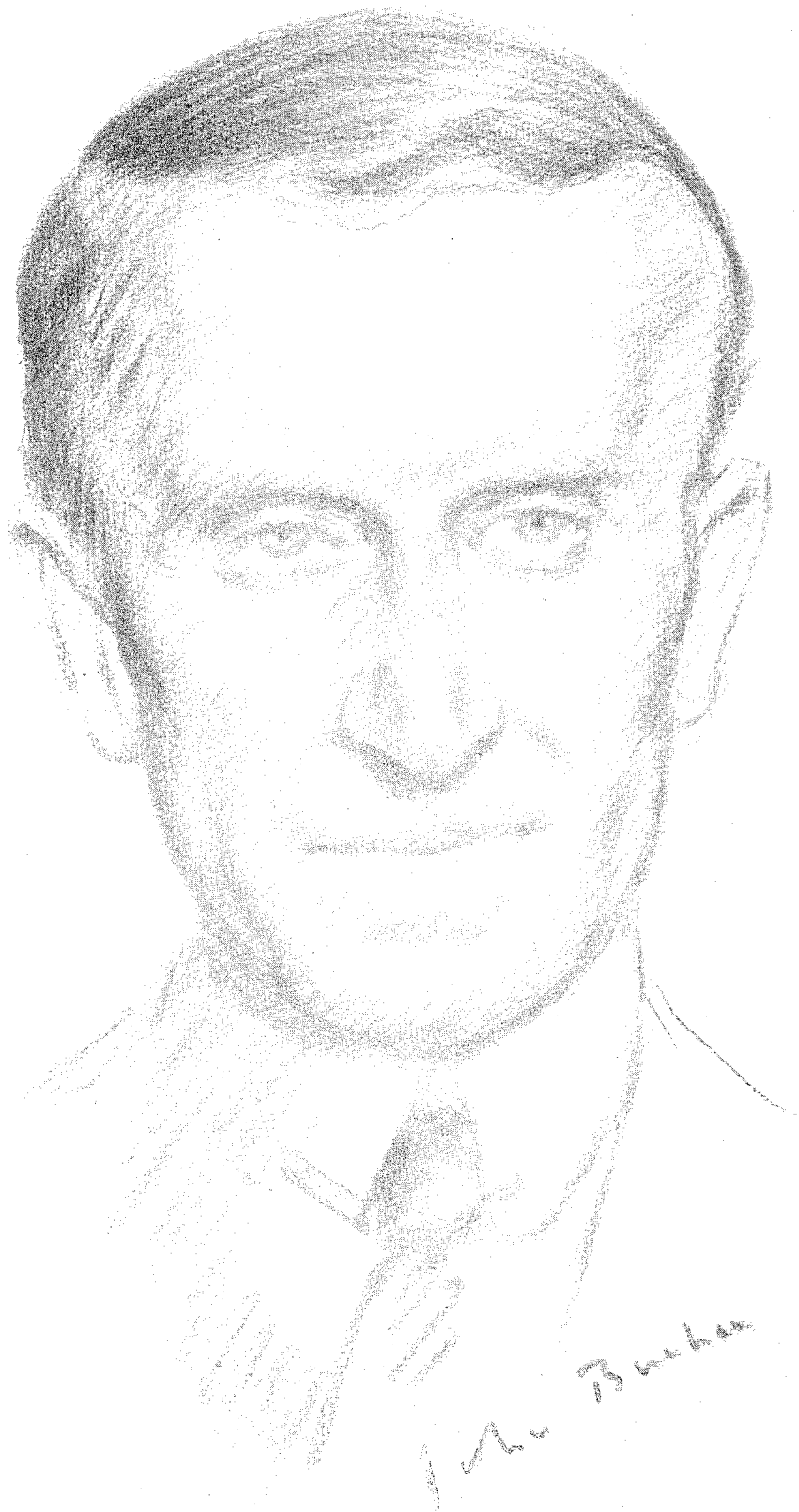
F. E. WHITTON
(Lieut.-Colonel).

THE BLACK DEATH.*

To the student of English history, the phrase "the Black Death" suggests that visitation of the fourteenth century which decimated the population and had such far-reaching economic effects that their influence is hardly exhausted. That no such limited interpretation of the words is adopted by Mr. Nohl is clear from every chapter of his book, and from the fact that he includes among celebrated victims personages so far apart as the Emperor Lothar and Cornelius Jansen, who died in 1138 and 1638 respectively. The volume indeed is not a survey of any particular plague, but of many plagues. Even so its value as a scientific record is somewhat lessened by its avoidance of the economic reactions of plagues, and by its acceptance of Defoe's narrative of the London epidemic of 1665 as a serious contribution to history.

Within its limitations, the compilation brings together much curious information, the effect of which is heightened

* "The Black Death." Compiled by Johannes Nohl from contemporary sources. Translated by C. H. Clarke. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater

JOHN BUCHAN.

by reproductions of old pictures and woodcuts. The former include the grim canvas which Sabatelli painted in illustration of Boccaccio's description of the plague of Florence; the latter such forbidding pictures as Rentz's "Death in the Ball-room" and "The Dance of Death."

According to the statistics which were compiled by the order of Pope Clement VI, the world-mortality of the Black Death amounted to the staggering total of 42,836,486—a loss of human life which may lessen our sorrowful reflection on the mortality of the Great War. Even in England the deaths are computed at twenty-five per cent. of the population. Well might Petrarch exclaim: "O happy posterity, who will not experience such abysmal woe and will look upon our testimony as a fable!"

Grouping his curious lore under such divisions as "The Precursors of the Plague," "The Medical Profession and the Plague," "The Attitude of the Church," "The Erotic Element in the Plague," etc., Mr. Nohl enforces each section with long excerpts from contemporary narratives. Thus, in an account of the precursors of the plague in Vienna, the writer blended fact with moral:

"Water signs are generally sudden overflowing of the rivers, also when the wells turn muddy and brackish, also it is a sure sign when fish and crabs leave their water and withdraw to the shores, also when frogs and toads are seen in great quantities. But it is also certain when fishy methods are used in the law courts and common decency assumes the crooked walk of the crab, and in all dark corners and taverns frivolous and shameless toads are to be found, that this will not tarry to send the plague."

Remedies, whether lay or professional, partook of the quality of the times. The physicians were helpless, the quacks bewildered. Nor were administrative precautions more helpful. The one sane device was speedy flight from the infected area. It was summed up in the popular lines:

"Three little words the plague dispel,
Quick, far and late, where'er you dwell.
Start quick, go far and right away,
And with return till late delay."

The advice was so well obeyed in London that the city "looked like a desert." There was such an exodus from Dijon to Auxonne in 1414 that the Duchess Margaret of Bavaria issued an edict forbidding the people of Dijon to "presume to come to Auxonne, to which place we together with our children have repaired to escape the plague."

Perhaps the most curious chapter is that devoted to the erotic reactions of epidemics. In many instances the population abandoned themselves to the policy of "eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die." Hence the indictment of Boccaccio:

"From the greatest to the most insignificant, bishops, prelates and temporal lords worshipped voluptuousness in the most disgraceful manner, and abandoned themselves not only to natural but also to unnatural lust without shame or restraint, so that by the influence of harlots, male and female, the most important things could be obtained by them."

Then came the reaction of the Flagellants, with their processions, their black cloaks adorned with red crosses, their purple banners, their incessant wailing and self-scourging. The movement, Mr. Nohl suggests, was an attempt by the laity at self-help in their disappointment with the inefficiency of the Church. Thus the Black Death may have been a contributory cause of the Reformation.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LORD RAINGO.*

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, having achieved a maximum publicity, like its subject, will start the unwary reader off on a fool's chase for originals. It is a very sham *roman-à-clef*, and, throughout, this deft craftsman has exercised an impish Holmesian faculty for baffling the simple Watsons who are permitted to follow the rise of Lord Raingo. Mr. Bennett in the story has gone back

* "Lord Raingo." By Arnold Bennett. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

to the type he is most qualified to depict—the vulgar, pushful mercenary in the battle of modern commerce, whom no fine feeling restrains, who has a cash price for everything, including a peerage, and to whom women are chattels administering to a repulsive egotism. And yet in this type Mr. Bennett sometimes permits the poet and sentimentalist to emerge—the "chorus ending from Euripides" sometimes displaces the importance of a bank balance.

The propaganda cry of the publisher, "Who is Lord Raingo?" will set many guessing. For my own part I do not believe there is an original. Lord Raingo is a composite—most novelists' portraits are, if only the public could be made to believe it—and all his colleagues are composites. But there is in their composition the whole of several well-known politicians. Lord Riddell might be Lord Raingo to the Sam Blyth that might be Mr. Lloyd George.

"A miraculous adroitness, a unique genius for chicane, beneath a nervous and apparently truthful and candid manner." That may be Mr. Lloyd George, according to one particular estimate of him, as we might find the late Marquis Curzon in Lord Ockleford—"the viceregal centre and the most splendid figure in Oriental pageants of sovereignty, surpassing everything else in Asiatic history"; or find W. S. C. in Tom Hogarth, who "had reigned in seven departments of State, fought, written and fought; he was the most brilliant advocate in the House, and one of the finest polemical and descriptive writers in the country; he had every gift except common sense, and he could rise victorious from the disasters imposed upon him by an incurable foolishness."

Mr. Bennett is a famous man, and the fun in this sort of game consists in getting a glimpse of what one famous man thinks of his colleagues in the vast game of keeping the public awed. Well, here is the confession of Lord Raingo, who is Mr. Arnold Bennett, now borrowing the crimson robes of Lord Beaverbrook or Lord Riddell—or those of some future elevation of himself as Lord Bennett of the Five Towns—"What a pack!" he thought, knowing that the derogatory appellation was unfair to some of them. "What a pack!"

Then we might find Mr. J. H. Thomas masquerading as Sid Jenkin, never quite overcoming the marvel of his dining at the Savoy and penetrating the Privy Council without an aitch; slick, rowdy, good-humoured, the Playboy of the Labour world. It is a game Mr. Bennett and his publisher have deliberately started, and if it leads to disastrous errors of opinion it is their fault, not the reader's, who has so many clues that he forgets the story in the search for originals.

And that is the weakness of this book. The story is utterly negligible. It starts impossibly and collapses at page 269, although an uninteresting illness carries Lord Raingo on to a final choke on page 409. Lord Raingo is a man of pushful nature, yet his whole career hangs on a boyhood acquaintance with the Prime Minister, and you feel a Raingo should have forced himself through to this contact. The novel is a war novel too. It is the fictional history of the Ministry of Information. Everything that can happen here in fiction has been forestalled in the reader's mind by recent history. Then why does one read the book, the first three-quarters at least, with something akin to excitement? Because I suppose Mr. Bennett is endowed with common sense to the *n*th power. He never writes or thinks like "a literary bloke." He is the man of the world, shrewd, experienced, slyly watching the vast game of life, all comprehending and readily articulate. It is a great thing to find a man who understands. Mr. Bennett understands so well that, choosing the meanest material and the most blatant types, he still enforces sympathy, his omniscience being in itself a gift of genius.

"Fifty-five. Tallish—but stoutish. Dressed like the country gentleman which he was not and never would be. Not by taking any amount of thought can you become a country gentleman." There speaks the boy from the Five Towns who has taught himself much. Many a man makes a fool of himself through his inability to grasp the truth, as that sentence does. It

is this firm, forceful grasp on life that keeps Mr. Bennett in the foremost rank of living novelists. The reader will not mind who Lord Raingo is so long as he remains one more mirror held up to life by Mr. Bennett.

CECIL ROBERTS.

AN ELIZABETHAN PROBLEM.*

A poem which describes a number of pertinacious assaults upon a wife's virtue cannot be said to boast a very inspiring theme, even if, by vindicating her virtue it "insinuate, how honest maides and women in such temptations should stand upon their guard, considering the glory and praise that commendes a spotlesse life, and the blacke ignominy, and foule contempt that waiteth upon a wicked and dissolute behaviour." If the ingenious author of "Willobie His Avisia" had really loved a "spotlesse life" or even "dissolute behaviour," his poem might have carried conviction. But it might well "seeme the Author rather meant to shew what suites might be made, and how they may be answered, than that there hath bene any such thing indeede." Yet treated merely as such the poem is full of pretty artifice and polished repartee. If the suitors of Penelope could have pleaded their case so elegantly and subtly as N. O. B., D. H. and H. W., they might well have sapped her loyalty to Odysseus. Indeed "a wicked and dissolute behaviour" which masks itself in such choice stanzas as the following has a virtue all its own:

"Nay then farewell, if this be so,
If you be of the purer stampe,
'Gainst wind and tide I can not roe,
I have no oyle to feede that lampe,
Be not too rash, denie not flat,
For you refuse, you know not what.

"But rather take a farther day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay,
To see and take some farther breath:
He may too rashly be denide,
Whose faithfull hart was never tride.

"And though I be by Jury cast,
Yet let me live a while in hope,
And though I be condemnde at last,
Yet let my fancie have some scope,
And though the body flie away,
Yet let me with the shadow play."

Mr. Harrison, however, who has edited this excellent reprint with an introductory essay, is preoccupied with other matters than the degree of its merit as poetry. For "Willobie His Avisia" is "a fained matter, both for the names and the substance." It had, like so many of the poems of the 1590's, a secondary intention, and what this intention was is one of the most interesting of the minor problems of Elizabethan literature. Mr. Harrison has done his best to solve it. Certainly his solution, based as it is on careful research, carries conviction, although, as he admits, it is "clearly impossible to reconstruct the form of the original with any sense of assurance." Among the suitors of the beautiful and unassailably chaste Avisia is a young man, H. W. Baffled in his attempts, he consults his "familiar friend W. S., who not long before had tryed the curtesy of the like passion." and who encourages him by asserting that:

"She is no Saynt, she is no Nonne,
I think in tyme she may be wonne."

W. S. also gives him some very politick advice as to the best strategies to adopt, which are not unlike those contained in the nineteenth sonnet in the "Passionate Pilgrim." Since both "Willobie His Avisia" and Shakespeare's "Lucrece" were first printed in 1594, the latter being dedicated to "The Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton," it is not surprising that critics

* "Willobie His Avisia: or The True Picture of a Modest Maide and of a Chast and Constant Wife (1594)." With a Critical Essay by G. B. Harrison, M.A. 6s. net. (Bodley Head Quartos.)

should have jumped to the conclusion that H. W. was Henry Wriothesley, W. S. William Shakespeare, and Avisia, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. With the first two of these assumptions Mr. Harrison does not quarrel; with the third he very reasonably does. As he remarks: "The one fact that is known about the Dark Lady is that she was dark; there is no suggestion of darkness about Avisia."

Moreover such facts as are known go to prove that Avisia was both the wife and the daughter of an innkeeper at Cerne Abbas. And we cannot believe that the Dark Lady served behind a bar. To summarise Mr. Harrison's conclusions, he believes that "Willobie His Avisia" was written by one or more of the followers of Sir Walter Raleigh (possibly by Matthew Roydon) as a reply to Shakespeare's "Lucrece," in which they detected an attack upon their patron by a member of the Essex-Southampton group. Shakespeare, as Mr. Harrison writes, had probably no intention of making his Tarquin a portrait of any living person, but the hostility which existed between the two groups and the incessant attacks which were being made upon Raleigh for his supposed atheism and arrogance suggested a very considerable likeness between Tarquin the Ravisher and Raleigh the Proud, particularly as Raleigh, too, had sinned against chastity and like Tarquin had been banished for it.

Two of the courtiers ridiculed in the persons of humiliated suitors are therefore, in Mr. Harrison's opinion, the Earl of Southampton and Sir Ralph Horsey; W. S. is of course Shakespeare, while Avisia is neither the wife of John Davenant nor the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, but a country hostess of the time, well known for her beauty, whom the pamphleteering poet has used in place of a heroine drawn from Antiquity to attack the morals of courtiers in general and of the Southampton group in particular.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

TWO POETS*

Those who have watched Mr. Humbert Wolfe's progress as a poet must have marvelled at the strides he has recently taken. In "Kensington Gardens" he began with a certain lyrical dexterity and a vein of humorous satire; in "The Unknown Goddess" the satire almost departed, but the dexterity remained; whilst in "Humoresque" a note of tenderness appeared, causing some critics to compare the poet with Heine. In his new long poem all these qualities combine, and the foundations are laid for a philosophy that is almost mystical.

The best part of "News of the Devil" is concerned with the final spiritual revelations, in the moments before death, of a modern business man, Mr. Paul Arthur. He has conceived the notion of reorganising religion on a sound commercial basis; without being himself more than dimly aware even of the contents of the Bible, he will attempt to set the world at rights with God. Here is a rare field for satire, and Mr. Wolfe makes the very best use of it. Then, by an artifice, he shifts the poem into another key. God speaks with Arthur; but the inevitable logic of His words shocks the simple soul of the business man, who "goggles like a cod, and forms a low opinion of God." Then comes the Devil with logic no less inevitable and shocking; and really it begins to look as if God and the Devil, good and evil, are but degrees of the same thing. Mr. Arthur finds the enlightenment bewildering; nevertheless, in his argument with the Devil, he does begin to discover himself. The key shifts once more. Says the soul of Arthur:

"Vainly I should crave
the things that were not Arthur's in the grave.
The flowers he did not smell, the violet
each year in vain with dew and shower wet
above him I should seek, and far above
hear the wind call to stars he did not love."

And even as the lament is made ("Too late, too late"), the

* "News of the Devil." By Humbert Wolfe. 3s. 6d. (Benn.)—"Dymer." By Clive Hamilton. 5s. (Dent.)

echoes answer on the other side; may it not be, they sob, that

"your sins and you have here become a part of the immortal movement of the Heart, that does not judge, nor blame, nor yet forgive, but being needed by all things that live, needs all of them"?

"News of the Devil" is a rare and subtle achievement; and so, though on a very different plane, is Mr. Hamilton's "Dymer." If this is a "first performance" it is indeed remarkable. Like Mr. Wolfe's poem it also is a spiritual experience, only this time of a young man brought up in the standardised society of to-day, and the method of treatment is very different. Mr. Hamilton objectifies Dymer's experiences into dramatic form, so that we have the added interest of a tale, and the clarifying advantages that the parable or objectified form always gives. One by one, in the mystical wood, the artificial selves are sloughed off Dymer, till his spirit is able to realise itself at last. The poem is a long one but interest never flags; and once the rather pedestrian first canto is over it moves full of beauty and lyrical observation and compelling drama. It is a poem born of very searching experience. We shall watch Mr. Hamilton's work with eagerness.

C. HENRY WARREN.

PIPES OF PAN.*

Why the pastoral? It seems that kings and courtiers were supposed, once upon a time, to have other cares besides those of young love. Not so shepherds. Love and love alone was their pursuit. The occupation itself,



Hilda Vaughan
(Mrs. Charles Morgan).

mountain scenery, seclusion, leisure and freedom, all tempted to dalliance. It has been the convention of every age, from Homer to Theocritus, Theocritus to Watteau, Watteau to present-day ballet. Behind all lies the simple truth. Shepherds have always actually been—and actually are—pre-eminently love-makers. Our

modern shepherds and shepherdesses differ only in looks, names and ribbons from Strephon and Chloe, Damon and Mopsa. The pipes of Pan still play on our English mountains as they did in Arcady when all the world and love were young.

Yet the more the theme remains the same, the more its treatment changes. All sorts of complications—social and industrial—have entered in. Though a story of shepherds which was not a love-story would be as false now as ever, even between Shakespeare's Arden and Hardy's Dorset stretches a barrier wide as the world. The contrast is not in the shepherds themselves. They were probably never quite so "happy" or "silly" as they used to be painted. It lies in the point of view of the artist. Nowadays his or her own subjectivities and questionings cannot help lurking inside the shepherd's cloak.

Of the change that modern life and modern treatment have brought one could not get a better example than Hilda Vaughan's delightful story, "Here are Lovers"—a second novel which is a joy in itself and makes one await with eagerness all that are to come from the same source. Miss

* "Here are Lovers." By Hilda Vaughan, author of "The Battle of the Weak." 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann).—"Roundabout." By Nancy Hoyt. 7s. 6d. net. (Alfred Knopf).—"The Persistent Lovers." By A. Hamilton Gibbs. 3s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul).—"So This is Love." By A. L. Vincent. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Vaughan, who writes of life on the Welsh hills with unrivalled depth of knowledge and insight, has set her characters back in the sixties, at a time when class distinctions were still tyrannical, though Disraeli's "democratic" Reform Bill was having its repercussions in every village. She shows us three pairs of lovers—one pair of the land-owning class (the squire's son and his formal betrothed), and one pair of genuine shepherd-folk. This latter couple are not assuredly "contented with their lot," but they are contented to be shepherds.

Upon the remaining pair Miss Vaughan lavishes her especial wealth of art. Gronwy is a shepherd of ambitions, one who reads and writes poetry, and slaves at Latin and Greek grammar. Lætitia is the squire's only daughter. She finds in the young shepherd's passion a "romance" which the narrow and formal life of a country-house in mid-Victorian Wales failed signally to supply. They met one wild night when Lætitia went out riding all alone and lost herself in the mist, and Gronwy took her to his cottage, where she saw his shelf of books and promised to lend him more.

I find it difficult, I confess, to visualise Gronwy. A shepherd might certainly be presentable enough for the exquisite Lætitia to give herself to him in the garden summer-house, where the truth is revealed to the squire and household by moonlight in a consciously dramatic scene. But how could he be at the same time so stubbornly uncouth as to make suicide—or apparent suicide—the lovers' only possible fate? Sometimes he reminds one of "Jude the Obscure," sometimes of the real-life Burns and other poets of the soil. But Lætitia, who is most delicately and intimately studied, never seems to be attracted by his poetry, of which we see none, or by his intellectual side at all. To her he is just "romance."

None the less, so appealing is the story of these two that my only quarrel is over Miss Vaughan having finished them off so summarily that we are left in doubt as to whether they were really drowned at the Wishing-Chair or not. How they fell into the stream we are not told. All that was ever found was just Lætitia's veil. Let us hope they are not dead, but only waiting till Miss Vaughan can show us, by way of sequel, their after-life in some land where shepherds and squires' daughters have no wall of prejudice between them.

The other characters—the squire; Lætitia's maid, Susan, who had been a girl of the village and had claims as Gronwy's previous sweetheart; Peter, his brother; Elizabeth, the frank and true-hearted farmer's daughter; and Gronwy's old father, who had been a Chartist, and whom only drink had saved from despair—they are all beautifully touched in. The atmosphere, alike of the time and place, is suggested with a skill and imagination which makes one live through every page. The irony too has an agreeable gentleness about it. One feels always for Lætitia. Yet after reading "Here are Lovers" one could brave the shade of Tennyson and express a doubt as to whether even Maud might not have had something of the minx about her!

All the while of course there are pastorals of the town. One cannot pretend that Pan has not learnt to play the saxophone and to caper to a jazz tune. The more one reads books of modernist lovers, of shingled maids and plus-four swains, the more one realises that it is the same old story. Denise, the delicious little Franco-American heroine of "Roundabout," Nancy Hoyt's brilliant story of Bohemian Paris and "social" New York—how easily she could be transferred to Sicily in idyll days! At heart "she was a shepherdess."

So too with Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs's "The Persistent Lovers" and Mr. A. L. Vincent's "So This is Love," capital stories both. Here we touch the more commonplace strata of upper-class English and American life, the country vicarage in one, the "little parish of St. James's" in the other. But still the pipes of Pan are sounding the old call to lovers—of lovers, for lovers, from lovers.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

MEDIÆVAL SOCIETY.*

History often seems tired with the effort of being always original in its events and ideals; and therefore it happens that it has repeated itself more than once in its journey through time. But so far there has been nothing that has any close resemblance to that period between the fall of the united Roman Empire and the rise of the disunited States of modern Europe. There have been feudal systems all over the world; the fighting lord and his agricultural serfs make one of the commonest social units in human organisation. But mediæval society was much more than this rather simple fact. Mediæval Europe was a very complex blending of military feudalism, ecclesiastical dogmas, artistic methods and economic theories. And these very varied human endeavours did not stand as isolated phenomena; but were blended into a whole which gave a remarkable uniformity to the lands of the Western Continent and the British Isles.

Of recent years there has been a distinct recognition that this mediæval period was a most important time in the development of the human race; and that it has many urgent lessons for a modern age which has begun to realise that science and industry and mechanical efficiency have not succeeded in building such a perfect society as the optimistic Victorians had hastily hoped.

Father Bede Jarrett has written a very learned and at the same time a very entertaining treatise on the social ideals of this remarkable period. He points out in his opening words that it is not scientifically correct to tear these social habits from the contemporary politics and economics; for in fact they were all closely blended. He has admirably succeeded in giving his story the quality of one of those woven tapestries which this age knew so well how to produce. The various chapters bear the headings of Law, Education, Property, War, Art and many other titles, but the sense of real unity is never lost—and that is one of the important facts that the mediæval historian has to impress on his readers.

It is fitting that such an historian should be a member of the Roman Church. Of course it is impossible for the normal modern mind to accept the beliefs and think the thoughts of the thirteenth century; but the object of this book is to make its readers understand how those mediæval minds worked; and it is an advantage rather than a handicap to have the story told by a writer who is a leader of an ecclesiastical order of friars who still profess to hold the faith and obey the rules of their ancestors of six hundred years ago.

That rigid obedience to law and dogma, that disinclination (or disability) to change, were apparent marks of mediæval society. Of course it was never really stationary; it was always developing; just as the Church of Rome, in spite of all its protests, is to-day an entirely different thing from the simple incoherent groups of the early Christians. The mediæval popes of Rome would have been as severe a shock to the martyrs of the arena as they now are to Mr. Kensit and his agitated followers.

The chapters on Trade and War are a very pertinent example of how much we still have to learn from our predecessors of the Middle Ages. To-day we are still discussing with urgent interest whether warfare is permissible in a civilised society; and whether it is sound morality to make a fortune in trade. It is instructive to learn that the philosophers and theologians of the mediæval period taught that no decent citizen should go into trade for the sake of making anything more than a fair living for himself and his family, according to the recognised standard of his class. In strict theory, any surplus over and above this should be allotted to the use of the poor. Of course the trades and craftsmen did not by any means obey the laws laid down by their philosophers; and human nature was as frail then as it is to-day. But it is entirely untrue to maintain that this mediæval theoretical morality did not have a profound effect on the everyday life of its time;

* "Social Theories of the Middle Ages, 1200-1500." By Bede Jarrett, O.P. 16s. (Ernest Benn.)

and it must be remembered that this moral code played a great part in forming an economic structure of guilds and fixed prices, which themselves compelled at least a partial obedience to the philosophical rules.

Father Bede Jarrett finishes with an interesting essay on the art of this age; it contains many deep generalisations which the modern critics might note with advantage. He says: "Art responds very faithfully to the general outlook of its period. The artist is always a man of his own time." Which is one reason why it is such a safe rule in historical research to make the art of any period a very fundamental test of the standards of its time. The society which built Chartres cathedral must have been sound at the core. The Inquisition may have been merely the hysterical work of a group of stupid fanatics; but fanaticism could never have built a Gothic church at its prime. Father Jarrett has a very important theory on the conception of the political *corpus mysticum* of the nation, which overruled the social organisation of the feudal unit; a fact which is of peculiar importance at a time when we are beginning to consider whether we are not developing the central organ of the State at an unhealthy rate. But there is scarcely a page of this book which is not as full of thought for to-day as it is packed with the history of the past.

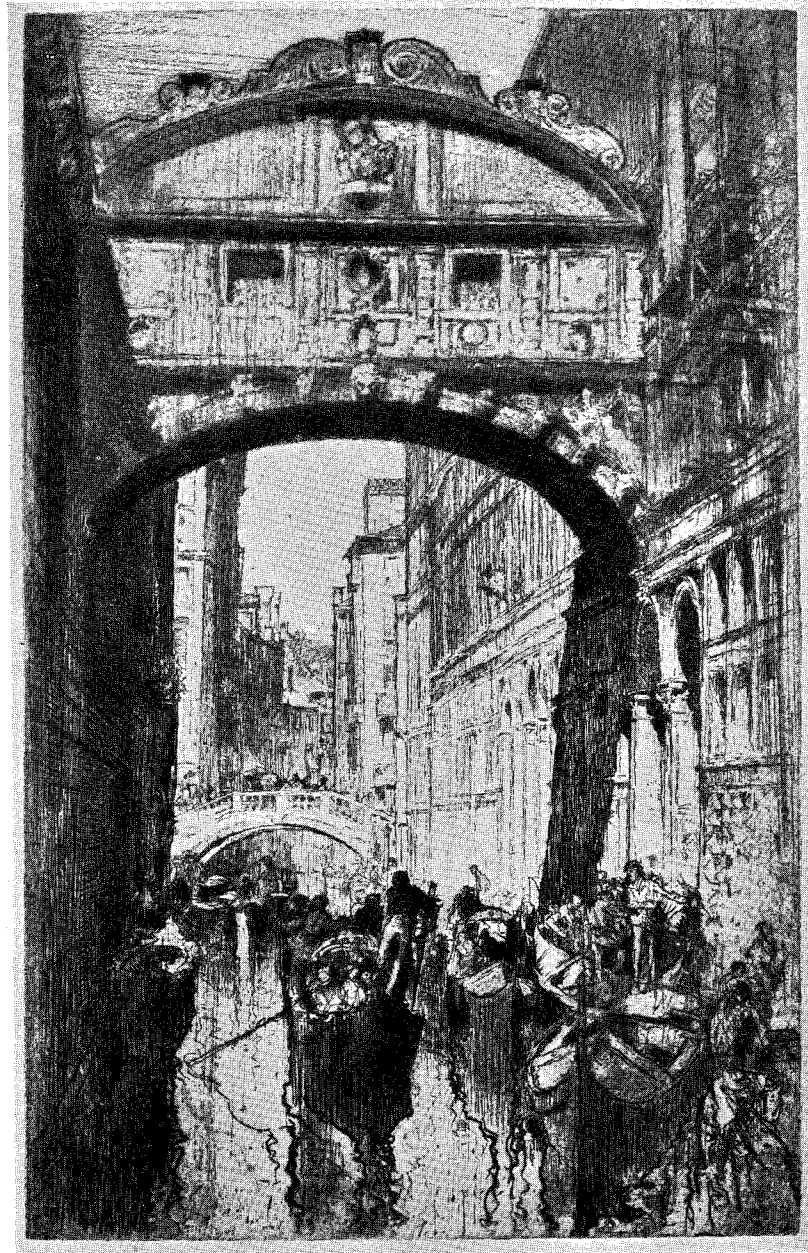
G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.*

Remy de Gourmont called Havelock Ellis "the most advanced man in England," a judgment which was echoed thirty years later by Mr. H. L. Mencken. It is strange that a writer so purely English as Mr. Ellis should never have been adequately recognised in England. His most renowned work, "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," is not published in this country at all. One volume of it appeared first in Germany and when it was issued here became the subject of an action by the Public Prosecutor. A man whom Olive Schreiner had likened to Christ was charged with having written a book which in every line was "wicked, lewd, impure, scandalous and obscene." The volume was suppressed and is not now to be obtained in England. In America and Germany it is in circulation. Although Mr. Ellis has devoted so much time to the question of sexual psychology, many other subjects have been illuminated by his learning and insight. Mr. Goldberg's biographical and critical study, if it errs a little on the side of special pleading, is valuable in providing data which enable the reader to form an independent judgment. We find that Havelock Ellis was one of the pioneers in many of the forward movements in social and literary fields of the late-nineteenth century. It is not generally known that he started the famous Mermaid series of Elizabethan dramatists; edited the first popular edition of Ibsen's plays for the Scott Library, and initiated the Contemporary Science series.

Although essentially a scholar, seated apart and looking on, his work has never been tainted with the smell of the study. His attitude is that of one who accepts life fully, cheerfully and dispassionately, believing in it. His chief value is as a sensitive accumulator and examiner of other men's labours rather than as an original thinker. It would not be easy to point to a philosophic creed and say that it is distinctively his. His method is that of the artist, who does not so much seek to convince as to reveal. Nobody could read "The Dance of Life"—which Messrs. Constable have just reissued in an admirable pocket edition—without being stimulated to a reconsideration of his own outlook on the universe; and yet one never feels that Mr. Ellis is consciously trying to teach. He opens doors and reveals new vistas, leaving the reader to look if he will. He knows that "no one can really identify himself with another's philosophy, however greatly he may admire it, or sympathise

* "Havelock Ellis." By Isaac Goldberg. 18s. (Constable.)—"The Dance of Life." By Havelock Ellis. Pocket Edition. 5s. (Constable.)



From "THE ETCHINGS OF FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., R.E., Hon. R.S.A., etc."
(Studio).

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS. 1911.

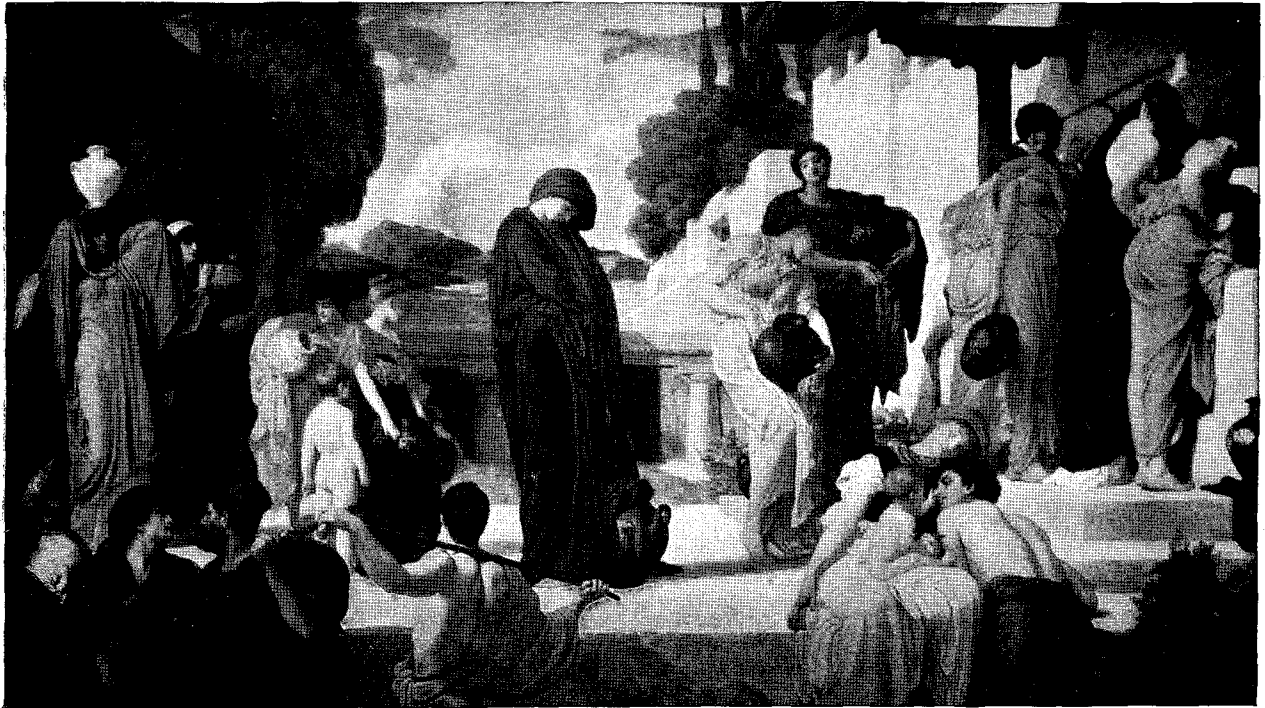
**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.**



From "CLASSIC MYTH AND LEGEND"
By A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF
(Gresham Publishing Co.).

THE LAMENT FOR ICARUS.
(From the painting by Herbert J. Draper in
the National (Tate) Gallery of British Art.
By permission of the artist.)

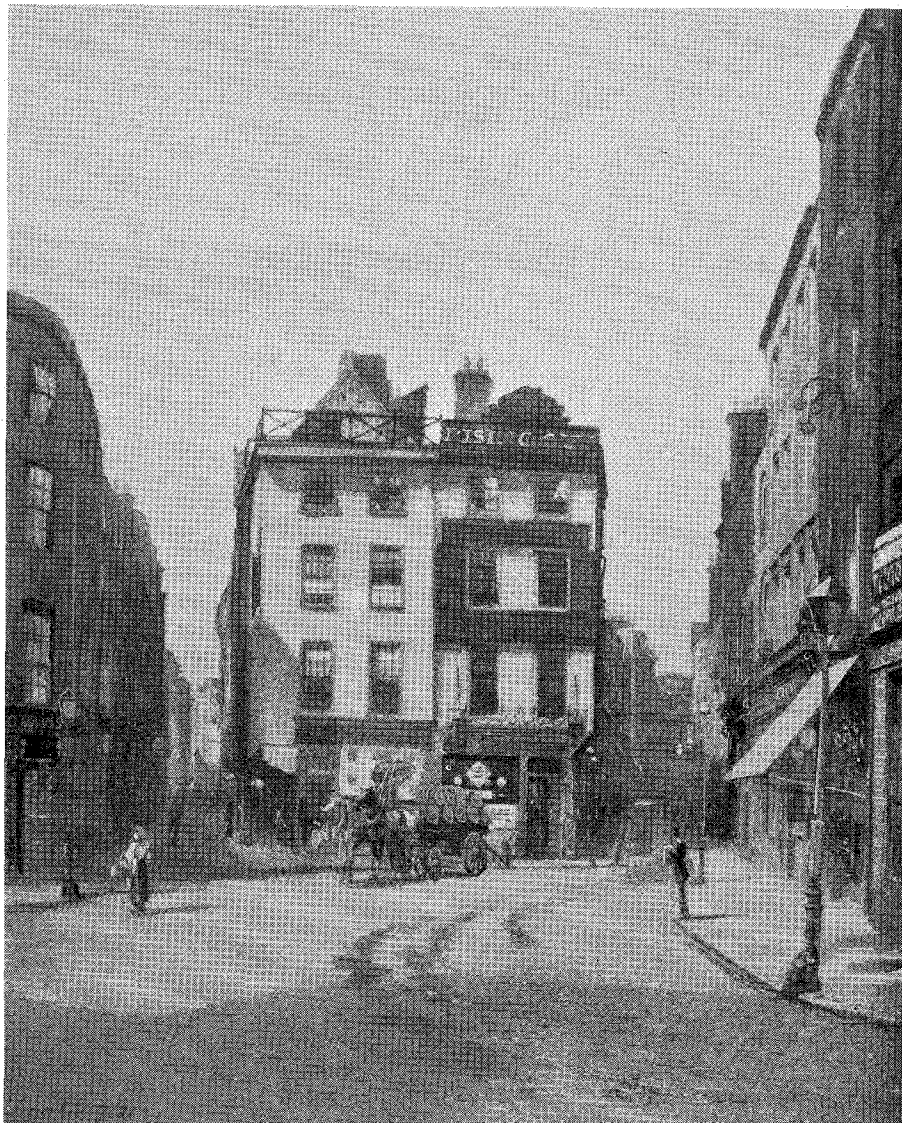
**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
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From "CLASSIC MYTH AND LEGEND"
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"CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE.
(From the painting by Lord Leighton—By permission of the
Corporation of Manchester.)

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.**



From "LOST LONDON"
Pictured by J. CROWTHER and described by E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR
(Constable).

**EAST END OF HOLYWELL
STREET AND WYCH STREET.**

with it." If one beholds Beauty it is a duty to call attention to it, but it is not a duty to insist that one's fellows should share the enthusiasm. It is Havelock Ellis's distinction that he sees the universe as Beauty, and in writing of it he cannot fail to evoke something of his own enthusiasm in the heart of his reader. Whether he writes of psychology, painting, dancing, music, literature or religion, it is always with that embracing insight which relates the parts to the whole and finds the whole beautiful. Mr. Goldberg's book—which contains, also, a short account of the work of Mrs. Ellis—is a welcome attempt to estimate the position of a writer who is certainly one of the most distinguished Englishmen of his generation. The volume contains a number of good photographic illustrations.

HERMON OULD.

LONDON ONLY.*

It is becoming a threadbare truism that there is always a new book about London; this month five have come to my hands, and it is some testimony to London's infinite variety that each book views it from a different aspect and has things to say of it that you will not find in any of the others. Mr. E. V. Lucas's "London"¹ is the most comprehensive of the five; it takes a wide survey of living London, its storied streets, parks, museums, picture galleries, churches, and gossips pleasantly of its past, and the great men of its past, as well as of its present. It is anecdotal, descriptive, crammed with miscellaneous information, all given in that easy, delightfully alluring fashion which he has made distinctively his own. There is no need of detailed criticism, for "London" is largely a reissue of two of Mr. Lucas's best known books, "A Wanderer in London" and "London Revisited"; these he has entirely rearranged, revised and brought together in one handsome volume. Moreover this volume is lavishly and beautifully illustrated with over thirty pictures in colour by Mr. H. M. Livens, and with forty reproductions in monochrome, mostly of famous paintings from London galleries.

"Lost London"² is concerned with London buildings that have vanished from their places in the last forty or fifty years, and we should have had no pictorial records of most of them if Sir C. E. H. Chadwyck-Healey had not employed J. Crowther, an artist, "to make water-colour drawings of such features and landmarks throughout London," says Mr. Beresford Chancellor in his preface, "as seemed likely to become before long a prey to the necessities for improvement and development. Crowther produced with indefatigable zeal a vast number of these, and as his skill as a topographical draughtsman was equalled by his artistic gifts, all these beautiful drawings are pictures in themselves," apart from their great value as records of buildings which have since been demolished. Sixty of his drawings are included in this volume, twenty-four in colour and the rest in monochrome, and they fully justify all Mr. Chancellor's praise of them. The coloured pictures have a softness and delicacy of tone that can scarcely be excelled in the originals. And of all such vanished places, their associations and their neighbourhoods, Mr. Beresford Chancellor writes with a fullness of knowledge and a skill in getting every iota of interest out of his subject, which result in very entertaining reading, and at the same time make "Lost London" a sound and invaluable history of some of London's yesterdays.

Whoever thought of it, it was a happy idea to get Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. E. O. Hoppé to collaborate in the production of a series of "London Types."³ No writer living has a wider, more intimate acquaintance with London life and character than has Mr. Pett Ridge, and assuredly none can reveal these with a more catholic sym-

pathy or with a subtler sense of the humour and pathos that are their light and shadow. His "Rank and Fashion" is not in the West End, and his "Juvenile Lead" is not on the stage; he sketches the personalities and tells something of the stories of all manner of folk: the bus driver, coster, charwoman, messenger girl, policeman, street musician, office boy, loafer, the respectable grocer, the tea-shop waitress and many another, and each type is no less vividly and faithfully presented by the pictorial art of Mr. Hoppé. No photographer who was not also an artist could have chosen such a succession of typical Londoners, and have so presented them that their very attitudes and every line in their features is cunningly suggestive of their characters. If you have any doubt as to whether photography is an art, a study of these portraits should remove it.

Mr. E. O. Hoppé again is responsible for the photographs in "Forty London Statues and Public Monuments."⁴ Mr. Lucas, in his "London," devotes two chapters to London's statues and stone memorials, and on the whole is kinder to them than are some critics. Mr. Borenus in his survey of the forty admits that there are artistic failures among them, but finds comfort in their historical associations, and tells of these in a preliminary "Historical Sketch," and in the adequate notes that face each of Mr. Hoppé's photographs. The statuary is well selected, beginning with older examples, and concluding with certain of the war memorials and Epstein's much debated work in Hyde Park.

There is no need to recommend Mr. G. H. F. Nichols's "London Town"⁵ to any reader of "Quex's" columns in the *Evening News*; for if you know your Quex you know that he is the airiest and most interesting, well-informed of gossipers, who seems to be always going about town, seeing everything worth talking about and meeting everybody worth talking to, telling of what he has seen and heard and experienced with a zest and liveliness and humour or elusive poignance that keep you turning his pages with undiminishing enjoyment. Whatever his theme, as Mr. Arnold Bennett says in an introduction, "he leaves everything romantic and thrilling"; he is a realist with a keen eye for the romance that is in or underlying the realities of London life, its streets, sale-rooms, parks, galleries, clubs, theatres, markets, criminal courts, wherever his roving steps may carry him. For a picturesque, panoramic view of what goes on all over London town from day to day throughout the year you will find no better interpreter than "Quex." RICHARD FLECKNOE.

THE OLD BRIDGE.*

In "The Old Bridge" Mr. Locke takes us to Florence, Venice and Dinard, gives us glimpses of New York and of Long Island, sets one of his scenes in an hotel at Leeds and places another in a shooting box in Hungary. It is at Florence however that occur most of the events of the story, which is a sort of study of Anglo-American-Italian society in that city, with the Uffizi, the Pitti, the Duomo and the Bargello as a background. Art and architecture indeed fill not only the background but the foreground of "The Old Bridge"; so that unless the reader possesses some elementary acquaintance with these subjects he may be tempted to skip some of the pages. I hope he will not yield to this temptation; for Mr. Locke, who was for ten years Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects and is corresponding member of various societies of foreign architects, wears his learning with an easy grace, and is always agreeable cicerone rather than dryasdust art expert.

I suspect however that the wealth of atmosphere and local colour in which he has seen fit to steep his new romance arises a good deal from the fact that he has here reverted to the simple story in which plot and narrative are subservient to character and sentiment. In the two books which preceded "The Old Bridge"—and may I say here that I reckon "Moordius and Co." and "The Great

* "The Old Bridge." By William J. Locke. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

*¹ E. V. Lucas's "London." Illustrated. 20s. (Methuen.)—² "Lost London." Pictured by J. Crowther. Described by Beresford Chancellor. £3 3s. (Constable.)—³ "London Types." Text by W. Pett Ridge. Pictures by E. O. Hoppé. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)—⁴ "Forty London Statues and Public Monuments." By Tancred Borenus. With special photographs by E. O. Hoppé. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)—⁵ "London Town." By "Quex." Introduction by Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. and 2s. (Partridge.)

Pandolfo" the finest novels their author has written—Mr. Locke gave us surprising situations and two dominating characters. In the tale of Anthony and Perella he reverts to his old manner and tells a story of two young lovers each married to a middle-aged partner, who refuse to avail themselves of their partners' proffered self-sacrifice. Anthony Blake is a Cambridge man (like his author) who flies from his father's stockbroking office, does portraits of the leaders of Florentine society, and talks, if I may say so, just a little too "brightly." Perella Annaway is an art student who copies old masters at the Uffizi, more particularly the "Madonna del Pozzo" of Franciabigio. Silvester Gayton, who has been made a Commendatore by the Italian Government, is a kindly old scholar, the leading European authority on the Primitives. And Beatrice Elleson is a wealthy and cultured American widow, still beautiful at forty. How the "pair of star-crossed lovers" first miss their way to happiness and then find it when they cannot in honour seize it, Mr. Locke relates with all his customary tenderness and charm. They are certainly too faithful to the romantic convention, which sets up Dean Donne's bugbear "honour" as the idol, to be really typical of Anglo-American society in 1926; but that they will make an irresistible appeal to Mr. Locke's wide circle of English and American readers I have not the slightest doubt.

LEWIS BETTANY.

ROBERTSON NICOLL.*

Robertson Nicoll was so eminent a journalist and exercised so widespread an influence that some such memorial to him as is represented by the two anthologies from his writings that lie before us was naturally to be expected. There is nothing surprising in the fact of such anthologies having been prepared by his wife and daughter. What is surprising is the high literary quality which the volumes reveal. It is seldom indeed that even the most leisurely and carefully written journalism can successfully be reprinted in book form; and it is therefore the more remarkable that so much pure gold has been extractable from the hasty newspaper work of one who considered it a very slack week in which he dictated only twenty thousand words of "copy"! And yet, perhaps, this is not so paradoxical as it seems. After all, it is only a richly stored and well disciplined mind which can regularly produce up to thirty thousand words of readable journalism per week. In such a mind there must be hidden reserves of power; and it was out of such reserves that Robertson Nicoll, while ostensibly dictating stray articles or jottings for the ephemeral press, could not sometimes help throwing out sparks of true literature.

It is certainly as literature that these two anthologies are worthy to be judged. Not only do they reflect intimately a many-sided and singularly acute personality, but the style which they reveal is, with its terse strength and simplicity, its choice of the inevitable word, and its occasional whimsicality and irony, far above the highest journalistic standards. Mark Rutherford was Nicoll's ideal stylist. Speaking of Rutherford, he says:

"Only the careless will be deceived by the apparent simplicity of the accomplishment; it is the simplicity which is the last result of art. It is with nothing short of wonder that one finishes a book of which almost every sentence is in its final form. The style is capable in the author's hands of producing any effect; fire and colour come when they are needed, and with the utmost reserve, self-restraint and economy, Mark Rutherford everywhere shows himself a magician. No one will think to disparage our younger stylists in saying that beside him they are all children. In some of them the show of power is greater; there is more complexity, more enrichment, and far more visible effort. Here, indeed, there is no effort and no pretentiousness; yet whoever wishes to understand the possibilities of the English tongue should give his days and nights to the study of Mark Rutherford."

These two anthologies—the one reflecting the more definitely religious and the other the more strictly literary

* "The Seen and the Unseen."—"People and Books." By W. Robertson Nicoll. 6s. each volume. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

aspects of his character—are not only a welcome tribute to Nicoll's memory, but are in themselves the most delightful of bedside books. They abound in vivid little sketches of famous men; they exhibit an enthusiasm for literature as discriminating as it is catholic; and they are full of wit and wisdom for the illumination and consolation of life's pilgrimage. Nicoll was a very remarkable man; he rendered a vital service to his own day of which only he was capable; and, as the two volumes before us show, he has intrinsic literary claim to the attention of succeeding generations of readers.

GILBERT THOMAS.

OLD AND NEW.*

Here are five books, three of which represent the modern spirit. The remaining two are, one a praiseworthy and painstaking translation of Heine, the other an anthology.

One takes up first Mr. Monk Gibbon's "The Tremulous String," poems in prose of which fourteen appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. There is no doubting the place of Mr. Monk Gibbon's nativity. Those wistful, questioning, delicate things could only be Ireland's. There is no definite Yeatsian note. He is not a disciple; but he is a Yeats man, born on the selfsame hill. I don't think Mr. Gibbon strikes a tremulous note. It is quite assured and it makes its definite impression. It does not go on trembling after the note is struck. It is a sufficiently clear-cut music heard in the twilight.

A volume of poems by Miss Naomi Mitchison is something one takes up with interest, knowing her achievement in other fields. These are impressionist poems. There is no *chiaroscuro* about them. They strike a note brilliant and sometimes soft, occasionally harsh and a little violent. That is the modern young woman who is still somewhat on her defence. Often the harsh note repels. She would tear the ancient sanctities to rags. She would shock the middle classes. But she has a great heart. She cannot help being a daughter of St. Francis. There is a poem of hers, "Three Lambs," for which one must love her. There is a great heart behind this bitter indignation, and she has put into words for many a one who must always see the Latin countries with a red stain of cruelty that blots their beauty, the suffering they have known seeing the horrible indifference to the suffering of animals. It is a great heart, and across a thousand differences heart answers heart. Her impressions of places are full of atmosphere. For example this of

WINCHESTER.

(To Dick and Cecil Gleadowe.)

"The syringa bush in your garden,
And the lime trees everywhere,
They smell so sharp, so sweet, so sweet,
Dropping through the still air;
Honey in the comb, dripping, dropping,
And all round, in the meadows,
Among the water streams,
In and out of the shadows,
Move the red cows, cropping
The lush grass of their dreams.

"Hellas is dead now:
All those Athenian boys
Who talked with Sokrates
Grew up, grew old, and died.
And all the colour and noise
Of those great feasts of theirs
When the Goddess was maid and bride,
Vanished. But no one cares.
No one will breathe the word
That calls over space and time
And brings it back to us.
Yet it seemed a whisper stirred
Among the boughs of lime.

* "The Tremulous String." By W. Monk Gibbon. (Greyhound Press.)—"The Laburnum Branch." By Naomi Mitchison. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Bestowal: a Dramatic Poem." By Julia Reeve Ward. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"A Book of Songs from Heine." Translated by Sir Robert Randolph Garrahan, K.C.M.G. (Melbourne: Vidler.)—"Poems of Action." Second Series. Selected by V. I. Collins and H. A. Treble. 2s. (Clarendon Press.)

"O lime tree,
lime tree, how
sweet are the
deeps of
summer,
How quiet
above thy
branches the
stars turning!
Ah, why must a
boy grow
man, grow
old, be a sad
late comer,
In the years of
working and
teaching and
no more
learning."

There is a
drip of gold
and honey
from this
Laburnum
Branch. With
a thousand
disagreements
one reads Miss
Naomi Mitchi-
son with the
shock of
pleasure which
is the test of
poetry.

"Bestowal" is
hardly a
modern poem, although it touches with what for
so many of us are shadows of the strenuous
modern world—the war. The dramatic characters are a
pilgrim, a wanderer, a minstrel, Voices and Spirits; over
all the invisible who is God. There is talk of the Im-
mortalities; there is a great leisured peace which suggests
the withdrawn thinker in his cell. The hurry and the
bustle; the oppressive things of the Peace, with its
economic ruin and its endless strivings; its scrappings of
the old sanctities. The doctrine is noble and impressive;
and there are passages of beauty. The solace that poetry
can give in a turbulent day is present in this book.

For the rest—"The Book of Songs" from Heine is
interesting. One catches now and again the old content-
ment; but Heine is for the young, as "A Shropshire Lad"
is for the young. The bitter-sweet is not for the old to
whom life is mellow. The interesting thing is the immense
labour of love which has made a distinguished Australian
undertake this no mean task of translating Heine. It is
as I have said a praiseworthy performance.

There remains "Poems of Action," which is a second
series. I do not know what the first contained, but the
second is excellently chosen. Macaulay has still his charm
for the schoolboy, and Longfellow pleases an unexacting
taste. One turns joyfully from the old favourites to
Masefield and John Davidson; and one takes off one's hat
to the comparatively modern and praises the compiler of
this excellent volume.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A BOON AND A BLESSING TO MEN— YOUNG AND OLD.*

William Cobbett had no illusions about the world we
live in, especially when he wrote his book of advice to
young men. At that time he was approaching his seven-
tieth year, and as honesty and bluntness were no less
outstandingly his characteristics than they had been in
the period of his wonderful rise to power and leadership,
he gave little heed to the young persons who believed

* "Advice to Young Men." By William Cobbett. With a
Preface by Right Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.—"Cottage
Economy." By William Cobbett. Preface by G. K. Chester-
ton. 3s. 6d. each. (Peter Davies.)



Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward.

(Luke Filder, A.R.A.)

From "Lord Shaftesbury." By J. Wesley Bready, M.A., B.D. (Allen & Unwin). Reviewed last month.

themselves to be possessed of wings, and directed his
homilies specifically to the more modest youths, bachelors,
lovers, husbands, fathers, citizens or subjects and "inci-
dentally, young women." Mr. Philip Snowden, in a
preface to the inexpensive and handsome edition which
has just been issued by a welcome new arrival among our
publishers of taste, warns readers that "Cobbett's Advice
to Young Men is not to soar, but to plod cheerily and
happily along life's journey, finding joy and satisfaction
in the development of their own powers and in helping
others to do the same." It remains to be seen, therefore,
whether the book will make any wide appeal to the young
folk of a later century than his. Well-meaning educa-
tionists during the past fifty years have drummed into
juvenile ears rather too persistently the maxim that a
workhouse boy may become a prime minister, and the
consequence is that young men of our time seem to find
very little joy and satisfaction in the *development* of their
own powers, thinking rather of the spoils that they believe
to be dangling within reach of them. Culture is pursued
by few for its own sake: as for helping others towards
self development, how could the up-to-date get-on-or-
get-out young man (or young woman) be so foolish! We
can't all be prime ministers, so the fewer candidates the
better.

Still, there are men and women among us of the type
for whom Cobbett's book was written (else God help old
England)—men and women to whom his advice will not
seem dreadfully old-fashioned. That advice is admirably
summed up in the same preface:

"If I might venture in a few sentences to summarise from
my own experience, which in a modest way has been acquired
in paths not dissimilar from Cobbett's life-journey, the advice
I would give to the young men of to-day who want to make the
best of themselves and to gain the greatest happiness from
life, it would be to discipline oneself to industry; to make
oneself thoroughly master of the trade or profession by which
a livelihood is earned; to develop a critical faculty, so that the
truth may be sifted from the false in controversy, and the
designs of the plausible demagogue thereby defeated; to read
good books; to have some interest outside the daily occupation;
to take an interest in public questions, which is a duty every
citizen should fulfil; to live a clean life and take healthy exer-
cise; and, above all, to realise that it is character, and not
wealth or worldly position, which entitles a man to be worthy
of respect, and which gives true happiness and satisfac-
tion."

Cobbett enlarges on these fine, enduring truths in a manner at once unique and homely. His homely style, trenchant and lusty, would have given him a front-rank position among writers in any age, not merely that of the early nineteenth century. He illustrates his homilies with personal confidences that are full of gritty charm. In his talk to husbands, for example, he declares frankly that he "never dangled about at the heels of my wife; seldom, very seldom, ever walked out, as it is called, with her": in fact, he never went a walk at all without having some object in view other than the walk, so that in the forty years of his married life, he and she did not "walk out together" more than perhaps twenty times. He hated "a dangler, who is more like a footman than a husband." On the other hand he always took care to be near his home at "those times of peril to her, and for which times you nevertheless wish."

"For my own part, how many days, how many months, all put together, have I spent with babies in my arms! My time, when at home, and when babies were going on, was chiefly divided between the pen and the baby. I have fed them and put them to sleep hundreds of times. . . . Yet I have not been effeminate; I have not been idle; I have not been a waster of time; but I should have been all these if I had disliked babies, and had liked the porter-pot and the grog-glass."

And when Cobbett, who surely was, and is, a boon and a blessing to old men and young men alike, tells the story of his own love he gives us one of the world's most beautiful romances. He had lost his heart to the daughter of a sergeant in his own regiment stationed in New Brunswick, when he saw her one winter morning out on the ground in front of her father's house, scrubbing out a washing-tub, although it was hardly light. "'That's the girl for me,' said I. . . ." The girl and her father left for England four years before Cobbett and the rest of the regiment were able to take sail. And he gave her all his money, some hundred and fifty guineas, in order that things might be easier for her until he arrived in England and married her. But when he eventually got his discharge from the army—"I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was), at five pounds a year, and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!"

Little wonder that Mr. G. K. Chesterton describes Cobbett, in the preface to the companion volume, "Cottage Economy" ("containing"—to quote from the title page—"information relative to the brewing of Beer, making of Bread, keeping of Cows, Pigs, Bees, Ewes, Goats, Poultry, and Rabbits, and relative to other matters deemed useful in the conducting of the affairs of a Labourer's Family"), as the noblest English example of the noble calling of the agitator. He might with full justification have also described him as the most lovable.

THOMAS MOULT.

THINGS IN GENERAL.*

Many are born with silver spoons in their mouths, but surely Mr. Lucas's christening fairy presented her godson with a pair of multi-tinted spectacles, through which to gaze at the world.

In his new book, "Events and Embroideries," he has shown us that his eyes are as keen as ever, and his spectacles undimmed, but it is when he glances over his shoulder at the things that pleased him in the "careless seventies," and records what he sees for our delight, that he is at his best. The joys of his youth were very varied. He describes the pictures in his own home, the Landseer steel engraving at the dentist's, the "three-pictures-in-one that hung over the mantelpiece in the house of a governess's mother," and the transfers: "Do you remember," he says, "do you remember how gay they were, how more than gay—brilliant? The romantic Swiss landscapes, all glittering? The German castles so vivid on their bluffs?"

* "Events and Embroideries." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

The pretty ladies with that schoolgirl complexion brighter than the sun? The dazzling nose-gays?"

Mr. Lucas tells us of Siena, Naples, Sicily, of fuses and caps, of pistols and conjuring tricks, of pocket money and masks, and of the first book he ever bought—a pocket edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." None of the events described in this book are very important, but the embroidery is excellent, so fine, so colourful and variegated in design.

"What is this life, if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare?"

What indeed! But how does Mr. Lucas find time to stare so long and so lovingly at bats and squirrels, at hares, dogs, pictures, foxes and people? How does he find time to read and remember, and above all to write of the pleasant things he sees, so that we too may peep through his magic spectacles and share the delights of the world he loves? Perhaps this problem is solved in a little anecdote he tells of a certain small girl. Joan Virginia Merridew was given a copy of "David Copperfield" when she was nearly eleven. She was a sixth of the way through the book when her birthday arrived and with it a Shetland pony. During the afternoon she was missed. "Then someone thought of the stables and it was there that they found her. She had solved the problem of dual attraction. She was reading 'David Copperfield' seated firmly on the pony's back." In some such way Mr. Lucas himself must have solved the problem of multiple attraction, and surely all readers of "Events and Embroideries" will be grateful to him for so doing.

B. E. TODD.

MR. H. G. WELLS AS EDUCATIONIST.*

The author who attempts to summarise the teachings of Mr. H. G. Wells is confronted by two formidable difficulties. The first is the mass and variety of the material to be analysed, and the second is the fact that Mr. Wells's ideas are continually growing. Mr. F. H. Doughty in his illuminating and provocative study of Mr. Wells as educationist explains his problem:

"To pin down Mr. Wells's ideas to any clearly formulable body of doctrine is, I repeat, impossible; as impossible as trying to pin down the legs of a centipede—as soon as you get one segment safely confined, another is vigorously and defiantly in movement. And in this fact is to be found Mr. Wells's chief value; he acts as a constant stimulant; he simply defies discipleship."

The out-and-out reformer usually sees only one side of a subject, and the broad-minded man is more or less paralysed because he sees two sides; but Mr. Wells seems to discover a hundred and two sides to every problem, and yet remains a fiery crusader! He perceives so many facets, looks at a thing from so many angles, and never finds a thing simple. The plain truth is that there is no plain truth about anything.

It is useless to give a photographically exact picture of Mr. Wells's ideas at a given time: photography must by its very nature destroy the sense of movement or evolution, and Mr. Wells's mind (like his Utopias) is never static. Nevertheless Mr. Doughty has succeeded in giving a sort of moving-picture impression of Mr. Wells's progress as an educational reformer.

"If as a practical teacher," he says, "you want someone to tell you what to do; if as a theoretical student you want someone to tell you what to think; then it is useless recommending to you the works of Mr. Wells. But on the other hand, if one wants to attain to some grasp of this world in which one lives; if one wants to understand the stage upon which the drama of education is to be played, then in these works one will find an incalculable benefit."

Mr. Doughty is excellently equipped for his task. He has a broad vision of the meaning of education, and he has obviously studied Mr. Wells with enthusiastic admiration; but he has never surrendered his judgment and at times he is keenly critical. Mr. Wells's denunciations of professional

* "H. G. Wells: Educationist." By F. H. Doughty. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)



From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

MARGARET KENNEDY.

teachers are familiar enough to all his readers, and there is a list of teachers in Appendix C who appear in his various works. A most uninspiring set of people they are! But Mr. Wells has at least one ideal teacher whom he has eulogised in "The Story of a Great Schoolmaster."

Mr. Wells's constructive ideas about education vary according as the artist or the propagandist is uppermost in his nature. "In his essay 'The Late Mr. Wells,' Mr. H. L. Mencken traces that process of 'gradual and obscure decay' by which Mr. Wells the consummate artist of 'Tono-Bungay' became obsessed with the 'Messianic delusion' of the writer of 'Joan and Peter.' . . . Mr. G. K. Chesterton has traced the transition from the light-hearted cosmic romances and world-destructions of the early Wells, to his later preoccupation with that infinitely more romantic and significant thing the human soul." In one mood, Mr. Wells can laugh, kindly enough, at creatures like Kipps, Mr. Polly and Hoopdriver, and in his detachment he is a supreme artist; but there are other moods when Mr. Wells, driven desperate by the muddle-headedness of ordinary human beings, is impelled to lash with scorpions the whole system which has produced such specimens of the race.

Mr. Wells has faith in the future of humanity, and his vision of Utopia makes him desperate with the present age. He believes in a world-state—a federation of mankind—and his theories of education are influenced by his faith. If the multiplicity of languages is a barrier to international understanding, he argues, then the learning of modern languages must have an important place in the curriculum. Education is not solely a question of developing latent faculties: it is a question of imparting information which has immediate and lasting value. In "Mankind in the Making," Mr. Wells dismisses the teaching of history and geography as "of very doubtful value"; but in "The Salvaging of Civilisation" (written eighteen years later) Mr. Wells confesses that he is a fanatic upon the question of history, and approves the modern treatment of geography.

It is quite impossible to touch upon more than a small fraction of the subject here, but it is a tribute to Mr. Doughty to say that he is always lucid, always interesting, and frequently provoking. The book is not a defence of Mr. Wells—he needs no armour-bearer (nor stretcher-bearer, either) in his battle against the pedagogues; nor is the book a defence of the teachers and educationists. It is neither, and both, and (as the Americans say) "then some."

ROGER WRAY.

FUN AND HUMOUR.*

Much of the "fun" to a farmer on the veld of the Orange Free State is of a somewhat grim character it would seem, and only those whose agricultural zeal is accompanied by a sense of humour are likely to be able to recognise it on the spot. When however we get the farmer with a sense of humour, capable of seeing something ludicrous in the disaster that is indicated, and capable further of coining his heart in drachmas (as represented by comic copy), then at least we get fun for those readers to whom drought is a phenomenon and not an annually recurring catastrophe.

It is by no means riotous fun that we get on the veld described by Mr. Flemming; it is the fun of whimsical exaggeration, of seeing the droll aspects of recurrent troubles connected with failure of crops, disappointments with stock—and a chronic shortness of cash; fun as I have said with a touch of grimness in much of it—with also that touch of human weakness which is indicated in the story of going to town to sell a sheep that he may pay something off the arrears of wages due to one of his hands, and spending in "expenses" fifteen shillings and sixpence out of the seventeen shillings realised; or in that other story of the visit to the Bloemfontein Agricultural Show, when the money made by the sale of animals is "blued" in two

* "Fun on the Veld." By Leonard Flemming. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassells).—"Twenty-seven Humorous Tales." Edited by C. A. Dawson Scott and Ernest Rhys. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

or three days of glorious life, while "for the moment I am a Rothschild." If the fun-maker were to be taken literally then this entertaining book would indeed be but poor propaganda on behalf of farming as a career in South Africa; the briefest chapter, "Does Wheat-growing Pay?" consists of a debtor and creditor statement showing on the former side an expenditure of £280 3s. 9d., and on the other "Cr. Ten Bags of Wheat—£10."

Mrs. Dawson Scott and Mr. Rhys have collaborated in editing several volumes of short stories, and in the latest have concentrated on humour as represented by a great diversity of writers—authors familiar, as humorists, as W. W. Jacobs, Stephen Leacock, F. Anstey, Mark Twain, Storer Clouston, Pett Ridge, Cuthbert Bede and "Tom" Hood (it is by the way curious to give a story—incomplete—written nearly a century ago, as by one of "the greatest humorous writers of the day"); and authors whom it is not customary to find in that category, such as John Galsworthy and E. F. Benson. There is capital and highly varied entertainment in the miscellany, although the quality of the humour manifested is in one or two cases very thin. O. Henry for example is but poorly represented by "At Arms with Morpheus," which indeed is so essentially humourless that one wonders what it is doing *dans cette galère*. It is not possible to give a full list of the stories that make up the volume, but it includes a characteristic Jacobs, "The Unknown," Arnold Bennett's "The Burglary," a delightful episode from "The Diary of a Nobody," a "Fable" by George Ade, and very much more of good reading. The contrast which the editors note between their Victorian and Georgian humorists is no greater than that found among the Georgians themselves.

WALTER JERROLD.

NOMADIC.*

No question of preference arises in these three thoroughly refreshing novels. Each in its own way creates an entertaining and invigorating atmosphere and carries the reader far away from drabness and monotony. Being blessed (or afflicted) with a strong nomadic streak, I have naturally pounced on "The Chicken-Wagon Family," with its alluring picture of the Wagon on the wrapper, for first mention. The reader becomes immediately an invisible member of the Fippany family, which consists of Jean Paul Baptiste Yvonne Fippany, Josephine his wife, and their child Addie. These are soon joined by Jim Pickett, trained as a journalist, but with a keen zest for the adventure of life. If we have a complaint to make it is that the "life of the road" with its frying-pan meals and wayside delights so quickly come to an end. But Addie's education has to be faced, Mr. Fippany has business genius yet to be discovered and developed, while Mrs. Fippany is full of ambitious schemes. Their arrival in New York and their early struggles there, however, more than compensate for the disappointment. These are related with real charm, humour and vigour, and the reader is swept steadily into the vortex of life as seen from the angle of a "junk man." Fippany amazes himself as much as others and whilst Mrs. Fippany is bringing a successful boarding-house into being, he is making big deals and earns the title of "the king of the junk men." Of course complications arise at Six-A House, which have disastrous results, for a time, on the love which has been steadily growing between Addie and Jim. The book has a haunting charm by reason of its freshness of outlook, and blending of staunchness, quaint humour and pathos.

The same inherent streak was manifest, though more acutely, in Linn Morrison, the heroine of Mrs. Riddell's "Dream Island." "Oh, it is terrible to feel all wild and roving inside—all longing—all cyclonic—all . . ." To get away from her dreary surroundings and find the island which persistently haunted her dreams, Linn clutched at the first opportunity of going abroad. After numerous

* "The Chicken-Wagon Family." By Barry Benefield. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet).—"Dream Island." By Florence Riddell. 7s. 6d. (Geoffery Bles).—"The Allbright Family." By Archibald Marshall. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)



Mr. Barry Benefield.

Author of "The Chicken-Wagon Family"
(Christophers).

ous delights—the magic spell of the forest—the generosity of nature, by which they lived—the dangers from cyclones as well as from inscrutable and wily natives. All these are vividly wrought into an alluring background for the romance which slowly but surely develops between Linn and David Gavin, who had previously retreated to this island after a similar experience to Linn's. Each hating the opposite sex, they lived as far apart as possible, till dangers gradually drew them together, and in each other's company they found the lenitive powers they were so much in need of. This is not only an attractive but a convincing picture, carrying with it all the magnetism of real adventure, even though it is a dream island and situated many miles beyond the reach of most readers.

In "The Allbright Family" Mr. Marshall is on his surest ground. His pictures of English country-house life always bear the stamp of reality. "Waystones" is no exception, neither are the family who live there, as a family, but, to be quite candid, there are certain members of it who persistently surround themselves with an irritating haziness. Aunt Abigail for instance, the wealthy aunt who suddenly appears from America. Apparently she has their interests much at heart and is an old darling, but one cannot help seeing an old humbug peeping round most of the corners. Janet, her maid, and Eliza, the younger daughter of the house, also puzzle one continually. It is the impossible Dolly, a touring actress with whom Timothy has fallen in love, that is the most vivid character in the book. Lord Liss, without money or breeding, is another of the company, in which there are naturally many embarrassing and humorous situations. Mr. Marshall excels in these and deftly uses them to bring about the desired results.

L. O.

THE SYMBOLOGY OF THE DRAGON.

In an excellent introduction to this book* Mr. Arthur Machen writes: "The world is a cipher. He does best who hints most closely at the secret message latent in the signs exhibited to us." The difficulties that confront us in exploring the esoteric side of life are wrapped up in that word "hint." It is usually impossible to bring our vision down to the coarse medium of straightforward concrete expression. One can only hint; or else resort to symbology, knowing well that the instructed will perceive the significances which are unapparent to the everyday world.

Mr. Carter's book consists, in addition to Mr. Machen's Introduction, of an Essay and some thirty-eight "Designs"

* "The Dragon of the Alchemists." By Frederick Carter. 21s. (Elkin Mathews.)

disappointments and a shattered romance, she happens to be on deck as they pass within possible distance of a tropical island and, without being seen, slips into the water and swims straight for it. From that point the story is brim full of Mrs. Riddell's well-known charm, added to her knowledge of such conditions—the languorous

—black-and-white drawings, mystical and allegorical. The Essay is devoted to a consideration of imagery, including the inner meanings of astrology and alchemy as interpreting Life in a way impossible to physical science. The author is probably right in his contention that whatever the errors of the ancient philosophers, they had discovered the right language in which to set out the secrets of the Cosmic Life—the language of myth, image and metaphor. The author enriches his study with many allusions illustrative of his thesis, and Jacob Boehme, William Blake, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, the Bible and the Kabbala are cited as bearing witness to this great language of interpretation.

The final chapter—which is followed by the Designs—is devoted to consideration of the Dragon, a cosmic symbol running all through the history of ages and races. It is the serpent sign, symbol alike of wisdom and of evil. "The Dragon is the symbol of that in man's mind which knows the power misapplied that led to the fall." But "the serpent secret is the reconquest of the lost garden of simplicity."

It is impossible to do justice to the author's thesis in a small space. But he will find support amongst those who have studied the Ancient Wisdom and who know the esoteric sides of astrology and alchemy and their reflection in some of the greater poets. One might select, for instance, in the case of Shelley, that passage in "The Revolt of Islam," describing the aerial battle between the Eagle and the Snake, a piece of symbolism illustrative of the theme as set forth in the philosophic scheme of Astrology which sees in the Dragon—alternatively the Scorpion (or Serpent) and the Eagle—the inner force of Life raising it to the highest power or degrading it to the lowest depths.

D. G.

A FINE ARTIST.*

Miss Janet Ling has written one of the best volumes of short stories that we have read for a long time. We question indeed whether better work of its kind has been written since the lamented death of Katherine Mansfield. Miss Ling has a brilliant array of gifts—humour, sympathy, imagination and irony; and, with a remarkable economy of technique, she has the power of suffusing all these qualities into artistic unity. There are no patches or rough ends in this series of amazingly vivid vignettes of character and of life in many countries and under widely different conditions. Whatever her theme, she penetrates to its heart with lightning instinct, and distils its essence with equally faultless skill. She can be simplicity itself, as when describing the homesickness induced in her by the purchase in Brompton Road of a sprig of Scotch heather. She can, on the other hand, be subtlety itself, as in the story of three young men—an artist, a poet and a musician—who, having argued about the comparative potentialities of their different arts, decide to settle the matter by each producing in his own medium a work upon London. The conclusion of this tale is a finely discriminating and suggestive allegory upon the gulf that separates genius from mere talent.

The story that gives the book its title is an intensely tender study of the illusions of old age. In "Gas" Miss Ling poignantly describes the early morning dream of a soldier in the trenches, just before an attack by the enemy. "The Curtain"—a masterpiece of condensation—brings home powerfully to us the terror of an Irish household during the "Black and Tan" regime; while "The Other Side" offers a moving picture of domestic life in post-war Germany. Very different again, though equally effective in its own way, is the final story in the book, describing the thoughts and fancies of an incurably romantic artisan as he takes his nightly stroll beside the river in a London suburb. Such are some of the themes that Miss Ling has chosen; and she touches nothing that she does not

* "Illusion." By Janet Ling. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

adorn—though “adorn” may perhaps be a misleading word. Miss Ling has not the fancy that dresses things up and disguises them. She has the imagination that strips them bare and reveals them as they are behind appearances. She is however a realist in the true sense. She finds that people are often worse than they seem to be; but she knows also that they are sometimes better.

G. T.

THE BURNEY FAMILY.*

This composition of generous extracts, made by Mr. Brimley Johnson from an ample provision of *Burneyana*, is rather for the few who have sworn to be true until death to the shade of Fanny Burney than to the many-headed multitude, for, looked at frankly, its interest is mainly of a family character, and the references to persons and incidents of readable fame are sparse and unimportant. The volume must therefore be taken as supplementary to the existing records of the few Burneys who have found place with their Fanny in the national biography; and not as a work which supplies that sometimes horrid requirement, a “felt want.” Yet the reading of these many and full pages of not-very-much does appear to justify Dr. Johnson’s opinion of the Burneys, “I love all of that breed whom I can be said to know; and one or two I hardly know I love on credit.” They are a kindly crowd, blessed with the common sense of a clean and tolerable Bohemianism; and they had abilities in letters, music, the arts and science; but much may be said of other families whose domestic thoughts and private ambitions, as expressed in letters and extracts from their unpublished manuscripts and printed remains, are not thought worth putting into four hundred pages of type.

The details of the volume are varied. Naturally, because of her super-importance, Mr. Brimley Johnson (for even editors are human) has put in the first place the unused passages of Madame D’Arblay’s account of her visit to France, which are genial and bright enough, and happily free from the Great Cham pomposities which ruined her style in her later published writings and roused the brilliant complaint of Macaulay. The most intriguing glimpse we get of any notable figure in this Parisian section is that of Madame de Staël. In his brief preface Mr. Brimley Johnson assures us that generally the Burneys were indifferent to the conventions, but the tendency seems to have departed from Fanny when the daring “Corinne” was about; for persistently Madame de Staël pursued the D’Arblays, called upon them, invited them to visit her; but no—Mrs. Grundy at her best or worst could not have been more circumspect than Fanny was then. She played with the great lady seriously, and yet amusingly, adopting every little conventional subterfuge to keep Madame in the invisible distance until she had gone from where she was staying, and then demurely Fanny called.

The next particular aversion after Corinne seems to have been Mrs. Thrale; “a melancholy subject,” grown worse, it seemed, since she had become Signora Piozzi, which makes it look as if in this particular Dr. Johnson’s little Burney was disposed to share the prejudices of her adored master. Unquestionably, by the time that she wrote to Mrs. Waddington the undated letter printed here, she had grown somewhat less kindly, or a good deal more discerning than when, as a young girl, Mrs. Thrale had befriended her at Streatham. Poor Mrs. Piozzi! Infirmities of temper and a generous hospitality are easily endured; but a second and rapid marriage, and that to an Italian—it may not be forgiven; and so it was that one who by this witness had been regarded as warm-hearted, generous, sweet-tempered, witty, pleasant and full of active zeal for her friends, was discovered to be in manners flaunting, loud of voice, and determined in the display of her talents. The letter is an interesting example of guarded and charming malice.

* “Fanny Burney and the Burneys.” Edited, with Introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson. 16s. (Stanley Paul.)

The largest part of the book is taken up with the correspondence of Fanny Burney’s favourite sister, Susan, and mainly consists of nursery contemplations and small talk over relatives and other such dispensations of a disciplinary Providence. This part of the book, of which it occupies very nearly the half, might well have been cut, for although manifestly “sweet” Susan was a dear thing, most dear things are dull; and the chief claim to interest possessed by Susan rests on the solitary fact of her sisterhood. On the other hand we should have liked more about the works and personality of the famous father of these Burneys, Dr. Charles, whose share of the book is only twenty-two pages; for Mr. Brimley Johnson was right in describing him as “probably the most remarkable and energetic personality of an almost innumerable and phenomenally active clan,” and his famous circle of friends—was ever man more blessed with the rightly noble?—has made his attractive and gifted personality widely known. In conclusion, let us say that, although Mr. Brimley Johnson might have used more resolutely his blue-pencil and his scissors, he has edited this work with care and reticence.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

UNSKIPPABLE.*

Someone has said—or ought to have said—that the art of reviewing is the art of skipping. Unfortunately or fortunately, as you will, some of us have never been able to master this art. We look on with amazement at the prodigious labours of less practised but more proficient reviewers. We see, in various periodicals, close-packed columns under a more or less distinguished name in which at least six novels are reviewed each week. And the marvel of it is that these novels seem not only to have been thoroughly well read but also adequately appraised. Still, in despite of this, there are certain novels—not too many, thanks be!—which flatly refuse to be skipped by

* “The Fools.” By John Stanley. 7s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)—“Show Boat.” By Edna Ferber. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—“The Panther.” By Gerald Bullett. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—“Lenore Divine.” By Jean Devanny. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)



Photo by Coster
Photographer of Men.

Mr. Gerald Bullett.

even the most hardened practitioners in that mental exercise.

There is for example this novel, "The Fools." It happened to be the first of this present batch that I tackled. In vain I brought all my native powers of application, concentration and inexhaustible patience to bear on this book. That it is a clever book was instantly obvious to me. Alas, it is more than clever: it is consciously clever. To adopt the well-worn, convenient phrase, it bristles with epigram. On the very first page these words occur: "In spite of his epigrams . . ." That is my case. This book is quite readable, once you have taken the first few hurdles and got into your stride, in spite of everybody's epigrams. It is a story of an egotist who tries to reduce all things, the world, the flesh and the devil, to one common factor. Incidentally we are introduced to a coterie of amusing if slightly unreal people who begin and end, as the story itself does, on a note of interrogation. Emphatically *not* a book for the skipper, but one that must be read at leisure and in solitude if its undoubted merits are to be justly appreciated.

In direct contrast to a book of that type, but none the less unskippable, though for a different reason, is "Show Boat." And here I pause to consider in what terms of eulogy I can best describe this altogether enchanting volume. Perhaps the best way to begin is to say at once that it absorbed me throughout its four hundred pages, and that until I had finished it I was its author's abject slave. It compasses the whole gamut of human emotion. There is tragedy in it, and farce, and beauty and force and fire. No more lifelike puppets have crossed my critical purview than these resplendent creatures of a most vivid and yet restrained imagination. One loves them all, from, the old termagant, Parthy Ann Hawks, to that fond waster and endearing rascal, Gaylord Ravenal. And these are only two of a most delightful company. Impossible to select from among them any one specimen of the author's consummate art in the depiction of human nature without doing injustice to the rest. The setting will be unfamiliar to most English readers, the customs and usages of the world it projects and the people who inhabit that world, no less unfamiliar. And yet we recognise them all as familiar old friends in new guise and take them to our hearts unquestioningly as people we have known all our lives. This is to achieve greatness. And this the author has achieved, not by dint of any conscious cleverness but by virtue of a divine wisdom of the heart which is far greater than any mere wisdom of the head. That this book should be a popular success is not, for once, surprising. It is a success from every and any point of view and could not in its very essence fail to appeal alike to the most simple and most sophisticated of readers.

The last two books on my list are both concerned too exclusively with this for ever old and new botheration of sex. But here I would not be misunderstood. "The Panther" only just misses being a triumph in this (to me) rather distasteful vein of fiction. Accepting that limited conception of love which does so terribly engross our younger writers' attention, I am bound to confess that Mr. Gerald Bullett is justified of his exploit. He does at least treat us fairly in not attempting to gloss with any sticky veneer of sentimentality what seems to him the truth about men and women as just vessels of passion. Where he fails is in assuming that the majority of men and women are like that, though possibly in the idle, over-nourished, under-bred set he depicts these carnal lusts of the flesh are the one supreme preoccupation of otherwise empty bodies. Still, given, as I say, this working hypothesis, his story is credible and his characters sufficiently well drawn to pass muster as human beings only a little higher in the order of creation than the beasts that perish. All the same, I feel sure that Mr. Bullett is going to do a great deal better than this. He has all the attributes that go to the making of a fine novelist, once he has shed his affectations, save only experience and a wider vision.

Of "Lenore Divine" it will do to say that it would be

a much better book if it gave us more New Zealand and less psychology. As it is, we have too many English authors already writing this morbid stuff to feel in urgent need of any imported goods of the same description, especially damaged goods. Of race antagonisms and *rapprochements*, of politics, civil and domestic, of industrial problems, and of many similar matters, our author gives us not nearly enough. And the pity of it is that in the concluding chapters her psychology goes all to pieces. We don't believe in this easy swift solution of the difficulties in which she has involved her story. If it had been a simpler story, if it had served merely as a peg on which to hang a richer and fuller presentment of a new world and a new race evolving out of that world, we should have been better satisfied. Notwithstanding these faults, however, and we have only pointed them out because we recognise that this is after all a book which stands out boldly from the ruck of average novels, we warmly welcome "Lenore Divine" as a real asset to what is new, as distinct from what is modern, in English fiction.

In any case, none of these books is to be skipped.

EDWIN PUGH.

MAN AND THE SEA.*

The Bretons have a folk-tale which tells of a fisherman who fell in love with a siren. The siren led him to a secret rock by the seashore and there pressed upon him a magic draught which would cause him to follow her for ever. The fisherman put the draught to his lips and was about to drink it when he remembered the sweetheart he had left behind in his native village; he dashed the potion therefore into the sea; and the precious liquid, melting into the waves, turned them into the salt waters we know to-day.

Mr. Tomlinson I fancy would appreciate the inwardness of that folk-tale, for he too is a victim of the siren's lure—a victim constantly trying to explain to himself the nature and reason of his bondage. The bondage indeed he denies, and waxes politely sarcastic at the expense of those who refuse to deny theirs also; yet at every turn his chains rattle and the impression is gained that he would not if he could be free from the bondage and the siren, from the shadow and the romance, from the fascination and the terror of it all. For in freedom he would lose his own soul.

Like a good friend sitting on the opposite side of the fire, a close friend lingering over a final glass in a cosy smoke-room, Mr. Tomlinson is an incorrigible questioner where the sea is concerned. Occasionally his questions are mere rhetorical pegs upon which to hang a story or a reminiscence; sometimes they are posed in order to draw a confession of faith from his listener; usually they are addressed to himself and intended to crystallise in his own mind something which still refuses to be crystallised. If he asks why, it is not always for you to answer, for it is not you that he is asking; indeed if you rashly interrupt you may well lose a pearl for your pains. But at other times he becomes alive and alert, and then it is up to you to pop your answer almost before the words of his question are across his lips. For Mr. Tomlinson will not wait for you.

That is one reason why he is so stimulating a writer—that he invariably claims your attention. And not merely by his questions—his reminiscences are always pointed, illuminating, beautifully told. His comments upon men, books, events and the things about him are of the shrewdest in their insight and human sympathy—only fools he cannot suffer. It is life and reality he craves, even when they are unpleasant or when they shock our refinement and self-esteem. And we are a nation of romanticists and humbugs. We shout and boast of our ocean cradle in countless popular songs and pretentious poems; we have sold our heritage of the sea for a mess of paving stones and reinforced concrete; our love of ships is confined to the smoke-room of the liner and the cockneyfied-spaces of the

* "Gifts of Fortune." By H. M. Tomlinson. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.**



From a drawing by H. M. G. Wilson.

E. V. LUCAS.

excursion steamer. But nevertheless Britannia rules the waves. The sea is ours no longer; ours, declares Mr. Tomlinson, it never has been.

For the sea has no human attributes whatever—"There is more pertaining to man in a kitchen midden than in the sea when it most attracts us. Man, fronting the sea, the sea which is inexplicably both hostile and friendly to him because it knows nothing of his existence and his noble aims, is saddened, and is driven to meet its impersonal indifference with fine phrases, that his sense of his worth and his dignity may be rehabilitated. He knows it is absurd to pretend to any love for the sea."

And yet Mr. Tomlinson continues; the number of his volumes increases welcomingly; still he asks his unanswered questions. He follows the siren in an everlasting and unrequited pursuit. But the tragedy of Mr. Tomlinson is that his sweetheart upon the land has turned bitter against him so that in neither element can he hope for ease and peace from that brooding unquiet which has settled upon his mind.

W. BRANCH JOHNSON.

TWO POLES.*

Two Poles—and as far asunder as North and South! I once mentioned Sienkiewicz to Conrad, but found that he was not interested—at least not on that day. Perhaps he could not be interested at any time in a writer whose method was so unlike his own. Sienkiewicz was as "objective" as Walter Scott or Dumas. His great trilogy is a prose epic of Polish history, and his chief purpose, therefore, was to tell the story as well as he could. Conrad's method was not epic. To him, as Mr. Mégroz reminds us in his excellent study, the meaning of a story was not inside the facts, like the kernel in a nut, but outside, like an enveloping mist made visible by the glow from within. The image is confused, but it is Conrad's own. Thus, says Mr. Mégroz, Conrad is a romantic artist whose work has a content of realism. This is an excellent summary, typical of the penetrating essay from which it is quoted. Now that Conrad is being turned by enthusiasts into a grotesquely exaggerated figure, a study like the present, which has firm hold on facts as well as a clear insight into significance, is specially valuable.

Of the tens of thousands who know "Quo Vadis?" as a film, perhaps a hundred or so know the name of the author. I know "Quo Vadis?" as a book and as an opera, but not as a film. Fortunately I read the author's other stories first. Not that "Quo Vadis?" is bad—far from that; but its theme is always suggestive of Wilson Barrett and "The Sign of the Cross." Even Mr. Shaw stumbled badly when he ventured among the lions of martyrdom.

Those readers who want some real thrills should turn to the immense trilogy of historical novels, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael"—I give the names of the English (or rather American) translation. Miss Gardner calls the last "The Little Knight." Its hero is Michael Volodyovsky, the diminutive swordsman, who reached the apex of fame when an English racehorse was named from him. Miss Gardner uses the aboriginal Polish names, and this hero therefore appears correctly but repellently as Wolodyjowski. There is something to be said for transliteration. Vishnyevetski is more comfortable than Wisniowiecki; and few Englishmen will take to their hearts a hero named Kmicic. I knew him more easily as Kmita.

The "trilogy" deals with events from 1648 to 1673, when Cossack, Russian, Turkish and Tartar hordes swept over the great Polish commonwealth, more than a century before Freedom uttered her celebrated shriek. No details of slaughter, torture and bloody revenge are spared. The story proper gives us the Three Musketeers of Poland, the

* "A Talk with Joseph Conrad." By R. L. Mégroz. 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"The Patriot Novelist of Poland: Henryk Sienkiewicz." By Monica M. Gardner. 10s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

diminutive Volodyovsky, the gigantic Podbipienta, and the fat Zagloba, true descendant of Falstaff. They are eminently worth knowing. The best way of approaching this huge and fascinating prose epic is through Miss Gardner's excellent monograph, with its abundance of directly translated quotations. You will then feel at home with the complicated history and geography of the story. These novels are old favourites of mine, and I recommend them to those who like tales of the clash of nations, with half Europe for the stage.

Sienkiewicz wrote many other stories, long and short, and was a patriot of the best type. Long ago he prophesied that Christian Europe would have to extinguish the dominion of the Prussian Huns. He died in 1916, before the fulfilment was accomplished. His work and life deserved a good historian, and have found one in Miss Gardner.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A SCOTTISH PARISH.*

The parish of Forteviot, in Perthshire, is one of the smallest in Scotland. Dr. Meldrum, a former minister, has compiled its annals in a manner which is uncommonly attractive and acceptable, because everything that can be told has been told with conspicuous ability and care. Forteviot dates back to Pictish times, and was indeed the ancient Pictish capital, though there are few relics now to connect it with that distant and elusive past. The church naturally takes precedence (there are more churches than one), and of Forteviot Kirk its long line of pre-Reformation and post-Reformation clergy has been faithfully chronicled to the present day. None of these figure with special prominence ecclesiastically or in any other way, but all of them achieved honourable service, and because of that they deserve to be remembered with the pride which every good Scot still attaches to the first institution in his land. Of the lairds of Forteviot, Dr. Meldrum has much to tell, genealogical and otherwise. Lord Robertson of Forteviot is mentioned as perhaps the parish's most illustrious son. It possesses romantic and poetic associations, not least that of Williamina Belsches—Sir Walter Scott's first love—of whose family record the author presents some fresh details, correcting errors in Lockhart and others, and showing that possibly at what is yet called "Scott's Bridge" the final parting of the pair took place. This finely produced and well illustrated volume is another argument for the literary and historical interest which a Scottish minister ought to have in his parish, and it is also evidence of his opportunity to make of it something more than a mere habitation and a name.

W. S. CROCKETT.

MR. WALPOLE'S FINEST NOVEL.†

Before his latest book came my way I was by no means prejudiced in favour of Mr. Hugh Walpole's novels. As a matter of fact I had only read two, "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" and "Maradick at Forty." The one I thought original but crude and melodramatic; the other, to my mind, might have been written by any fairly competent purveyor of second-rate fiction. "Harmer John" is miles ahead of these two tales. It is the story of the irruption into an old English cathedral city, a city just normally self-complacent and corrupt, of a young Swedish gymnastic instructor, who at first charms everyone save a greedy lawyer and a sensual slum-landlord, gets engaged to a beautiful but un-ideal lower middle-class girl, contracts friendships of varying degrees of intimacy and stability with three different types of clergymen and, having exchanged his mission of developer of bodies for that of builder of beautiful souls and beautiful streets, antagonises

* "Forteviot: The History of a Strathearn Parish." By Neil Meldrum, B.D., Ph.D. 7s. 6d. (Paisley: Gardner.)

† "Harmer John." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

slum-landlords and slum-tenants and loses his life at the hands of an infuriated mob.

Mr. Ellis Roberts, I see, dislikes this story of clerical life because it is not in the tradition of "Barchester Towers" and "Framley Parsonage." It is not, I admit; but as a matter of fact Mr. Hugh Walpole never attempts to challenge comparisons with Mr. Anthony Trollope. The Victorian novelist once painted a very fine portrait of a poor, devoted, almost fanatical parish priest. But in his studies of the Anglican clergy, of whom he has given us many memorable types, he was always more concerned with local clerical politics than with the analysis of psychological states. He was not very much interested in cases of conscience which had a distinctly spiritual issue. On the other hand Mr. Walpole is deeply interested in such cases, and he tests the three clergymen who appear in "Harmer John" just by their reactions to Hjalmar Johanson's transparent friendliness and unaffected honesty.

In retrospect the reader sees that the book, diffuse as it may be, contains no padding and—all important fact this—that Harmer John, idealist as he is, assuming more or less in other persons, flabby or vicious, his own ideals, his own simplicity, his own goodness, is brother not to the fool of God, the crazy Muishkin of "The Idiot," but to the sane and practical Alyosha Karamazov.

The author of "Harmer John" has presented us with a real live person in Johanson and has thereby achieved a triumph most rare in modern English fiction. As a study in masculine character conveyed mainly in that most convincing of mediums' dialogue, Mr. Walpole's latest tale is the finest thing I have read since Mr. Wells gave us "Tono-Bungay."

LEWIS BETTANY.

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES.*

Since the demand for the short story in America is enormous it would seem to follow that the quality of the supply would be excellent, for the best of writers will be lured into this department of their art. On the other hand we are confronted in America with that level of conformity which Sinclair Lewis for one has complained of. Does it affect the short story? Will the reader require that eccentric genius should tame itself? Of course from a selection of some twenty tales we cannot very well make sweeping statements; but in these the nonconformity has nearly always been suppressed. Perhaps the most remarkable is one by Wilbur Daniel Steele. It may be true and it may not, but I have heard that when this writer had much difficulty in disposing of his work he found a haven in the *Pictorial Review*. One can believe it very well that there are editors of American magazines who would look askance upon such a tale as Steele's "Six Dollars," for it would make ordinary tales look very dull beside it. There is beauty of imagination, there is poetry and there is wit upon these pages.

Another story which is a work of art is Evelyn Scott's "The Old Lady"; but in this there is even more work than art. It is very unspontaneous, although it must be said that Miss Scott displays a profound appreciation of what is lovely. This is not one of those tales, most frequently encountered in American magazines, where one event breathlessly follows upon another. Rather is it in the tradition of Hergesheimer's "Linda Condon," in which we scarcely notice that we are progressing, in so stately a manner do we accomplish it.

In Bella Cohen's "The Laugh" there is no stateliness whatever; it is a kind of ghastly joke, this story of a dying Jew. "His thin, long nose projected on the quilt seemed very long and wax-like." Hannah, his wife, places her beloved red shawl over the sick man's feet, but they persist in sticking out. Then there arrives her sister Brahne, whom she has not seen for a long time. "Will you give me the red shawl," asks Brahne, "if I can make

him laugh?" It is agreed upon. Brahne succeeds by vigorous efforts. The sick man bursts into laughter. "Suddenly the laugh broke into two and the man stiffened from head to toes. . . . Brahne, big and powerful, looked down upon the dead man and the weeping woman with a puzzled look in her stupid eyes. 'But anyway I made him laugh,' she said. 'The red shawl is mine.'"

Barrett Willoughby's "The Devil-Drum" relies largely on its exceptional local colour, for we have not been so much regaled with Eskimo stories as with those of the South Sea Islands. This pathetic story of the little missionary who strives against the obstinacy of man and the horrors of nature would be effective if it were not quite so long.

A most interesting Anglo-American story is contributed by Milton Waldman. One Powell, a great publicity man, comes back to his native little village in England, full of marvellous plans for raising the place from its sloth and peaceful content. Mass production is what he urges. The picture he draws, and the reaction upon the natives and his own final understanding, are very well indicated. "He made profound calculations on the revenue Westminster Abbey would derive from the proper dissemination of facts regarding its peculiar relation to the nation's great dead; a quantity of judiciously prefaced, wisely distributed newspaper paragraphs illustrating in word and picture the glory of 'The Fane of Fame,' as he mentally entitled it, would probably in the course of ten years or so enable it to double its available space for coronations, etc."

As a study of the negro mind commend me to "The City of Refuge," by Rudolph Fisher. King Solomon Gillis, who has fled from the South after having shot a white man, lands in New York. His subsequent career reminds one rather of Crainquebille, but is none the less very absorbing. When he falls into the grip of the law—he has been unconsciously transgressing by selling dope—he struggles with the detectives. He found himself face to face with a uniformed black policeman, which was the first marvel he had run against in New York. The officer stood ready, awaiting his rush. "'Even—got—cullud—policemens . . .'" Very slowly King Solomon's arms relaxed; very slowly he stood erect; and the grin that came over his features had something exultant about it."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.*

This is an intriguing story with a curious appeal. The dawning lyricism which one welcomed in "The Dancer's Cat" is not here. Why? Boding bells and rustling whispers, cries from the mountain, a trembling of the stars—these come so seldom in our novels, though they are the essence of life. One sentence only has this quality: "Ominous portents on high unsettle the minds of men." The book consists of impassioned letters from an apparently commonplace London young man to a woman in the country with whom he is almost unacquainted—according to accepted standards. But he has read her soul to the rather shallow depths; loves her, good, bad, or indifferent; is inspired with the creator's longing to bring his Galatea to life. He writes as we should all like to write to those who, glancing idly, take our hearts. His letters are redeemed from any touch of "commonness" or uncouthness by their vitality. He is extraordinarily dynamic. He intends to galvanise her static existence into something finer. She is in truth extremely selfish—not because she chooses to live away in the country, leaving Frere to his fate (one holds no brief for this second-rate writer of plays, snuffing over his drugs), but because she is so criminally careless about the duties of life that she accepts cheques from the almost penniless Frere without inquiry, leaves her motor-car to be stored, her flat looked after by any chance philanthropist. Are actresses always thus? Does constant migration into other personalities

* "The Best Short Stories of 1925. No. 2: American." Edited by E. J. O'Brien. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

* "Dust on the Wind." By C. A. Nicholson. 7s. 6d. net. (Holden.)

'oo strongly enforce the phrase, "Here have we no continuing city?" The reason of her flight from London is all-sufficient. Naturally, when her husband has been shot for (supposedly) running away, when the abominable blind hand of war has destroyed him, she flees from her kind. Strangely, the fact that Victor is a V.C. seems to attract her. One thinks that the irony would have estranged her. There was poor Jack dead in dishonour for unconsciously following his instincts, while Victor wore the V.C. ribbon for following his. Anyway, Victor is a very real person—and also a realist. He has a capacity for unselfish action in daily life. He has humour. (He has also a retentive memory, for having glanced once at five very poor verses of Frere's, he is able to quote them in full.) He is vital and therefore new. He repels and attracts. There are infinite possibilities in him, if only Mrs. Nicholson will write a sequel without such a plethora of things in it. The Wicked Publisher, for instance. Why drag him in? The only thing to do with such is to "fold one's tent like the Arabs and silently steal away" to one of the great majority of good ones. Structurally the book has one fault. Secondary characters are introduced nearly at the end, when the psychology should be taut, the chief characters being at grips. Like all Mrs. Nicholson's work, the book is at once rich and faulty. It is from such a plethora as one finds in her seven novels—never from the neat, composed books—that genius sometimes emerges.

MARY WEBB
(Mrs. H. B. L. WEBB).

EDGAR WALLACE.*

With the exception of detective stories autobiographies are perhaps the most popular form of the novel. When we want the truth we must go to the biographer. The man who tells the story of his own life invariably tells it from the wrong angle, and unconsciously creates a character less real than those called into being for us by the great novelists.

Mr. Edgar Wallace is above all a writer of fiction. His books are classed among the best sellers. They are deservedly so classed. I cannot keep pace with them, but I have read as many as a busy life will allow. But he has never written anything so gripping, so entertaining, or even so exciting as "People," which he describes as a short autobiography.

If we take the book as a novel, with himself as the main character, I should place it first among all his works. In his Introduction, he says that there cannot be much wrong with a society which made possible the rise either of J. H. Thomas or Edgar Wallace, that gave "Jamie"

* "People." A Short Autobiography by Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Brown the status of a king in Scotland, and put Robertson at the War Office as chief of the Imperial General Staff. I quite agree. *Cela va sans dire.*

I am not inclined to dispute that this little autobiography is in itself a tribute to the system under which we live. But if the purpose of the autobiography of a successful man is to show that this country recognises genius I think the reading of such a book would be sheer waste of time. We could say in a sentence that, in the words of Barrie,

the greatest Scotsman who ever lived was a ploughman, or that a poor boy, born in the remote town of Lossiemouth, became Prime Minister of England. We leave it at that.

What interests me in Mr. Edgar Wallace's "People" is not the fact that a boy who was saved from the workhouse by being adopted at the age of nine days, as he tells us, has become a national figure, but that the book gives us vivid glimpses of life at home and abroad during the last quarter of a century. Mr. Wallace's wanderings have been Homeric and they are told with Homeric simplicity and charm.

To me, as one who has never had the privilege of knowing Mr. Wallace in real life, the figure he has outlined in this book has all the illusive fascination of a David Copperfield.

I have called the book a great novel. Let there be no misunderstanding. It is real as autobiographies are real, but it has other and greater merits. I have read the autobiographies of such as John Stuart Mill and Edward Gibbon but they are prosaic and dull compared with this. Stevenson could have written such a book because he saw romance everywhere.

I know Fleet Street as intimately as most, and Fleet Street men read of Fleet Street with something of cynicism. In this book, Mr. Wallace gives us but a brief glimpse of newspaper life, but it is the glimpse of a master—a great writer with the spirit of adventure, and not a little of the imagery of the poet, whose career may well give every youth encouragement and hope. It is a work worthy of a man whom every journalist delights to honour, and whose books are a source of delight to tens of thousands of readers.

BRODIE FRASER.

EDWARD SHANKS'S POETRY.*

Mr. Shanks is now thirty-four; it is seven years since he was the first winner of the Hawthornden Prize for Imaginative Literature. He is right to send out his "Collected Poems," since the main lines of a poet's work are laid early, and nearly all the world's best lyrical work was done by men under thirty. After reading carefully through these "Collected Poems" I think, first, that a

* "The Beggars' Ride." 5s.—"Collected Poems." 7s. 6d. By Edward Shanks. (Collins.)



Mrs. C. A. Nicholson.

A drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

good deal of the book will take a place in English literature, and, second, that things have gone wrong with the poet.

His new book, "The Beggars' Ride," is a play in blank verse. The verse is beyond comparison poorer than that of "The Island Youth," his blank verse of half a dozen years ago; the drama is spun round properties so worn out that it seems queerly obsolete. The real objection to blank verse in drama is that the medium so easily hides bad workmanship from the workman, whereas prose—to a poet a harder, yet often for that reason a more satisfying medium—lays it bare. "The Beggars' Ride" owes a good deal to "Hassan," and has reminiscences of Mr. Masfield's "Good Friday."

Mr. Shanks I think has not had much adverse criticism; he attained success early. He has included in his "Collected Poems" many pieces that say nothing; for example "The Comrades":

"The men that marched and sang with me
Are most of them in Flanders now;
I lie abed and hear the wind
Blow softly through the budding bough.

"And they are scattered far and wide
In this or that brave regiment;
From trench to trench across the mud
They go the way that others went.

"They run with shining bayonet
Or lie and take a careful aim,
And theirs it is to learn of death,
And theirs the joy and theirs the fame."

And this easygoing slackness not only, as here, often pervades and indeed is the whole poem, but mars many of his better poems, such as "The King's Lancer." Such a passage as this is bad prose:

"She sank in a last, triumphant attitude,
Her bosom open to the rising sun.

"So the king loved her and he built for her
A bright pavilion hidden in high trees,
And there at night he came to visit her,
Without his retinue. Two Nubian soldiers
Alone attended him to ward away
The attempts of the wicked, and remained on guard
While he was in."

And there are a number of poems that are ungenerous, and let Mr. Shanks down. The most objectionable is a poorly done description of an unruly pony, to which he gives the title "Women and Horses." The innuendo is both stale and dull.

But I prefer to indicate what seems to me his achievement. His poetry is descriptive poetry; it moves on a low emotional level, free from either deep thought or lyrical intensity. There are a number of very charming poems which must be called lyrical; but even in these it is the descriptive element that gives the chief beauty. This is an age of descriptive poetry; and Mr. Shanks excels not by "austerity" but by control of a peculiarly close, voluptuous quality of seeing—observation taking a scene into itself, and then finding words and metre that cunningly unwind its results. Perhaps the greatest triumph is the famous and marvellous "Fete Galante," a poem that cannot be read too attentively and that wears magnificently. Wherever you take it, it gives the same perfection, in its pictures of charming, varied girlhood, and its rhythms flinging those pictures instantaneously on the mind:

"The garden smells are sweet,
Daisies spring in the turf under the high-heeled feet,
Dense, dark banks of laurel grow
Behind the wavering row
Of golden, flaxen, black, brown, auburn heads,
Behind the light and shimmering dresses
Of these unreal, modern shepherdesses;
And gaudy flowers in formal patterned beds
Vary the dim long vistas of the park,
Far as the eye can see,
Till at the forest's edge the ground grows dark
And the flowers vanish in the obscurity."

It would be safe to commend such a passage to anyone who can feel for metrical expressiveness, and does not

think a verse-pattern a matter of caprice or accident. That second line, for example, with its trochaic briskness and its length—a sudden leaping out of words to match the light, swift feet that run over the flowers resilient from their tread, with the firmness of those consecutive accented syllables at the end, does the poet's work exactly:

"Daisies spring in the turf under the high-heeled feet."

The poem is long, but it keeps the same excellence throughout to its glorious twilight finish, the passage opening:

"The long day closes;
The last light fades in the amber sky;
Warm through the warm dusk glow the roses,
And a heavier shade drops slowly from the trees,
While through the garden as all colours die
The scents come livelier on the quickening breeze."

In this elaborate, closely observed description, slow in metrical movement, reinforced by watchful pauses and often drenched with colour or atmosphere, I think Mr. Shanks has no living equal—and no dead ones but Keats and Tennyson. I do not think this the highest kind of poetry; but its rich beauty seems to me undeniable. I will quote two passages to show what I mean. The first is the opening of "The Swimmers":

"The cove's a shining plate of blue and green
With darker belts between
The trough and crest of the lazily rising swell,
And the great rocks throw purple shadows down
Where transient sun-sparks wink and burst and drown,
And the distant glimmering floor of pebble and shell
Is bright or hidden as the shadow wavers,
And everywhere the restless sun-steeped air
Trembles and quavers,
As though it were
More saturate with light than it could bear.
Now come the swimmers from slow-dripping caves,
Where the shy fern creeps under the veined roof,
And wading out meet with glad breast the waves."

The second is a passage in "The Dancer":

"Then, as a swordsman slowly sheathes
The blade wherewith he wove a net of light,
So she in ordinary flesh withdraws
The coloured image, volatile and bright,
That danced before them and enchanted them.
Her arms fall softly to her sides,
Soft to the knee falls the skirt's airy hem,
The taut knees bend, the waist relaxes, swift
Down on the grass the unstrung body slides.
She lies there huddled, hidden the flushed face."

EDWARD THOMPSON.

A MODERN SATIRE.*

This is a rollicking book, which carries you away with it, and its contagious high spirits almost deprive the satire of the sting which it was the author's intention to employ to good purpose. Behind the boisterous Rabelaisian humour is an intensity of conviction so earnest that Mr. Eimar O'Duffy is afraid to express it lest his heart break. If, after having had his laugh out, the reader will look back on the narrative he has consumed with such avidity, he will find that he has read one of the bitterest indictments of modern civilisation that have ever been printed. Mr. O'Duffy has chosen a sort of fairy-tale for the form of his satire—but unlike Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," which, purged, becomes a book for children—"King Goshawk and the Birds" depends for its interest entirely upon an adult concern with the world of to-day, and especially with Ireland of to-day. Few things escape his onslaught. The social system, the self-advertisement mania, the fads of the idle rich, sporting-to-kill, political corruption, prudery—these are only a few of the matters to which he applies his whip. Mr. O'Duffy possesses a gift of torrential language, an abundance of energy and a power of apt invention which, combined, make this one of the liveliest books of the present season.

H. O.

* "King Goshawk and the Birds." By Eimar O'Duffy. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.**



From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS.

Novel Notes.

EYES OF A GIPSY. By John Murray Gibbon. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The man is to be envied who can make the best of both worlds without the loss of his integrity or self-respect. Mr. Gibbon, in the course of a story which is a long advance upon his previous novels, blends the Old World and the New together with a deftness and ease that deserve to be envied. He makes us love Canada almost as much as he does himself, and nobody has done better in the way of describing the enchanting scenery of the Canadian West. Nor could anyone make better use of the ocean liner and its motley passenger-list as the materials for a prologue which is at once vivid and vivacious. We follow the fortunes of Jacqueline Stuart, the prosperous palmist from Paris, her friend, Maurice, and the girl whom the palmist wills him to marry. There is nothing sinister in the affair, for Maurice would have paired off with Peggy in any event. But the scheme affords the author a capital set-off between the two women, just as the elder one's mild chaperonage makes a shrewd contrast against the evil influence that is hanging over herself. Senator Bonham, a debauchee whom her art has exposed to his annoyance and resentment, pursues her with his wealth and villainy almost to the end. Just when all the characters that we care about have found a pleasant haven in the ranch of Peggy's folks in the Kootenay region among the Rockies, another sleuthy personage reappears on the scene in the form of a fanatical priest whose mission is to exorcise all witchcraft; and Jacqueline emerges by the skin of her teeth from an incredible ordeal thanks to the prompt enterprise and courage of her friends. In this adventure one of the heroes is Skookum Bill, a rough-tongued desperado worthy to rank with the genial ruffians of Bret Harte at his best. The Scottish glamour about the home scenes and the sentiment move us only to wish that writers of other races would take example by Mr. Gibbon, and dress up their various forms of patriotism in as rich a gesture of wit, urbanity, picturesqueness and first-class fiction.

THE FORTUNES OF HUGO. By Denis Mackail. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Mackail's new story has neither the sweetness nor the essential underlying seriousness of "Greenery Street." Yet his humour is never merely farce; and wildly "improbable" as his latest novel is, it is at least a very forceful caricature of the good-natured and clever, but weak-willed and irresponsible man who is always about to do things, yet—owing of course to "bad luck"—never gets them done. Hugo Peak is in love with his cousin, the daughter of the celebrated newspaper magnate, Lord Biggleswade, who refuses his consent to a marriage until Hugo has proved his capacity to do *something*, if it is only getting a solitary article accepted by some journal. Hugo's wild and

floundering attempts at "making good," and the irrepressible buoyancy with which he emerges from his many defeats, by which he embroils others beside himself in very embarrassing situations, make delicious fun, and it is safe to predict that the ingenuous "Free Lance" will be among the most popular of Mr. Mackail's creations.

WHICH HATH BEEN: A NOVEL OF REINCARNATION. By Mrs. Jack McLaren. 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

In this self-styled novel of reincarnation the authoress has taken an unworked subject and has used it with much success. Curiously, she is at her best in the scenes of nineteen hundred years ago rather than in those of the present time. Some of the happenings of the story in its contemporary setting make a strain on the credulity of the reader. Cause and effect are not sufficiently related. The interest then is chiefly centred on the scenes in Assyria, where Karan of the White Gowns, the daughter of a rich merchant, falls secretly in love with Meron of the Oasis. Fate intervenes and makes her the wife of a Roman governor. All unwittingly she kills her lover. But the soul never dies. At a suitable time it returns to earth to inhabit a body again, so that it may start afresh from where it left off. Karan and Meron come into life again, this time among English scenes. Their twentieth century romance has a happier ending than had that of an earlier life. Such a story as this should have a successful career on the cinema screen. The carry-back to a costume period in the Assyrian desert is in the best movie

manner and the plentiful incident (with the emphasis rather on constant movement than on probability) would be equally effective when pictured as when read.

CRAVEN HOUSE. By Patrick Hamilton. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

The author of "Monday Morning" has succeeded in a very difficult task. He has allowed a very humorous, sensitive and vivid imagination to play upon the inmates and fortunes of a London boarding-house, and, in the sequel, has expressed his vision in a very considerable novel. Fun, character, youth, in a suburban setting with the ample canvas and grotesque touches of a Dickens are the dominant merits of "Craven House." There is a simple love story, told with fine feeling, which only ends when Craven House itself is no more and long-suffering Elsie Nixon joins Master Wildman at the gate. A perfect study, complete, ironical and hugely diverting, of a modern "vamp," Miss Cotterill, with flesh-coloured stockings, a warm, rosy mouth, a little dog and a polo-playing uncle. Elsie's mother, Mrs. Nixon, a very disagreeable Spartan parent, provides a crisis only comparable to that provided by the late Uriah Heep when he provoked David to violence. Mrs. Nixon shakes the foundations of the boarding-house in which she, and others well worth meeting, had lived for three guineas a week for fifteen years. It is a delight to read the book and see how she did it. "Craven House" is one of those rare books one re-reads and remembers.

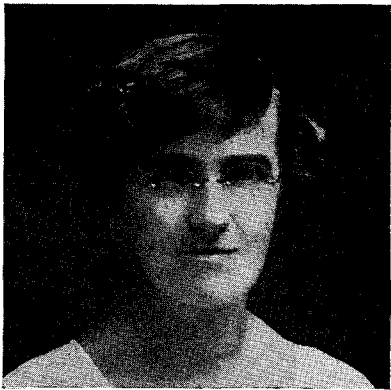


Mr. John Murray Gibbon.

From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

LOOMS OF DESTINY. By Ellen M. Fowkes. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lancashire readers will welcome another story dealing with the early days of Manchester Radicalism. As the pioneer city of Reform, and the heart of the greatest



Miss Ellen M. Fowkes.

industrial area in the kingdom, Manchester is not adequately represented in popular literature. We have here a very able effort towards putting right this deficiency. From reliable sources the author has obtained sufficient data to make the story true in the historical sense. From her imagination she has skilfully woven a story in which

to present the data. Actual characters like Bamford and Hunt, actual incidents such as those of the Press Gang and "Peterloo," appear together with imaginary but altogether representative characters such as the "Scissor Grinder" and the Quaker merchant, Salmesbury. The result is a stirring and readable story giving the atmosphere of the times, helpful in an effort to understand the various influences which have shaped Manchester's existing social and industrial conditions. Like most women writers the author succeeds best with her male characters and of these the best is "The Old Scissor Grinder," a character which will remain long in the minds of all who read this book.

THE PHANTOM DRUMMER: A Romance of the Norfolk Marshland. By Athelstan Ridgway. 7s. 6d. (Andrew Melrose.)

"The Phantom Drummer" is Mr. Ridgway's second novel only, but it bears no marks of the tyro's workmanship. Its construction is not all that could be desired; the cumulative, crushing force of events might have been made more convincing and inevitable by a greater ingenuity in plot; yet this is only apparent when the book is compared with an established classic in the same genre. That it irresistibly invites such comparisons is the gauge of Mr. Ridgway's uncommon ability. Waldo Trimmingham's character is deeply studied and arrestingly portrayed; the desolate character of the marshlands, their wild life and climatic conditions, form an unusual and well delineated background; the Norfolk peasants are living flesh and blood, not mere types but subtly differentiated organisms; Mr. Ridgway is never sentimental; his writing is unmarred either by the inelegance of the shallow thinker or the meretricious preciosity of the *poseur*. He has humour, a true feeling for prose, a seldom erring instinct in the selection of the inevitable word, and an easy felicity in the use of striking metaphor and simile. The minor characters are not so well realised as the central figure, Waldo, which makes the book in some sort a "one man" novel. If Mr. Ridgway can but remedy this and beware of loose ends in his plot-making, his positive literary virtues are so outstanding that there is almost no rank in the hierarchy of novelists to which he may not eventually aspire.

A DAUGHTER OF CATHAY. By J. C. Keyte. 7s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

Between the exciting opening and the poignant climax of his Chinese-heroine novel Mr. Keyte has developed a story of singular interest, and in the person of Minsan has added to the gallery of English-moulded women of the East a portrait of many attractions. No doubt the sympathies of most readers will desire that Minsan's love for her deliverer should meet its due reward, but when

the last page is finished few will question the sanity of the conclusion which restored this daughter of Cathay to her own people. That is a tribute to the art which, without undue emphasis, sets forth the essential differences of East and West, and makes it clear that in the long run Barbara would bring more lasting happiness to Alan than the rival of whom she was unconscious. In the form he has given to Chinese names, making them typical and yet easy for mental pronunciation and for remembrance, Mr. Keyte has set an example which translators of Russian novels should imitate.

THE STRANGE FAMILY. By E. H. Lacon Watson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Lacon Watson has written more novels than books of essays, but he brings something of the pleasant, discursive, ruminant habit of the essayist to the writing of his stories. He writes this domestic comedy with a quiet humour, a quiet irony, a delicate realism and easy charm of style; it is not an exciting story, though it has its exciting moments; but it is a deftly fashioned and an attractive story, and ingeniously reserves a surprise for its last page. The narrator is Rudolf Strange, and the tale is of himself, of Jonathan Waring, the blacksmith's son, of Percy Cudden and the objectionable Reggie Hicks, boys together at the start and pupils of Rudolf's father, the Canon, and young men at the close. Also it is the tale of Rudolph's delightful sister, Elsie, who has a disturbing influence on Rudolph's fellow pupils and is responsible for the final surprise. The gentle Canon, his quaint admirer, Miss Mooney, the four boys, the village and other of its folk—Elsie in particular—are all drawn with a skill and carefulness of detail that bring the reader intimately acquainted with them. "The Strange Family" has the naturalness, the vividness of a true chronicle of real people, and makes very interesting and very pleasant reading.

DAPHNE ADEANE. By Maurice Baring. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Just as the reader is wondering when he is to be introduced to the name-heroine of this story, he is taken to a private view and learns that the portrait of Daphne Adeane exhibited there is that of a woman who is dead. So it is the spirit rather than the person of Daphne Adeane which suffuses the novel. But, in addition to her widowed husband, two of her lovers survive, and these two, Leo Detrick the author, and Francis Greene the doctor, find in the married Fanny Choyce so startling a replica of their lost ideal that the actual presence of Daphne is not needed. Perhaps Mr. Baring does not fully prepare his reader for Fanny's surrender to Francis Greene, but he does make effective use of the circumstances under which she discovers that she must make a renunciation equal to that made by her husband in the case of the woman he had loved. It will be divined from the foregoing that this is an unusual novel, but nothing short of actual perusal can convey the quiet distinction of its writing. Mr. Baring holds his pen in restraint, touches in his colours with deft strokes, and so produces a series of portraits which will rank high in his gallery.

SPRING SORREL. By Douglas Pulleyne. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

It is a sad day for Toby Britton when Spring Sorrel, "the girl next door," takes to the music-hall stage, on which she rapidly wins fame as a dancer. Toby, who becomes a sailor, has from his boyhood had old-fashioned ideas about the opposite sex, and wishes to keep all the women he likes "under a glass dome." The contrast between him, with his sturdy common sense and unwavering reliability, and Spring, with her butterfly gaiety, is admirably drawn. It is obvious from the start that Toby and Spring are made for each other—their very quarrels prove as much. But the fact that the end is foreseen in no way detracts from the enjoyment of this delicate and

sparkling story, the success of which depends upon its vivid and varied scenes of music-hall life and foreign travel, and upon the adventures through which the impulsive Spring has to pass before disillusionment paves the way to solid happiness.

JOYKIN. By Michael Arabian. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Mr. Arabian has written an exceedingly good first novel. His theme is the oldest and newest in the world, and probably the only one which looks different from every angle. Regarded as a story *per se* it is a complete success, for it catches the reader's interest at the outset and holds it to the end. This may sound ominous, but as a matter of fact the author deliberately shuns sensational incidents, and his strength lies in intensity of emotion—never in violent action. His grasp of character and human motive cannot be ascribed to keen observation alone: it is derived from sympathetic insight and the inner knowledge that comes from sensitiveness to both pleasure and pain. The hero, Peter Ardleigh, is capable of exaltation and of torment; and the study is convincing in every detail. The account of Bobby's life as one of the "fast set" is described without malice, and—a scamp though he undoubtedly is—one smiles and pities him even if one cannot wholly forgive. Joan herself (Peter invented the name of "Joykin" for her) is delightful not because she is altogether celestial, but because she is a creature of flesh and blood, with virtues shining radiantly and frailties that cannot be concealed. The novel is a very promising piece of work.

FROM MAN TO MAN. By Olive Schreiner. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

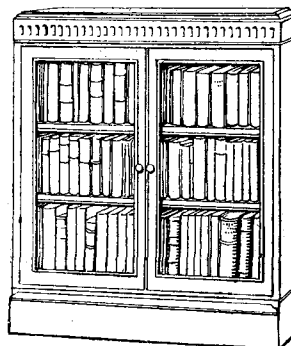
Mr. Cronwright Schreiner, in loyal fulfilment of his wife's desires, is steadily issuing the remainder of her writings, and nothing was more important than this unfinished novel, which she prized more highly than her "African Farm." In a careful introduction he gives us the genesis of the story, and follows it up with a pathetic series of quotations from her letters in order of date showing how it occupied her mind for five-and-forty years. She meant it to be the expression of her feud against man in defence and vindication of her sex, and in this respect it is a grievous disappointment. It has eloquence, courage, beauty, fancy, truth, but as a story it is a failure. Perhaps this is due to the intermittent method of its writing. With characteristic impulsiveness she took it up now and then like a whirlwind, and the avowed spirit of exultation in which she wrote appears not infrequently in the text. It deals with her child-life on the veld, her passionate love for a favourite sister, their drifting apart and their coming together at the end, when one is a bitterly disillusioned wife and the other is perishing in a lazar-house of a vile disease. But the machinery by which this double tragedy is brought about is puerile to a degree. The child-prologue is quaint and moving, but nothing to the lay sermons that Rebekah gives her children towards the end. There are passages in this chapter which are pleading sublimated to a height almost past praise.

MOONFLOWERS. By Margaret Peterson. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

When Blaise Norton goes to take up a position in East Africa he is twenty-eight. In spite of his "supersensitiveness" he has acquitted himself well in the war. "Athletic looking, wiry and tall," he is the possessor of "clear blue eyes, a fine, clean complexion, strong lips and chin," and a "rather engaging smile." It is not surprising therefore that, when he reaches Africa, his employer's wife, a one-hundred-per-cent. vampire, should regard him as fair game and that, having disposed in turn of two husbands of whom she had tired, she should attempt the life of June Fellows, the charming doctor's daughter, who loves Blaise and is the means of keeping him "straight." After much intrigue and violence, virtue has its reward; and readers who like "strong" scenes, and prefer to have their heroes and villains "neat," will vastly enjoy Miss Peterson's clever new novel.

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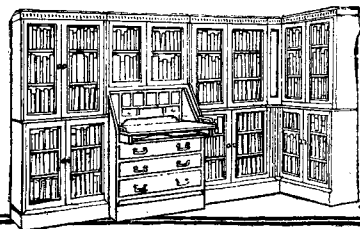
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P.P.5

The Bookman's Table.

SUOMI: THE LAND OF THE FINNS. By A. MacCallum Scott. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"Go West!" said Horace Greeley; "Go South!" exhorted Mr. H. A. L. Fisher; "Go North!" exclaims Mr. MacCallum Scott. This may seem spartan advice to those who still think of Finland as a "desolate waste somewhere near the North Pole, inhabited by Lapps, reindeer and polar bears." But our author, as an offset to the charms of the "unsophisticated" Southern Mediterranean, paints a different picture. The Baltic, he avers, "has an ancient history with which we are intimately concerned; great cities full of interest stand upon its shores; in the halcyon summer weather it has a riviera whose natural delights rival those of the Mediterranean." To support this thesis the book has been written, and as the literature of Finland is scanty there should be a considerable welcome for these eulogistic pages. Mr. Scott fully admits the ice-bound, snow-buried, silent qualities of popular impression; but his concern is with the glowing heat and luscious foliage of the hectic summer; and for that season at least the countless islands of the Skargard and the liveliness of Helsingfors should provide ample enjoyment for the most exacting holiday-maker. Helsingfors, he declares, is no dull provincial town, with life stagnating in a backwater. "Small though it be, compared with London and Paris, it has the true metropolitan note. Its intense modernity is combined with simplicity, and freshness and youthful zest. Its streets are clean and glittering and its affairs are managed with a brisk efficiency." In view, too, of the notable quality of its modern architecture, Mr. Scott asserts that it bids fair to be "the Athens of the Northern Mediterranean." Nor are the Finlanders lacking in literary culture. Mr. Augustine Birrell was surprised to meet a Finnish lady whose favourite novel was "The Mill on the Floss," and to learn that the three aunts instead of being typically and insularly English were so familiar that "my three aunts at home are known in the family as Aunt Glegg, Aunt Pullet and Aunt Deane."

A SONG OF BIRTH AND DEATH. By Effie Margaret Heath ("E. M. Holden"). 4s. (The Author, "White Wings," Onslow Village, Guildford.)

Into this attractively produced volume Mrs. Carl Heath has gathered a selection of poems previously published in booklet or pamphlet form. She gives us the impression of being a true poet who has never received the recognition due to her. Different as she is from him in spirit and outlook, she is hardly less melodious than Swinburne; but she reveals also a wealth of thought and feeling, and is a mystic with a highly individual temperament. There are some beautiful nature lyrics in these pages; but the author is perhaps at her best in her longer, sustained pieces, in which she meditates upon the future life and seems at times almost to pierce the gossamer veil between the "dead" and the "living." One at least of her war-time poems is worthy of a place in every representative modern anthology. Here is a lesser poem of the same period, chosen for its brevity:

"Is there no haven where the soul may rest,
And breathe out blessing and in turn be blest,
In these dark hours of bitterness and blood;
No peak of vision and no path of praise
Where it may still put forth its spirit-lays
Till joy shall overtake us as a flood?"

"In every breast there is a still retreat
And sacred to the tread of unseen feet,
Where it may enter in, and be with God.
And there it was I saw in dream again
The battle-fields forsook of every stain,
And, thro' the springing bluebells, angels trod."

INDIA. By Sir Valentine Chirol. 15s. net. (Ernest Benn.)

There is surely no one more fitted to write a book on modern India than the veteran journalist who has studied the immense subject with such thoroughness. Sir Valentine is moreover a man of the most impartial mind. He sees at least two sides to every question, and we come away from his book with a really invaluable addition to our knowledge. For many years he has been accustomed to examine on the spot the ever-changing Indian scene. Nothing escapes him. And it is superfluous to add that his reasoning is of the most lucid. It is indeed the art which concealeth art. One topic after another he handles; and none of them does he fail to adorn. We get the impression that we have been listening to a sage expounding to us out of the profundity of his knowledge. Yet Sir Valentine is the very reverse of heavy. In fact if anyone wishes to know what nowadays is connoted by the word "India"—and who in the British Empire can be indifferent?—he can go to no better source. His impartiality may be seen when he says of the late Mr. Montagu that "he scarcely deserved either the praise or the blame heaped on to his name for the famous declaration which he made in the House of Commons on August 20th, 1917." As we glance through the Index we observe that no side of Indian life is left untouched. Dyarchy and General Dyer—both are most discreetly elucidated. He tells us that the prosperity of India necessitates a fortifying of the rural base. England, if she loses the goodwill of the peasants, will find her rule in a dangerously top-heavy condition. "But if the political unity of India is altogether more real and more stable to-day under British rule and has lasted already longer than at any earlier period known to history, she still shows all her old lines of religious and social cleavage, sometimes alternated and sometimes deepened by new lines of cleavage crossing and recrossing the old ones." Sir Valentine points out very well that *Swaraj* in the form in which it has been preached by Gandhi and the Swarajist party, ceases to have any analogy with the grant of self-government to our great overseas colonies, for there would be an India instinct with hostility to Western civilisation. How well it would be if Indian opinion would gradually allow itself to be influenced by such men as our author. He moves slowly, pursuing the middle path and always very conscious of ancient things. In writing this book he has placed the Empire vastly in his debt.

LILIORUM HORTULUS. By Cecil Hill Garland. 7s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Garland is a gallant and graceful practitioner of an art which has gone out of fashion. The rendering of English into Latin and Greek verse is no longer demanded of the undergraduate reading for Classical Honours. We do not regret the fact. Professor Wallas has described in a recent book how for ten years, from the age of nine to nineteen, he spent a quite considerable number of hours in each week in the composition of Latin and Greek verses, how he was told that success in scholarship examinations depended on his saying "Tuscan" or "Adriatic" Sea, instead of "sea," "ilex" instead of "tree," and "nightingale" or "dove" instead of "bird." "Why we were to do so," he adds, "neither we nor our head master (who had won more verse-prizes with, it seemed to me, less poetic sensibility than anyone else in the long history of Cambridge scholarship) had the least idea." For a few, however, the writing of Latin verses has meant more than choosing some word in the "Gradus" containing the right number of short and long syllables, and Mr. Garland is of their number. For his renderings show not only a scholar's craft but real artistic sensibility. His book will certainly satisfy the sixth form master in search of accomplished fair-copies, but it will delight too all those who appreciate the art of rendering not only the sense but also the spirit of English and French poetry into another tongue.



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Music.

MY LADYE NEVELL'S BOOKE.

By RODNEY BENNETT.

IT would really seem as if we English were awakening to the fact that we are the heirs of a splendid and in some ways unequalled musical heritage. The Victorians of course knew that there had been Elizabethan composers. They knew that these adventurous primitives wrote not only for the voice and lute but also for the keyboard. Some of these works were even performed, but generally in a spirit of rather patronising antiquarianism. Their instinct, where they resurrected at all, was to wield a helpful editorial pen in much the same spirit as Dryden wielded so egregious a quill on behalf of Chaucer, his infinite superior. But it may be doubted whether it ever occurred to these willing and assiduous disciples of Mendelssohn, Wagner and Brahms that their countrymen had not always been content to sit meekly upon the doorstep of Continental art; that they had not even been content to be equals among equals, but had flown while their neighbours crept, producing a musical efflorescence hardly less astonishing than the literary efflorescence which gives England a unique place in the history of poetry and drama.

The change of opinion, the growth of a new attitude of appreciation and the humility that springs from improved understanding, really began with the appearance of the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, wrongly called during Victorian times Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book. This, the most considerable extant collection of Elizabethan keyboard music, was transcribed from the original manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge by two Englishmen; but it is noteworthy that it was left to the famous German firm of Breitkopf and Härtel to bring it out in monthly parts between 1894 and 1899, and thus to sow seeds of self-appreciation in the unpromising soil of English ultra-modesty. Dr. Edmund Fellowes and, later, Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson carried on the good work by producing the transcriptions of Elizabethan madrigals which are still in process of publication, and a number of other authorities wrote important books on the subject of early English music. Most of them expressed a wish that the next most important collection should also be made accessible to the public.

This wish is now gratified, and that most handsomely, by Curwens, who have issued Miss Hilda Andrews's transcription of "My Ladye Nevell's Booke"* in a massive volume, a masterpiece of printing and book production. The editorial method is equal to the form, for Miss Andrews is one of those rare and valuable people who combine an enthusiastic antiquarianism with real musicianship and discrimination. Her thirty-two pages of bibliography and historical and analytical notes are precisely what such things should be both in matter and manner, and admirably prepare the way for a just appreciation of the forty-two compositions by Byrd which fill the remaining two hundred and forty-five pages of the volume.

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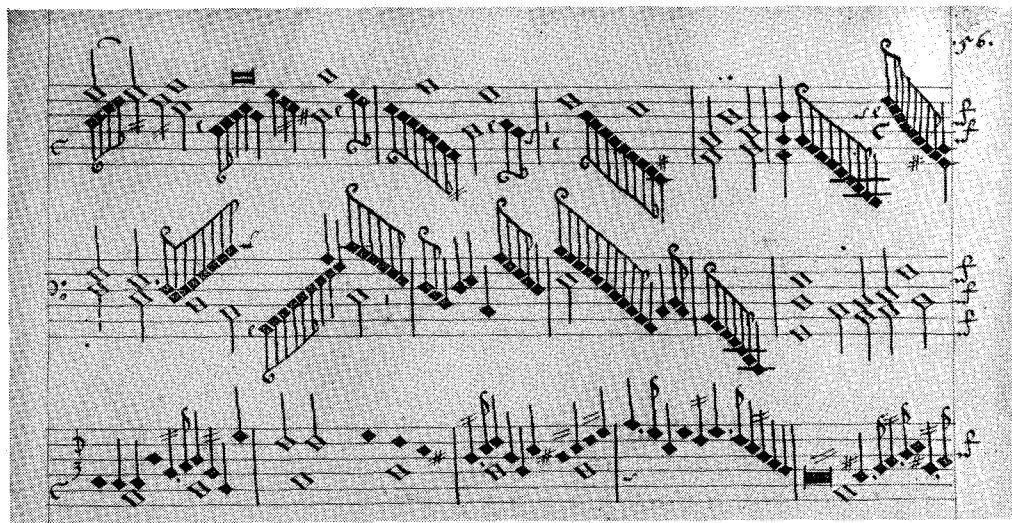
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An example of John Baldwin's MS.

Taken from "My Ladye Nevell's Booke" (Curwen).

Of Lady Neville herself little is known. An ancestor of the present Marquess of Abergavenny, and obviously a musician, she was evidently in close association with William Byrd, though whether as pupil or patron remains uncertain. Probably, whichever was the case, the book was a gift to her from Byrd, one of the many such presents, now lost if not destroyed, which it was at that time the graceful fashion for composers to bestow upon noble connoisseurs. Possibly, also, he may himself have selected the items and made the corrections which appear in the MS. The copy was the work of one of the finest musical penmen of the day, who states that it was "finished and ended the eleventh of September in the yeare of our Lord God 1591 and in the 33 yeare of the raigne of our sofferaine ladie Elizabeth by the grace of God queene of Englande etc., by me Jo. Baldwine of Windsore. Laus Deo."

In the centuries that followed the book changed hands so frequently as to make the more remarkable its present admirable state of preservation. Queen Elizabeth, to whom it was given by Lord Edward Abergavenny, entrusted it to one of her servants, who left it to his son, who left it in turn to Mr. Haughton an attorney of Clifford's Inn. The attorney returned it in 1688 to "H. Bergevenny." But its wanderings were not yet ended. Apparently lent and then given to Dr. Burney, the musical historian and father of the author of "Evelina," it was sold in 1814 with the rest of his library, fetching £11 os. 6d. Sold again, it passed to Robert Triphook, a book-seller of St. James's Street, who finally resold it to Lord Abergavenny. Thus it returned to its original home, Eridge Castle in Sussex, where it now remains, its carefully repaired cover still brilliant in colour, its neat triangular notes as clear as when they left Baldwin's hand.

John Baldwin, "of Windsore," where he was a lay-clerk of St. George's Chapel, was something more than an expert copyist, something more than a composer, seventeen of whose works still remain in the Royal Library. He was one of those discriminating people who know genius when they see it and can admire with their whole heart. He knew William Byrd for the giant he was, and showed his admiration not only by his quaintly pleasing comment at the foot of the seventeenth item of his copy, "Mr. W. Byrde.

Homo memorabilis," but by producing curious couplets in which, after enumerating various distinguished composers, English and foreign, he advises that, though all are

"... famous in these arte, there is of that no doute,
There workes no lesse declare in everie place aboute,
Yet let not strainger's bragg, nor they these soe commende,
For they may now geve place and sette themselves behynde

An Englishman, by name, William Byrde for his skill . . .

Famous men be abroade, and skilful in the arte,
I do confess the same and not from it starte;
But in Europpe is none like to our Englishe man."

A strange, enthusiastic sort of Englishman, this Jo. Baldwine, yet, as we are at last beginning to discern, a speaker of no more than plain truth.

William Byrd is one of the long list of genuises who were recognised in their own time and forgotten soon after it. Born about 1542, probably at Lincoln, he was possibly a pupil of Tallis. The first thing certainly known about him is that he became organist of Lincoln Cathedral in 1563. Later he became one of the honorary organists of the Chapel Royal, a fact that speaks the more strongly of the esteem in which he was held, since he was, and remained, a Roman Catholic. Together with Tallis he was granted in 1575 the monopoly of printing music. That this favour proved less productive than might be expected is shown by the statement in a petition made to the Queen in 1577, that "being called to Her Majesty's service from Lincoln Cathedral, where he was well settled, [he] is now, through great charge of wife and children, fallen into debt and great necessity. By reason of his daily attendance in the Queen's service he is letted from reaping such commodity by teaching as heretofore he did. Her grant two years ago for printing music has fallen out to their loss and hindrance to the value of 200 marks at least."

In spite of these worries he found time to produce a mass of original work, church music in which at his best he is unsurpassed, madrigals in which he is excelled by Morley, Wilbye and Weelkes, and compositions for virginals which entitle him to be considered the founder of modern keyboard technique. Compared with the crude attempts of his predecessor Hugh Ashton, Byrd's work is as amazing as Shakespeare's compared, not with Marlowe's—for there is no intervening Marlowe in the history of virginal music—but with the stiff woodenness of "Gorbuduc." By the force of his genius Byrd created a new thing, and that of such excellence that none of his followers was able to improve upon it.

That is not, however, to say that all of Byrd's virginal

writing will appeal to the modern ear, particularly when played upon the pianoforte. That of course is neither here nor there. The piano is a finer instrument than the spinet because it has a more sonorous tone and a comparatively great sustaining power. But what has been gained in breadth has been lost in delicate incisiveness; and many virginal passages which are practically unplayable upon the modern instrument recover their charm when performed upon the old. A more serious objection is that he occasionally lapses into note-spinning and uninteresting passage work. In this he resembles all the early keyboard composers. Fresh to the delight of the agile possibilities of the keyboard as compared to the limitations of the vocal music from which they had derived their chief experience, they frequently and obviously abandoned themselves to the pleasure of notes for notes' sake and speed for speed's. But whereas with the lesser men this abandonment is all in all, with Byrd it is only occasional and comparatively inessential. There remains a body of work which triumphs by reason of its originality and beauty, and must ensure Byrd as high a place in the esteem of the music-lover as, for different reasons, he holds in the consideration of the antiquary and historian of the keyboard.

A GUIDING HAND.*

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present twenty-two. However we find such favourites as "Tannhauser" and "The Mastersingers," "La Tosca," "Figaro" and "The Magic Flute," as well as the rather *passé* "Daughter of the Regiment" and "La Somnambula," and the up-to-date "Rosenkavalier," "The Boat-swain's Mate" and "The Perfect Fool." It is a criticism of operatic dictum that it should be found necessary to provide a summary of the story in order that the action on the stage may become intelligible to the audience; but the criticism is unfortunately valid, and this simply-written little handbook will prove useful to the average opera-lover.

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Edric Cundell has here arranged for the piano Joseph Holbrooke's fine piece "The Birds of Rhiannon," inspired by the poem of T. E. Ellis.

The Drama.

THE ARM-CHAIR THEATRE.*

By HORACE SHIPP.

The publication of plays in book form, other than those upon which the passage of the centuries has conferred the arbitrary title of "classics," is a growth of comparatively recent years. It assumes certain conditions: that the play itself has literary as well as dramatic value; that there exists a body of enthusiasts who, either for purposes of amusement or of study, will read a drama; and that professional and amateur theatrical organisations will look for their plays among the publishers' lists as well as await authors' manuscripts. With the rise of the widespread Community Theatre movement and the interest in intelligent drama which it betokens, these conditions are manifestly present, and as a consequence, this habit of printing plays is fostered to-day as it never has been before. Certain series, certain anthologies of plays have already established a reputation, and now the dramatist whose work has not yet found its place in the West End theatre can bide his time whilst it becomes gradually known through the printed page and percolates into the repertoires of Community Groups and the experimental theatres.

The British Drama League, which is doing such excellent work for this Community Theatre movement, has itself

launched a series of plays through Messrs. Blackwell, and a new group of these consisting of three full length plays and one volume containing four



Mr. Terence Gray,

Founder and Director of the Festival Theatre, which has just opened at Cambridge with a performance of the "Oresteia" of Æschylus. An illustrated article on this new theatre and its aims, by Henry C. Shelley, will appear in our January Number.

* "The Old Adam." By Cicely Hamilton. — "The Tender Passion." By Hubert Griffiths. — "The Barber and the Cow." By D. T. Davies. — "The Marble God and Other One-act Plays." 3s. 6d. each volume. (Blackwell.) — "One-act Plays of To-day." Third Series. 3s. 6d. (Harrap.)

one-act pieces has just been issued. Of these Miss Cicely Hamilton's pessimistic pacifist drama, "The Old Adam," which has been produced both at Birmingham and at the Kingsway Theatre in London, is the most worthy if one succumbs to the temptation to comparison prompted by group appearance. It establishes its claim in the fact that even when one has seen it in the theatre, its satire and social significance make one want to read it again. Its theme of the two nations who go to war, but mutually hold each other checkmate with a "negative ray" which paralyses all forms of machinery, until their peoples, worked on by the old tricks, the old hatreds without and the old Adam within, fall on each other with the weapons of primitive savagery, is excellently worked out. It offers Miss Hamilton the opportunity of saying many thoughtful if satirical things, and is spoiled only that it is impossible to know where her own accent falls. The vacillation between comedy, straight drama, satire and cynicism, and a final sentimental touch which brings down the curtain in blessing on the old Adam leaves us wondering where the play has led us.

"The Tender Passion," by Hubert Griffiths, is the modern sex play in a vein reminiscent of Mr. Miles Malleeson's work. Its actual language has the charm of fine writing, but its characters have ink for blood and are goaded into the successive situations on the point of Mr. Griffiths's pen. These modernists in sex morals are handicapped from the start so far as serious treatment of their theme is concerned. The nineteenth century with its heavy morals, its distinction between monogamy and sin, and its romantic tradition of all for love and the world well lost made real tragedy of a triangle. The post-war world of experimental passion, quick change love, and, as Mr. Griffiths hints in the brief preface, no "contraband babies," is another matter. O sex, where is thy sting! When Mrs. Grundy went out of the window amid the indecorous mirth of the eighteen nineties tragedy went out of the door. It is therefore not altogether Mr. Griffiths's fault that we remain unmoved by his study of love in these days.

Of the other plays "The Barber and the Cow" should



From a drawing by H. M. G. Wilson.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

have been one-act but monopolises a volume as a three-act comedy. It is an amusing story of Welsh village life about a mean farmer who endeavours to win the church vote in a council election by giving a cow to be raffled in the church bazaar. It is a sick cow, a very sick cow, and the comedy comes from the efforts to keep this fact secret and the cow alive. Four one-act plays in the last volume are good reading and offer a choice to amateurs seeking this form. "The House with the Twisty Windows," an incident in Russia under the Terror, is a gripping little drama if we will accept the dubious premises of its situation of a group of English people held prisoners as ransom for an anti-Soviet agitator. "The Marble God" is a comic sermon on the text *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*. "The Net" and "Incorrigible" are respectively a little tragic dialogue and a rather long-winded satire on the errors of literary criticism; but with the table spread to provide fare for producers of all degrees there are doubtless some who will choose these.

The third Series of One-Act Plays issued by Harraps has the characteristics of its predecessors in presenting a fifty-fifty mixture of the "old stagers" and unknowns. Harold Chapins' "The Dumb and the Blind," Dunsany's "The Golden Doom," Houghton's "The Master in the House," Norman McKinnel's "The Bishop's Candlesticks," Gertrude Jennings's "Between the Soup and the Savoury," and Yeats's "The Pot of Broth" are here—one almost writes, inevitably. They are the safe anthology pieces, and good examples of their various types. Each in its way implies the rules underlying the one-act form: the unswerving movement to one climax, rapid characterisation, swiftness in getting off the mark, and elimination of detail other than that absolutely essential.

Some of the new-comers prove a trifle thin in this company. "Mimi," for example, which demands the most exquisite lightness of touch to convey the cheery pathos of the Bohemian life from which it borrows its incident, marks time heavily when it should be pirouetting; Herbert Far-

jeon's "Friends," of the genre of Lady Gregory's plays, telling of the vicissitudes of the friendship of a doctor and an undertaker in an Irish village which has to be hidden to avert the suspicion of a business co-operation, is a good story none too well handled; and John Brandane's Scotch comedy, "Rory Aforesaid," employs the cumbersome machinery of a Court scene to convey its anecdote. "Master Wayfarer," by Harold Terry, on the other hand is a closely-knit, sound drama, as is also "The King's Hard Bargain," by Lt.-Col. Drury, although this latter offers big difficulties of production. A Pastoral, "How the Weather is Made" by Harold Brighthouse, completes the volume and will be welcomed as a specimen of that *rara avis* the open air play.

TWO FOREIGN PLAYS.

By GRAHAM SUTTON.

That lovely thing, *The Cradle Song* by Martinez Sierra, has been produced at the Fortune, for the first time professionally in London, though it was done at the Abbey, Dublin, a few years ago. It and *The Romantic Young Lady* differ more than one would think it possible for two plays by one author to do. Here in this sunny convent of Dominican nuns, all is peace and simplicity. Little foibles and weaknesses of human nature there are—too slight for censure, though for lack of worse they have to pose as "sins," with appropriate penances: too transparent and lovable for all but the gentlest ridicule. "Well, what progress are we making in holiness to-day?" smiles the kindly Doctor. Much the same as usual. A young novice has written some ingenuous verses for the Prioress's birthday, and the sisters' delight in these must not betray them into the "sin" of pride. A birthday present comes from the world outside—a canary: and the whole convent is a-flutter over it. Two years ago a wounded dove fell in the garden and was cared for: it is talked of still. And

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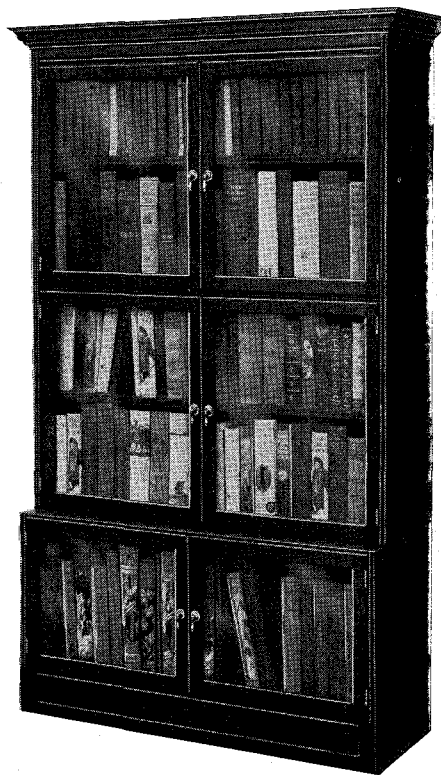
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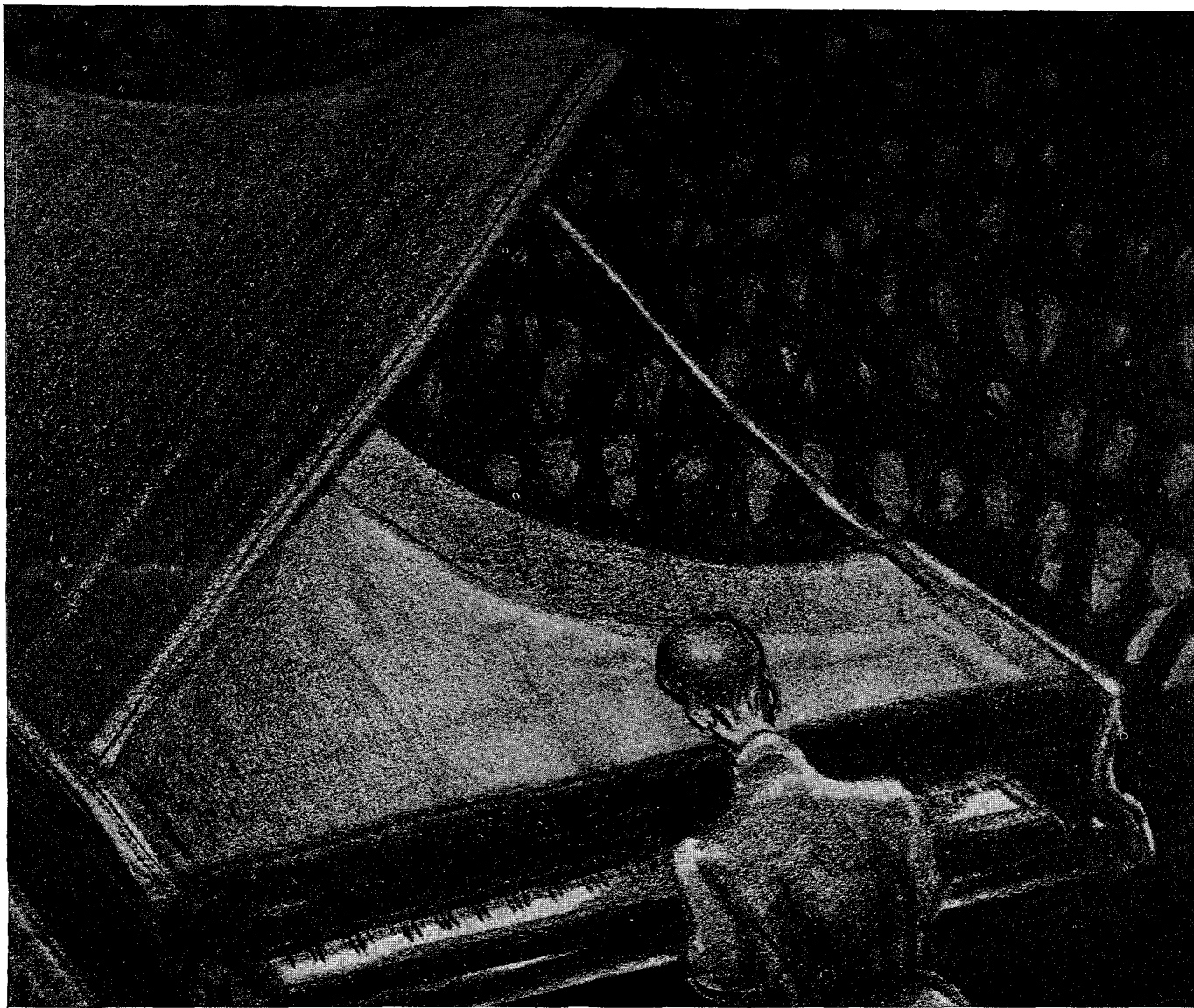
then—an epoch-making event—a real baby arrives, left outside the door with an appeal to the sisters' charity. There is some opposition from the Vicarress—"It was against *my* advice that that creature [the dove] was received; but afterward we had good reason to regret it, with this one saying—Yes, I caught him!—and that one—No, I took care of him! . . . Vanities!" How much worse will it be, to have the good sisters vying with each other in the care of a child? "Dissipation!" But she is overruled. The novice, fresh from many little brothers at home, is told off to mother the child . . . though indeed it is the repressed maternity of the whole sisterhood that takes charge of her ("Legally you have no right to maternity"—so the doctor, gently chaffing them again). And the convent-life is resumed, in a kind of tremulous calm where even this new joy must go circumspectly, lest it become a sin.

Eighteen years pass. Teresa leaves the convent to marry. There are farewells, not the less poignant for their restraint. The Vicarress, softened by the lapse of time, tries to maintain her sternness: almost succeeds. A door slams, a carriage drives away. Routine reasserts itself. "I have observed of late—that some—in the prayer—have not been marking sufficiently the pauses in the middle of the lines . . ." But even the Vicarress has a catch in her voice. The nuns troop out to choir. Their life will be as it was before—or nearly so—as nearly as possible . . . Curtain.

It is all utterly simple, unforced, hauntingly beautiful. Sierra reveals himself a master of sincerity, of quiet effect. The first act, perhaps the more perfect poem of the two,

was almost perfectly played. In the second, I thought the producer had allowed his Teresa too much licence. Her dress was just not right; and some of her gestures and mannerisms . . . it may be arguable that the movie-graces come natural to the female child, yet in this play they jar. (And Teresa talks authentic Dublin. Why? And in the front-piece, the presumably-Spanish lover has stepped right out of *Potash and Perlmutter*. Why, again? Are there not character-parts for character-voices? Or has the fount of pure speech run so low, that we must make shift with these grotesquely inappropriate accents?) Make what allowance one would for legitimate contrast—for Teresa's vivid youth as set against the ageless placidity of the nuns—one still felt that in this second act, either through misproduction or miscasting, the exquisite balance of the play was subtly deranged. It may adjust itself. Whether or no, *The Cradle Song* is worth seeing.

I should not like to say so much for George Kaiser's *Gas*; though it was pleasant a few weeks ago to make the acquaintance of the Gate Theatre Salon, in Covent Garden, and to find that its programme includes plenty of plays not elsewhere accessible (Vildrac's *S. S. Tenacity* is due on December 6th). *Gas* itself, for all its reputation among the elect, seemed a stupidish play: having few ideas in it, and those neither new nor striking: and losing the thread of its own argument in the middle act. But I speak without the text, and with only this one performance to enlighten me. I had a feeling that the expressionist form of the play, though sometimes helpful, was more often distracting our thoughts from its meaning. As thus—



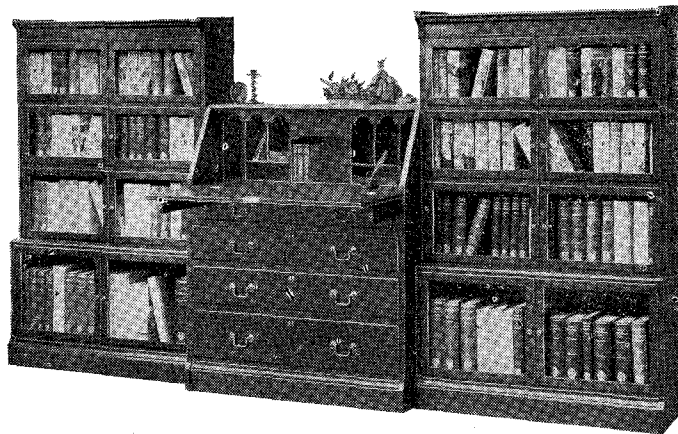
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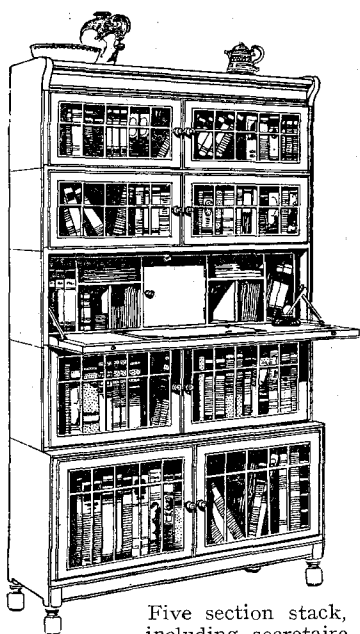
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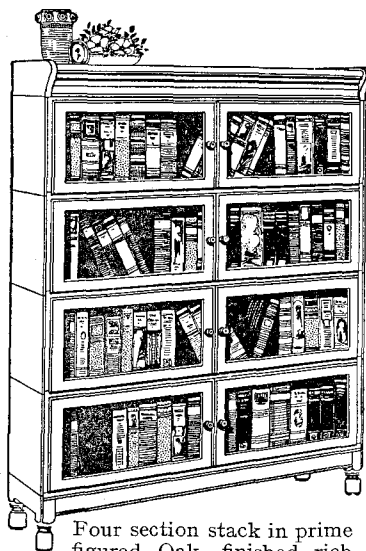
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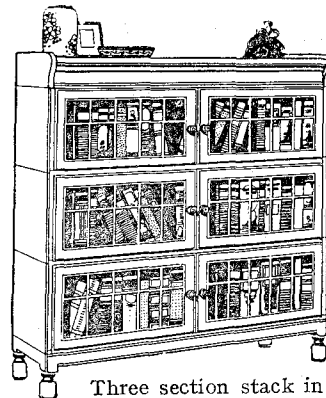
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four captains of industry come in: all black-coated, all bald-headed, all exactly alike: the implication (that captains of industry are a type) is clear, this time. But elsewhere, the reverse. We espy a character whose lips are jet-black: an office-staff whose way of going down-stairs is to leap heavily into space: or a clerk who, after first working at his desk in pitch darkness, turns on a light which shines from the floor into his eyes. Surely, such violent contradictions of normality must have symbolic meanings? But in our efforts to discover these meanings, we are losing touch with the play. . . . What is expressionism, anyway? I protest I ask in all seriousness. No one seems to know this secret, except earnest folk without the gift of imparting it. Even Mr. Ashley Dukes, most lucid guide, walks round it gingerly. "One of the aims of the expressionists," he says in "The Youngest Drama," "is to present character subjectively. We are asked to regard the persons on the stage, not only with our own eyes, but through their own emotional nature—" But my own eyes, both physical and spiritual, are baffled by the black lips and so forth; the floor-lamp throws no light on anybody's nature, for me. What is expressionism? It seems a fertile theme for the debating societies.

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS. By Eugene O'Neill.
7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

There are three plays here—the title-play, "Desire Under the Elms" and "Welded." The last is the simplest, the most stageable, the pleasantest, much the most coherent. It is the story of two lovers five years married, torturing themselves and each other with the hatred that is sometimes so queerly near to passionate love. They try to break away, to kill their love and find peace. And they fail. An old tale, but told with an intensity and intimacy that revitalise it. I suppose it is the best play of the three; nor, fresh from reading them, can I give any reason why, nevertheless, I feel that I shall remember "Desire Under the Elms" long after the others have faded.

For "Desire" (and "All God's Chillun" to a less degree) is a tangled and difficult play. You recognise the hand of Mr. O'Neill in the illusion *motif*—in this case, old Cabot's illusion that to outlive his kin, to prolong his cursed ownership of the farm, is *life*. But the expressionism, which Mr. O'Neill made so magnificently his servant in "The Hairy Ape," here runs away with him. (It showed signs of getting out of hand a year previously, in "All God's Chillun," where the lovers' home is seen physically to shrink on them as their madness grows.) The old farm is cursed and haunted. Horror and hate brood there, personified by the sentinel elms which "brood oppressively over the house . . . like exhausted women resting their sagging breasts and hands and hair on its roof." You are made aware of sinister influences, unseen—the unquiet presence of the dead mother, slaved to death years ago by grim old Cabot: the tragic might-have-been of the three sons slaved to death in their turn ("only none of us hain't died yet"), brutalised almost out of their humanity: the tragic and murderous illusion of old Cabot, mentioned above: and over all, the oppressive fist of God—the "hard" God of their superstition, despised and hated almost as much as He is feared: He at whose bidding old Cabot chose this barren farm for the sheer lust of toilsome possession: and to whom even now, sometimes, they stand looking up, like grotesque and horrible parodies of Millet's "Angelus." Side by side with these ghostly influences, Mr. O'Neill is at pains to show the telepathic reaction of his folk on each other, in lust or hatred, even from separate rooms; for which reason he gives you the whole farm at once—the outside with its elms, and the four rooms seen through their windows. (In "All God's Chillun" he showed two streets at once, the white and negro "quarters.")

For the reader, this is a powerfully effective device. The farm haunts one, with its sense of lives going forward independently, yet interdependent. And there is no reason why it should not be equally effective, staged.

THESE PLAYERS. By Doris Westwood. 7s. 6d. (Heath, Cranton.)

A most ingenuous book, this diary of a year with the Old Vic Company. The author is frankly stage-struck, frankly a hero-worshipper, frankly idealistic. The result might well have been the most dreadfully mawkish stuff, but is not. It is saved by its utter sincerity—a gift so rare, that if this is a first book (it reads like one) Miss Westwood is going to make a name presently. Style apart, her central theme commands interest. This is, in brief, a super's reaction to Shakespeare. The super sees each play from two angles at once. The actors' mask-like make-up, the blank gaps in the scenery around, all tend to shatter illusion; and yet one's closeness to the play makes it ten times more real, in patches at any rate, than if one sat in the stalls. This is unreasonable, but (*crede experto*) true: a psychological oddity, which Miss Westwood presents with conviction. In passing, she gives a number of thumbnail sketches of Vic personalities. A queer, charming book.

REFLECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Lena Ashwell.
21s. (Hutchinson.)

In theory, the first part of Miss Ashwell's book deals with Shakespeare's life and times, the second with certain of his plays. In practice, she takes the poet as a whole, with a sort of hurricane gusto which declines to be limited by chapter-labels. She is gay, racy and sincere, tumbling out her thoughts as they come; idea suggests idea; her mind is too swift and various to submit to pigeon-holing. Is the Elizabethan Puritan her subject? Straightway we find mixed up with him the morality of modern America, and what a British colonel thought about play-actors. So in the Hamlet-chapter, cheek by jowl, come jostling Danish geography, Shakespeare's sources, Mary Fitton, costumes and how to wear them, the attitude of the critics to Hamlet, some points of psychic phenomena, *The Vortex*, boy-actors, and the right interpretation of Gertrude. The point of view is that of the intelligent actor—or rather, actress: for "my special interest is in Shakespeare's personal life, as mirrored in particular by the women of the tragedies"; and there are no more striking passages than those on Desdemona and Cordelia, whom Miss Ashwell refuses to swallow whole as idealised heroines. Pedants will pick a hole or two in her scholarship (e.g. Shakespeare *does* mention insurance-companies—*Tempest* iii, 3, 48: the name Eros does not mean the dawn: and a false derivation is implied for the word "barbarism"). But the vitality and range of her ideas provide more stimulus than a shelf-full of pedants' books.

RIVERSIDE NIGHTS. By A. P. Herbert and Nigel Playfair.
7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is always instructive to read the book of what one has seen acted; most of all the book of a revue, which owes more to its actors than a close-knit play. And this one, unlike most, is nearly all readable. On the whole the text confirms one's stage-impressions. "The Policeman's Serenade," "Simmel and Warbeck," "It May be Life" and "Love Lies Bleeding" are its best items—and will seem so, I think, even to readers without memory of the production to help them. On the other hand some of the Victorian "dug-outs" are even duller to read than to hear (this is a controversial subject, no doubt; but may one suggest that "Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle" is one of the unfunniest songs in existence; and that even the celebrated "Sell No More Drink" is too long? Indeed, all these dug-outs are too long, and too obvious; Harold Scott's rakish style and his inspired accompaniments saved some of them, but without his art they are dire). There remains a point of literary interest. On the stage the Tchekov skit fell between the two stools of burlesque and parody; in print this confusion disappears; it reads pure parody, and is the best thing in the book.

G. S.

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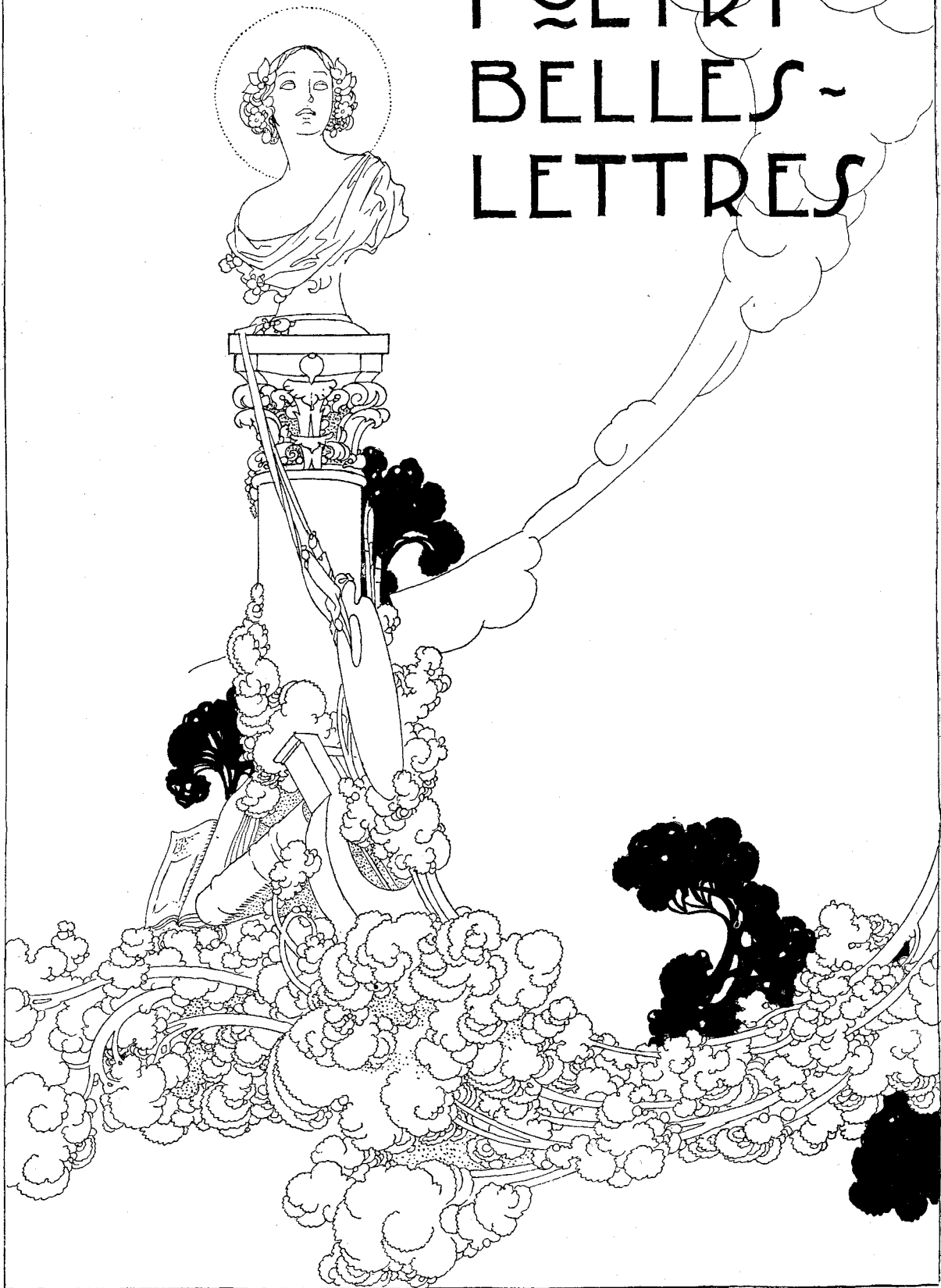
SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.



*From a drawing by Kerr Lawson.
By permission of Messrs. John Lane.*

FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

ART POETRY BELLES- LETTRES



BRANGWYN AND BRIDGES.*

Mr. Brangwyn's range, both in subject and media, is far too wide for his name to be linked with any one particular kind of picture, but throughout his long and active life he has shown himself to be particularly attracted by bridges, which often constitute a prominent feature in his paintings, drawings and etchings. Once before, in conjunction with Mr. Shaw Sparrow, Mr. Brangwyn has supplied illustrations and material for a book about bridges, but though Mr. Barman has also availed himself of Mr. Brangwyn's passion for drawing and painting bridges, his book has quite a different aim from that of Mr. Sparrow. To begin with, though the illustrations are there and to many will be the most attractive part of the volume, Mr. Barman's book is not at all about Brangwyn. As his sub-title indicates, it is a dissertation on æsthetic philosophy based on the examination of one particular type of useful building. Mr. Barman reminds us that in early religious paintings the bridge was often "exalted into a symbol of profound and exquisite significance," and in its constancy of purpose he finds the bridge an ideal test for any theory of aesthetics:

"Every child knows what a bridge is for, and knows too that, unlike a house which gives warmth to the Englishman, coolness to the Spaniard, in all places and at all times it does the same thing. We are left free, therefore, to talk about its form as much and to look at it as closely as we please."

Mr. Barman proceeds to look at bridges closely, not so much particular bridges—though he is often most enjoyable when writing of concrete examples—as of bridges in general, and he talks about them at a length which possibly may be more pleasing to himself than to some of his readers. One hesitates to say that Mr. Barman's abstract bridge is a *pons asinorum*, but after wandering

* "The Bridge: A Chapter in the History of Building." By Christian Barman. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Frank Brangwyn, R.A. 3ts. 6d. (Bodley Head.)—"The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn, R.A.: A Catalogue Raisonné." By Wm. Gaunt. £2 2s. (Studio.)

about it for a considerable time we are uncertain whither it is leading us and we get no "forrader."

"If a bridge is deficient in *strength* it falls down, that is all, and there is no bridge left to tax our power of perception and judgment. . . . We are not called upon to criticise the *structure* of bridges. . . . We are called upon, however—and that most urgently and perpetually—to criticise *form*. The form of a bridge may be bad, may be execrable, and the bridge will not suffer thereby. Its strength will be in no manner impaired. But we will suffer, our strength will be impaired, our human dignity sullied, our human intelligence blunted and brutalised, if we do not take pains to obey the law that bids us discriminate between good and evil form."

While most of us are conscious of the gulf which lies between these two, it is not easy to define in precise terms what in form makes for good and what for evil. It is of course a matter of design, and in bridges, as Mr. Barman has pointed out, the framework should engage our first attention. But at the end of his scholarly and exhaustive study of this one subject of bridges, he can get no closer to the heart of the matter than his declaration that fine architecture "is not the result of the craftsman touch, but of his thought."

Personally I welcome this declaration, for I have often thought that modern art generally is not so much defective in craftsmanship as deficient in thought. But however willingly we admit that good bridges are the result of good thinking *plus* good

craftsmanship, he does not enable us to get over one considerable difficulty, namely that great artists like Mr. Brangwyn frequently contrive to make beautiful pictures out of bridges which in themselves we should most of us condemn as ugly. Certainly in this book—as in most other things—the artist has the better of the essayist.

A dozen years have elapsed since the Fine Art Society published its official catalogue of Mr. Brangwyn's etchings, and during these twelve years Mr. Brangwyn's needle has been far from idle, so that to-day there is a great number of his plates hitherto uncatalogued. This omission is repaired by Mr. Gaunt's new catalogue which gives an



From Don Juan
By Lord Byron
(John Lane).

"DON JOSE AND HIS LADY
QUARRELL'D—WHY?"

exhaustive list of Mr. Brangwyn's etched work from his start as an etcher to the present year. An exact technical history of each plate is given together with notes of the proofs possessed by British and foreign museums and galleries. Further each plate in this collection, which exceeds a total of three hundred, is illustrated for purposes of identification. Some plates are given full pages, others are more reduced in reproduction, but even the smallest illustrations are clearly printed and will be prized not only by print-collectors but by the still larger public which admires, if it cannot possess, Mr. Brangwyn's etchings. This *Studio* publication, therefore, is not only invaluable to the collector of etchings, but with its wealth of illustrations it is a permanent monument of the surprising richness and abundant energy of one of the greatest artists of our time.

FRANK RUTTER.

DON JUAN.

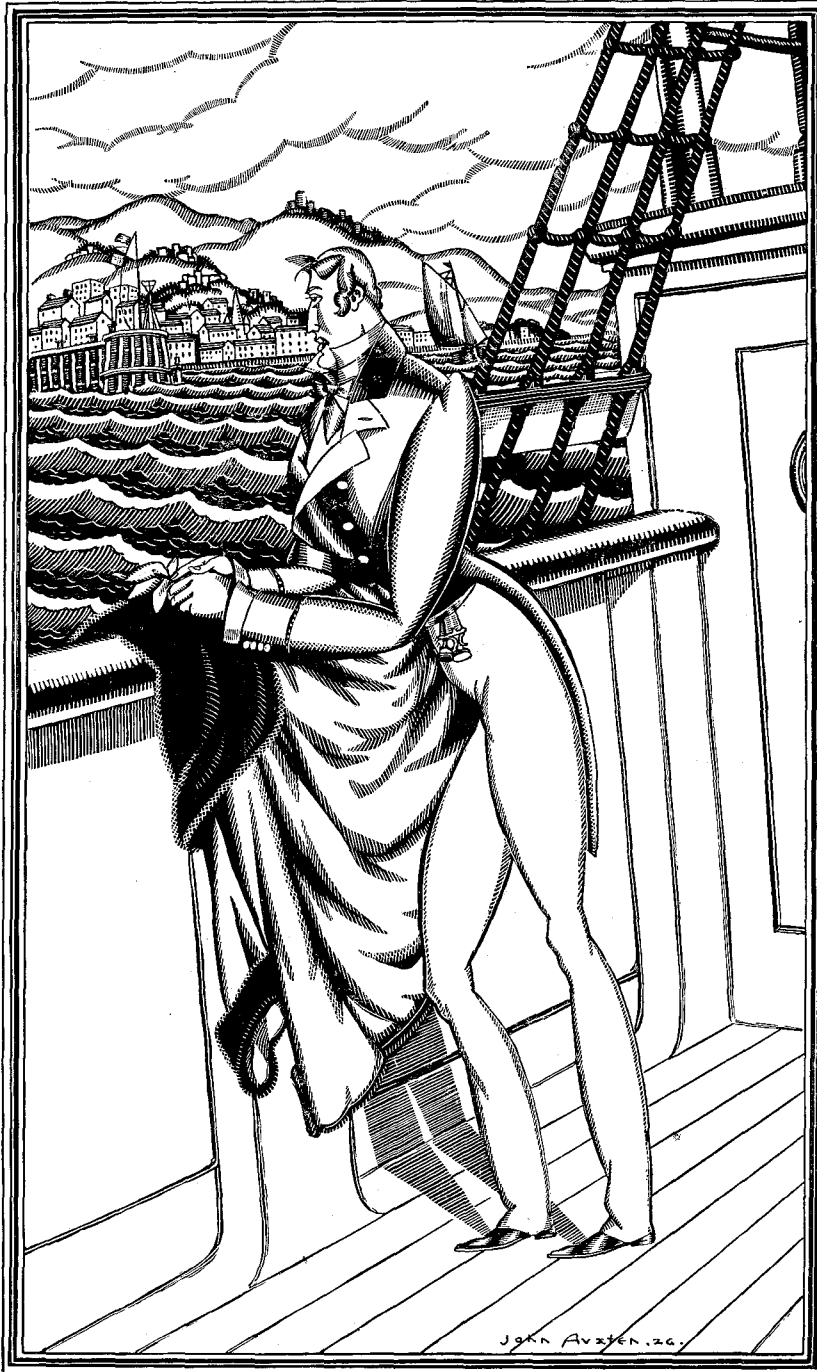
By LORD BYRON.
With 93 illustrations and decorations by JOHN AUSTEN. 21s.
(London: John Lane. New York: Dodd, Mead.)

As the years go on, and Byron's stormy career recedes more and more into that dim past which lends to the judgment of a life-history almost the impartiality we exercise in criticising a novel, the pre-eminence of "Don Juan" among his works becomes increasingly evident. The various counts, proven and not proven, in the indictment of Byron the man matter now only in so far as they affect Byron the poet. With few writers has verse been more directly the outcome of experience; and since the purest poetical impulses in him were satirical and descriptive, and these impulses, aided by the circumstances of his life, found fullest expression in "Don Juan," it remains the most sustained, noteworthy and individual performance. The *ottava rima*, which he learnt from the Italian poets, Berni, Pulci and Casti (and perhaps also from Hookham Frere's "Whistlecraft"), proved an ideal instrument for him. It lent itself readily to his serio-comic epic method, and its concluding couplet became in his hands "a trumpet, whence he blew" not only "soul-animating strains" but

also strains of irony, pathos, humour and invective. Despite its occasional faults of exaggeration, of taste and technique, "Don Juan" displays all Byron's poetic qualities in their most mature and brilliant form; and its scope and nature make less noticeable the lapses into slipshod writing which stand out so painfully in "Cain" and the other blank verse dramas. A visual commentator has

now appeared, in the person of Mr. John Austen. One of the many stimulating qualities of Mr. John Austen's art is that it is dynamic. One never knows what he is going to do next. Having coquetted with Beardsleyism for a space, he has deserted that formula and began to evolve one of his own, but varied his idiom slightly in each new work. In his "Rogues in Portcelain" (1924) he achieved a decorative scheme absolutely in accord with the delicate and charming artificiality of the lyrics in that anthology (which lyrics he chose himself). He had never been a realist, but so far he showed no signs of conventionalising the human form to such an extent as to incur the censure of the anatomist. This tendency appeared last year in his "Daphnis and Chloe" and "Everyman," but it was accompanied by so exquisite a colour sense and so sure a feeling for rhythm and harmony that hostile criticism was almost disarmed. Yet the human form is in itself so beautiful that the instinct not to distort it unduly in the interests of pattern would seem a sound one; and it is

therefore with real satisfaction that one observes in the "Don Juan" illustrations a slightly less rigorous stylisation. Mr. Austen has never gone so far away from the representative as have, for example, Paul Vera, J. E. Laboureur and Marie Laurencin in France. It is to be hoped that he never will, for he now appears to have found the middle way, and to have discovered how to fulfil in equal measure the two real functions of book illustration—decoration and visual interpretation. In "Don Juan" he has confined himself to black-and-white, and his contrasts are so rich as to equal those of wood-engraving in their harmony with the type, while his pen work has a resiliency



From *Don Juan*
By Lord Byron
(John Lane).

"ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

which is denied to the harsher medium. Mr. Austen is too appreciative of letters in and for themselves ever to forget that the book is the thing; and thus his work is adapted

blessing of God, always make for a happy life—intellectual curiosity, a sense of fun and a sense of duty. The book is an exhaustive study of the subject, and the fruit of much



From *Celebrities of the Italian Renaissance*
By Robert de la Sizeranne
(Brentanos).

THE FIGHT BETWEEN LOVE AND CHASTITY.
(By Perugino, in the Louvre.)

to the lay-out as a whole and his decorations are never irrelevant or superficial. In happy contrast with some of the book decorators now at large, he never indulges in meaningless foliage; his slightest tail-piece has significance. To the interpretation of this incomparable satire he has brought high imaginative gifts, and his mood chimes with the poet's mood, giving fresh point to pleasures one has thought insusceptible of sharpening. When it is added that paper, typography and binding are up to the best standards of book production, it will be surmised that fortunate possessors of the volume are likely to lend it only to the more privileged of their friends. The moral is obvious.

HERBERT B. GRIMSDITCH.

ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL PAINTED GLASS.

By J. D. LE COUTEUR. 8s. 6d.
(S.P.C.K.)

So here is Le Couteur's book, included in the noble series entitled "The Historical Monuments of England." He was at work at it up to the end. It is just over a year since he died. Many will never forget the words spoken about him by the Dean of Winchester at his funeral in the Cathedral. To know Le Couteur was to admire and love him. He had these three qualities which, with the love and

travelling—physical and intellectual. The writer explains in simple language the making of a painted glass window, and discusses the religious life of the Middle Ages. A perusal of the volume with its clear explanation of the gradual development in painted glass through the long years, will yield deep delight to all students.



From *English Mediæval
Painted Glass*
By J. D. Le Couteur
(S.P.C.K.)

**GRESFORD, EAST WINDOW.
THE PRESENTATION OF
MARY IN THE TEMPLE.**

play any vital part in the solution of those modern problems in which the human and the technical elements are apparently so often inextricably mixed.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE PRESENT MORAL UNREST.

6s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

This book, edited by the Master of Balliol, contains contributions by thirteen well-known men and women, representing widely different points of view, but united in the sincere endeavour to discover how the spirit of Jesus Christ should be interpreted and applied to the complex difficulties and needs of to-day. Among the writers are Professors J. H. Muirhead, Helen Wodehouse, J. Arthur Thomson and Clement C. J. Webb, Mr. Henry G. Wood, Canon Oliver Quick and Bishop Temple. Each contributor is an expert in some department of thought or social service, and the volume as a whole may be taken as a plea for the fact that goodwill and spiritual earnestness must be supplemented by knowledge and hard thinking if Christianity is to



From *Celebrities of the Italian Renaissance*
By Robert de la Sizeranne
(Brentanos).

THE COURT OF ISABELLA D'ESTE.
(By Lorenzo Costa, in the Louvre.)

CELEBRITIES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

By ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE. Translated by JEFFERY E.
JEFFERY. 16s. (Brentanos.)

The sixteenth century, in Italy, is famed for having been at once the epoch of the Renaissance of Art and the period during which Italy reeked with unparalleled crime and intrigue. Murder stalked rampant, and the dagger and the poison bowl played an even more prominent part than the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel. M. de la Sizeranne is an acknowledged authority on the artistic, as well as on the social and political history of this era, and in his collection of celebrities he has given us a fascinating series of pen-portraits of some of the famous—or infamous—women who exercised so powerful an influence on the society, art, and politics of their day. One of the most remarkable women in this gallery was Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, to whom more space is deservedly devoted than to any of the other half-dozen ladies, fair or frail, who constitute the remainder of the group, which includes Giovanna Tornabuoni who inspired the brush of Botticelli, La Bella Simonetta, Tullia d'Aragon, Eleanor of Toledo and Bianca Capello. To conclude with we have a masterly sketch of the eminent

and gifted Baldassare Castiglione. Excellent reproductions of the portraits in the Louvre of all these celebrities adorn the book. The translation has been done by Mr. Jeffery in a manner altogether admirable.

THE BOOK OF RUTH.

With Designs. ros. 6d.
(Swanbourne Press.)



From *English Mediæval
Painted Glass*
By J. D. Le Couteur
(S.P.C.K.)

**ST. PETER'S MANCROFT,
NORWICH, EAST WINDOW
ADORATION OF THE
SHEPHERDS.**

A great deal of care has gone to the production of this slim volume. Outwardly it is very dainty in its covers of pale green with leaf-design in gold. The short Introduction too by Canon Sampson is printed in gold and finished with a tail-piece of "candle and book" which gleams on the (we imagine) hand-made paper. Then follow the Bible chapters of Ruth the Moabitess and her journey to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest with Naomi her mother-in-law, and her story till her marriage with Boaz and the birth of her son Obed, the forefather of David. There is always genuine interest felt in the attempts and achievements of men who desire and produce the hand-printed book. Nothing can stop machinery now unless the world stops, but we can value the best still. The condition which hand printing should realise is that it *must* be the best. Mr. Graves's work is well spaced and of beautiful type, a slight lack of depth can be rectified.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

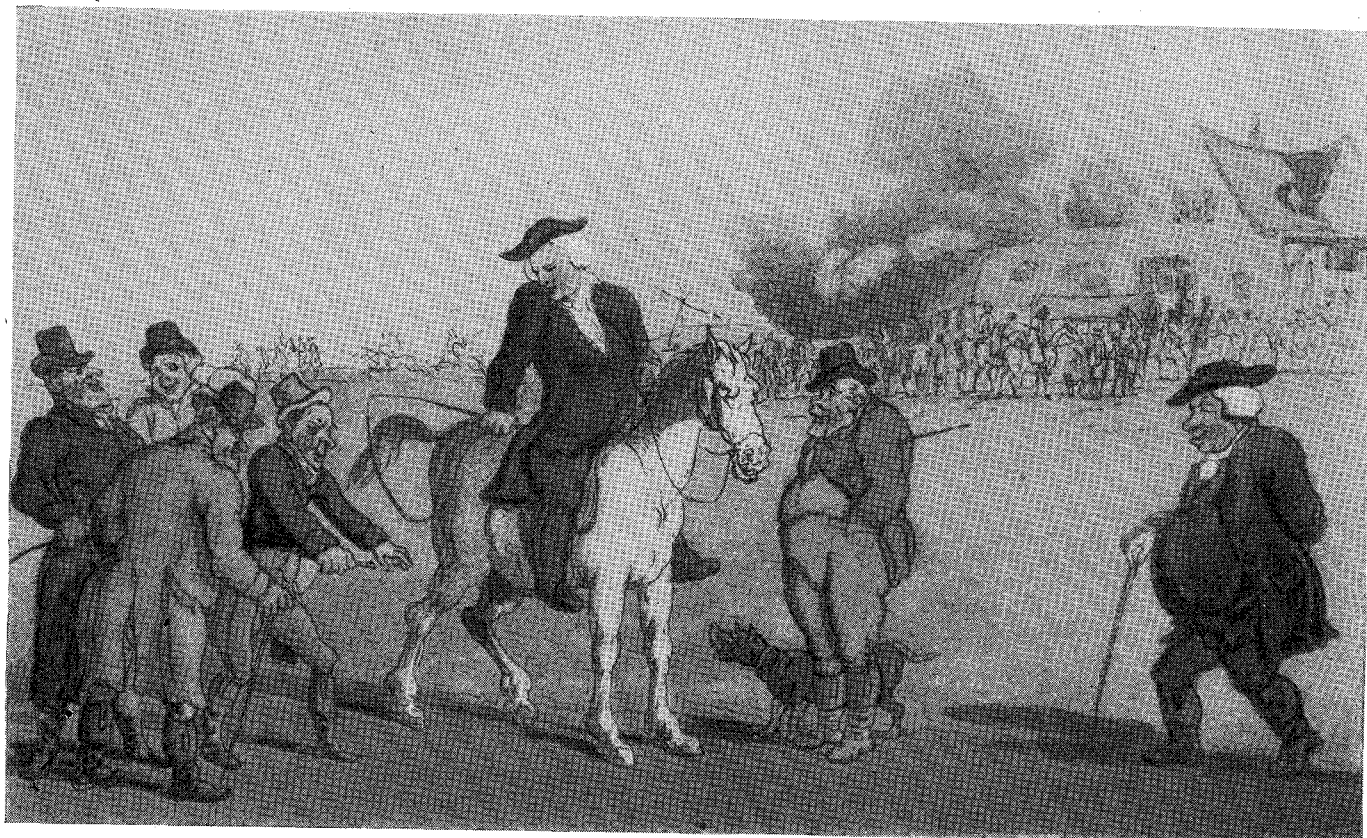
By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Illustrated with 24 coloured designs by THOMAS ROWLANDSON. With an Introduction by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 31s. 6d. (Constable.)

There are some who would persuade us, after all these years, that "The Vicar of Wakefield" is an overrated

an ideal gift-book for a reader who loves good fiction will find it in this beautifully produced edition of Goldsmith's homely classic.

A BOOK OF BEAUTY.

By HUGH CECIL. 21s. net. (Philip Allan.)
This "Book of Beauty" is, rightly speaking, a Book of



From *The Vicar of Wakefield*
By Oliver Goldsmith
Illustrated by Rowlandson
(Constable).

THE VICAR SELLING HIS HORSE.
(Reproduced from coloured plate.)

book, and it is good to find so sound and unsentimental a critic as Mr. Saintsbury roundly declaring that "this 'Vicar,' hardly more than a little book in quantity, is a very great book in quality . . . unquestionably a classic of English literature." He knows the flaws in the story, and his admirable introduction discusses them drastically, but finds that the novel has charm and greatness enough to carry them all and make them seem insignificant. He is as discriminating in his admiration of the illustrations of Rowlandson who, like his successors, "Phiz" and Cruikshank, inclined to caricature and the grotesquely humorous; but what gusto and character he gets into his drawings here and, in his pictures of "Fortune Telling," "The Dance" and others, how much of grace and loveliness. Any seeking

Beauties. Three dozen lovely women, each with an accompanying poem to face her, look out from between these tasteful blue covers. The portraits are photographs brought to a high state of excellence by Mr. (not Lord) Hugh Cecil. The moulding of the features, as in the Viscountess Curzon; the exquisite pose and lighting, as in Miss Isabel Jeans; the poise which is almost alive, as in Miss Pounds, and so on, show the immense possibilities of the photographer's art. There is a slight error in the second line of Byron's poem which is to express Miss Rene Houston; but we must pay tribute to the selection—more or less appropriate, and always lovely—which forms a tiny anthology in praise of woman's charms. Many well-

known names are to be found in the list of lovely ladies—Miss Edna Best, Miss Marcella Duggan, Miss Gladys Cooper, Lady Lettice Lygon, Lady Diana Cooper, and others. This is an attractive volume for the table, not for the bookshelf.



From *The Lively Lady Townshend and Her Friends*
By Erroll Sherson
(Heinemann).

A LONG MINUET AS DANCED AT BATH.

THE CITY OF THE SACRED WELL.

By T. A. WILLARD. 15s. (Heinemann.)

For thirty years Edward Thompson, famous archæologist, always known as "Don Eduardo" by the natives of the Yucatan jungles in which he worked, has been in

SEA AND SUSSEX.

From RUDYARD KIPLING'S Verse. Illustrated by DONALD MAXWELL. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

Sussex and Devon are assuredly among writers the most highly favoured counties in England. The appeal of Sussex to novelists and poets is well known, and studying Mr. Donald Maxwell's very beautiful paintings in this

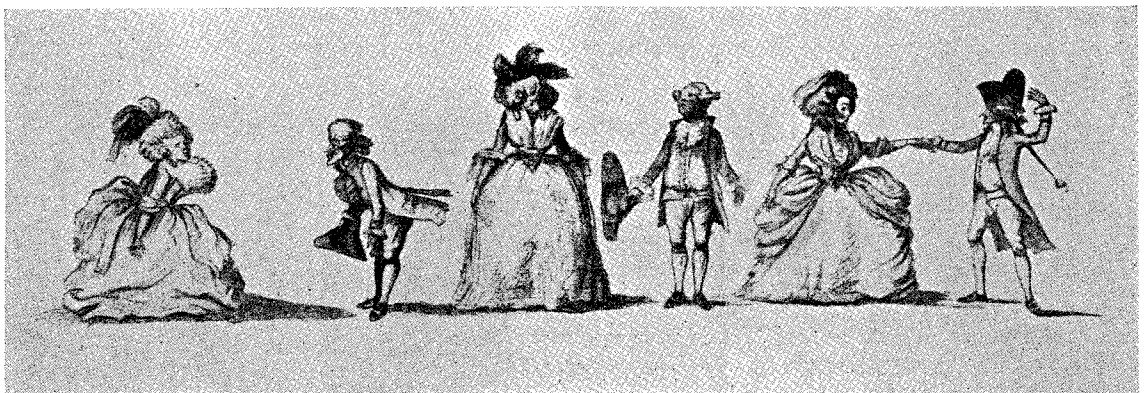


From *The Vicar of Wakefield*
By Oliver Goldsmith
Illustrated by Rowlandson
(Constable).

THE WEDDINGS.
(Reproduced from coloured plate.)

Yucatan making most valuable discoveries there. His friend, Mr. Willard, who has often stayed with the explorer, gives an excellent account of the place in this handsomely illustrated book. Most delightful is the description by Don Eduardo himself of how he found the city. "It was on a moonlight night. A more lovely silver and black velvet night I have never seen. . . . I should not have been surprised to meet the March Hare, Lancelot, Gulliver, Scheherazade or Helen of Troy. In fact I was prepared to stop and chat with any of them." Presently, half dazed with sleep, Thompson was startled by a cry from his guide: "I came erect in the saddle. . . . High up, wraith-like in the waning moonlight, loomed what seemed a Grecian temple, of colossal proportions, atop a great steep hill." The story of the Mayas is wonderful, and the list of the "More Important Gold and Jade Objects Found in the Sacred Well" makes one wistful.

volume one cannot wonder at it. Sussex with its rolling downs, its dense woodland, its homely farms, its towering chalk cliffs, its wild seas, its many and varied glories, has supplied unlimited material for Mr. Maxwell's brush; and a particular interest is attached to his pictures by their association with the verse of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has written a short poem as prelude to this book. Each picture illustrates a poem selected from Mr. Kipling's works, and in the two dozen exquisite water-colours we seem to touch the very heart of "the Weald and the Marsh and the Down countrie" and to feel with the poet—



From *The Lively Lady Townshend and Her Friends*
By Erroll Sherson
(Heinemann).

A LONG MINUET AS DANCED AT BATH.



From Garden Renovation
By T. Geoffrey W. Henslow, M.A., F.R.H.S.
(Dean).

THE SUNK GARDEN AT FARNHAM'S HALL, HERTS.

"Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white chalk coast."

Both in landscape and seascape Mr. Maxwell's work is strikingly effective. "Sea and Sussex" is unquestionably one of the finest colour books published this Christmas.

MODERN GARDENS: BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

7s. 6d. (Studio.)

"A man shall never see," wrote Bacon, "that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection." If that be so, then the present age must be civil and elegant indeed; for in the winter number of the *Studio* are brought together pictures of such gardens as make one dally long with the word "perfection." One feels it almost possible to condone a housing shortage when land is put to this exquisite use; one might succeed in condoning it altogether were public parks habitually laid out and maintained (by the public as well as by their guardians) with the same spacious beauty and imagination as are displayed in private possessions. But we are still far from the degree of "civility and elegancy" required for this consummation and must perforce content ourselves with the sight of other people's joys. Lest we should pass them unthinkingly by, Mr. Percy S. Cane contributes a valuable introduction on garden designing in England and other countries.



From Modern Gardens: British and Foreign
(Studio).

FORMAL GARDEN AT THE BYRE, HADLEY WOOD, THE RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHITECT, C. WONTNER SMITH, ESQ., F.R.I.B.A.

STUDIES IN INDIAN PAINTING

By N. C. MEHTA. Rs56.
(Bombay: Tarapora-vala.)

Students of Indian painting should eagerly welcome this admirably produced quarto in which most of the sixty-one colour plates and photographs illustrate famous Indian paintings which have never before been reproduced. These include examples of the seventh century frescoes of

Sittannavasal, which in their exquisite flow of line may be compared with the best Florentine art of the Botticelli period, and rare specimens of the secular painting of mediæval Gujarat. Other plates reveal the masterpieces of Moghul art during the reign of Jahangir and the later development of local varieties of Hindu painting during the eighteenth century. In his scholarly text which traces the development of Indian painting from the earliest times, Mr. Mehta deprecates the use of the term "Rajput" as applied to aspects of eighteenth century Hindu painting: "Both Moghul and Hindu painting must be regarded as the species of the same genus with differences in inflexion, interest, and expression. . . . The difference, therefore, between Moghul art and Rajput art lies not in their difference of clientele, but of ideas and outlook." Throughout his survey Mr. Mehta lays stress on the cultural and religious forces which inspired and moulded Indian painting.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.



From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

DONALD MAXWELL.

FAIRY FLOWERS.

By ISIDORA NEWMAN.
10s. 6d. net.
(Humphrey Milford.)

A unique collection of fairy stories woven around well-known flowers. Fact and fantasy each play a part in these nature legends. There are twenty-one stories about garden flowers such as the sunflower, yellow nasturtium, lilac, purple dahlia, fuchsia, white moon flower, iris, and many others; and three legends about orchard flowers—the orange-blossom, apple, and cherry blossom. They are delightful stories, told with an air of reality which adds to their fascination. The book is lavishly illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Willy Pogany.

MAURESQUES.

By C. P. HAWKES. 8s. 6d. (Methuen.)

This, to us, is a more pleasant subject for review than usual, because it recalls one of our happiest holidays. Which suggests the thought incidentally that all the books we really like are as holidays in the day-to-day routine of our delightfully monotonous lives. But "Mauresques"—this seems the devil of a long time after the fair. The right and appropriate thing to say about a book of this exceptional sort is that once you have picked it up you cannot possibly lay it down until you have turned the



From *Modern Gardens : British and Foreign*
(Studio).

VIEW IN THE PARK OF FREDENSBORG PALACE.
Designed by Herr Jardin, Architect.
(By permission of Herr Carl Stender.)

last page. And then you have a vain hope—not altogether vain, if Messrs. Methuen will pardon the affront—that it is only the last page but one. Seriously we congratulate the author—after all, he should come first, despite our oblique reference to publishers—and yes, the publisher too, most emphatically in this case, and the printer on the production of a most fascinating, attractive and eminently readable book.

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS (AND ONE MORE).

Selections from the Writings of E. V. LUCAS. 6s.
(Methuen.)

Whoever is the compiler of this attractive little anthology has had a wonderfully varied and extensive field from which to cull his quotations. The wide scope and general appeal of Mr. Lucas's work make him a very suitable subject for such a compilation. Through all the "Wanderer" books, the various volumes of essays and the numerous creations of Mr. Lucas's pen, the compiler has sauntered to and fro, gleaning here and there wherever his eye fell on a choice morsel that would stand alone and serve as a daily tit-bit. These he has arranged for each day of the year, being generous enough to provide even for the extra day in Leap Year. We imagine this will be a popular gift amongst the many admirers of Mr. Lucas.



From *A Year in My Flower Garden*
By E. T. Brown
(Chapman & Hall).

PART OF A GARDEN, WITH LILY POND,
HERBACEOUS BORDER AND CLIPPED
ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. With
illustrations in colour by HAMZEH
CARR. 21s. (John Lane.)

It is to be deplored that Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia"

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

should have fallen into a temporary oblivion, in spite of its sixty editions in England and eighty in America. This excellently produced volume, however, should do much to disperse that thin cloud. For the benefit of those who have not already read it, or seen the film, we would say (to put it very baldly) that it is a study of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism, which has existed now for twenty-four centuries. The poem is put into a Buddhist's mouth for the better understanding of Asiatic thoughts and the Oriental point of view. It deals with the early life of Gautama just before his attainment of Buddhahood, while the last sections are given up to the teachings of the Buddha. The choice of an illustrator for this book has been a very happy one, for Hamzeh Carr's coloured plates show a remarkable adaptability and grasp of the subject; while being striking and vivid, they are full of charm and delicacy. Sir E. Denison Ross writes a most interesting Introduction, which admirably leads up to the poem itself.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

By THOMAS HARDY. With 41 wood engravings by VIVIEN GRIBBLE.

25s. net. (Macmillan.)

This sumptuous edition of Hardy's "Tess," bound in very dark blue with gilt lettering, should certainly be secured by all admirers of Hardy's work. Its outstanding distinction from other editions is in the exquisite engravings Mr. Vivien Gribble has done to illustrate it; some of these show rural scenes, some are concerned with the persons



From *Apollo in Mourne*
By Lady Mabel Annesley
(Duckworth).

"SURELY THIS DARK COUNTRY
IS FAR ENOUGH REMOVED
FROM HIGH OLYMPUS."

of the story, but all reveal strength and skill—a sense of great distances, a powerful simplicity, and a keen delineation of character in harmony with the narrative. A very handsome and valuable production.



From *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*
By Thomas Hardy
(Macmillan).

WOODCUT
By Vivien Gribble.

FROM BABYLON TO BETHLEHEM.

By LAURENCE E. BROWNE, B.D.
3s. 6d. (Heffers.)

The story of the Jews for the last five centuries before Christ. Teachers and students of the Bible will find that this important, accurate and illuminating sketch bridges the gulf between the historical books of the Old Testament and the New. Dr. Browne has a real gift of description and he makes those dim times live. "There were no newspapers in Babylon in those days, and news is always more exciting when there are no newspapers. The talk began in the bazaars of Babylon about Cyrus." In the chapter on Pharisees and Sadducees we were interested in a quotation on forgiveness written by a Pharisee. "If he (the wrongdoer) repent and confess, forgive him. But if he deny it, do not get into a passion with him, lest catching the poison from thee, he takes to swearing."



From *Green Mansions*
By W. H. Hudson
With 60 drawings by Keith Henderson
(Duckworth).

"A SWIFT, STARTLED EXPRESSION."

INGRES: HIS LIFE AND ART.

By L. FROHLICH-BUME. Translated by MAUDE VALERIE WHITE. £4 4s. (Heinemann.)

Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres, born at Montauban on August 29th, 1780, is the supreme type of the classic artist, the exponent of impeccable line drawing, the painter whose sense of form and sense of beauty were dominated by the classic ideals of Greek art as interpreted by the drawings and paintings of Raphael. Curiously enough, though Raphael himself has not yet regained the hegemony he enjoyed among eighteenth century artists, Ingres has become one of the pet darlings of the younger generation of artists. After studying at Toulouse, Ingres at the age of nineteen went to Paris with an introduction to David and became his favourite pupil. When he had been two years at the Ecole des Beaux Arts he won the Prix de Rome, but his departure for Italy was delayed owing to the disastrous condition of the French national finances. He reached Rome in 1806 and stayed there till 1819, marrying in 1813. From 1820 to 1824 he was in Florence, but though during his long sojourn in Italy he sent pictures to the Paris Salon, these were by no means well received, and met with much hostile criticism. It was not till 1822, when he sent "The Vow of Louis XIII" to the Salon, that the Parisian

journalists ceased abusing Ingres; and then they did so chiefly because they had found another object for attack, Delacroix, whose "Massacre of Scio" created a sensation and uproar the same year. Ingres proved to be a good stick with which to belabour Delacroix, the leader of the Romanticists, and so began that great battle between the Classics and Romantics, the reverberation of which has hardly yet died away. Ingres himself took little part in the strife, and when he learnt the real cause of his success he refused point blank to contribute to any more of these annual exhibitions. This rule he broke only twice, once for a charity exhibition and once for the Universal Exhibition of 1855. In 1835 he went back to Rome as Director of the Villa Medici and remained there till 1839. Then he returned definitely to France. On January 14th, 1867, he died. That in brief outline is the story of Ingres's life as told by Mr. Frohlich-Bume. To illustrate Ingres exhaustively is impossible, for his output was enormous, but the eighty plates in this sumptuous publication may be said to represent practically every aspect of the great French painter's work as regards type. The volume, which Miss White has so admirably translated, is likely long to remain the standard work on the subject, and as an album of the work of Ingres its illustrations are as comprehensive as they are excellent.

THE WEATHER-FAIRIES. THE HEATH FAIRIES.

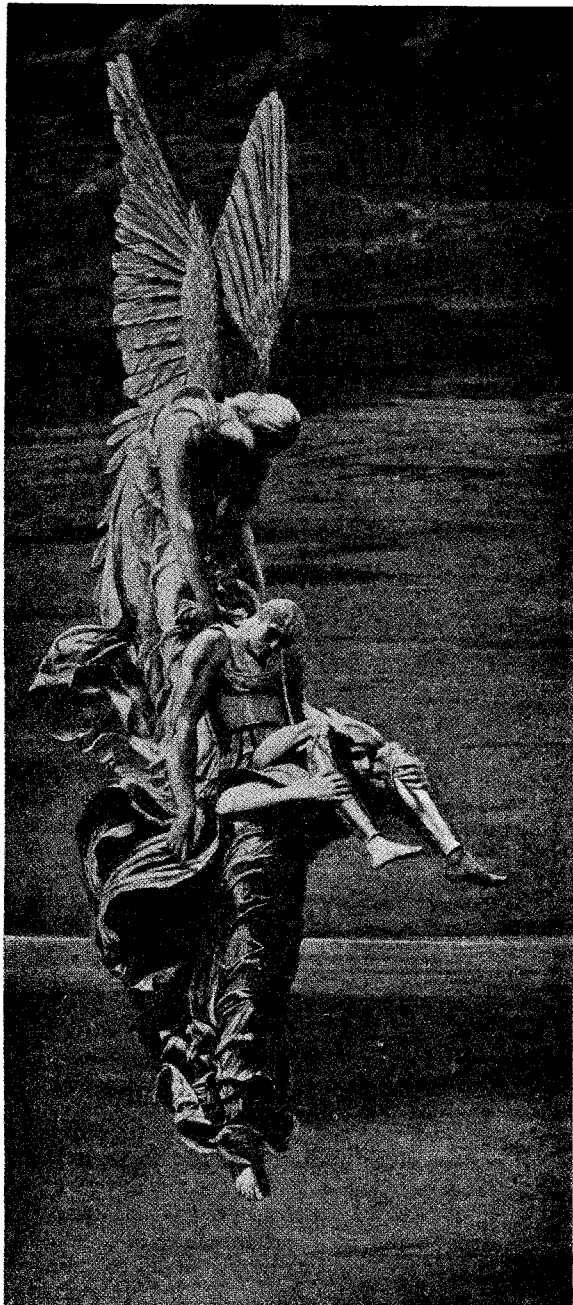
Illustrated by MARGARET W. TARRANT. Verses by MARION ST. JOHN WEBB. (Medici Society.)

Two more charming little volumes to add to this series—a series that has made a great hit with children who can appreciate art, both pictured and lyrical. Mrs. Webb and Miss Tarrant seem to have a special insight into fairy things, and a sunshiny quality of humour which gives a human touch to their joyous fancies. The series has become so well known it is scarcely necessary to mention what delightful little books these are to give to any girl or boy not too sophisticated to believe in fairies. The verses are full of unexpected ideas and have a lilt and swing about them, and often a laugh at the end; and the pictures, in line and colouring, show a richness and beauty that bring unflinching pleasure.



From *Fallodon Papers*
By Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K.G.
(Constable).

HEAD-PIECE TO "PLEASURE
IN NATURE."



From The Richmond
Papers
Compiled by A. M. W. Stirling
(Heinemann).

SLEEP AND DEATH CARRYING
THE BODY OF SARPEDON
INTO LYCIA.

NELSON: THE MAN.

By A. CORBETT-SMITH. 8s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

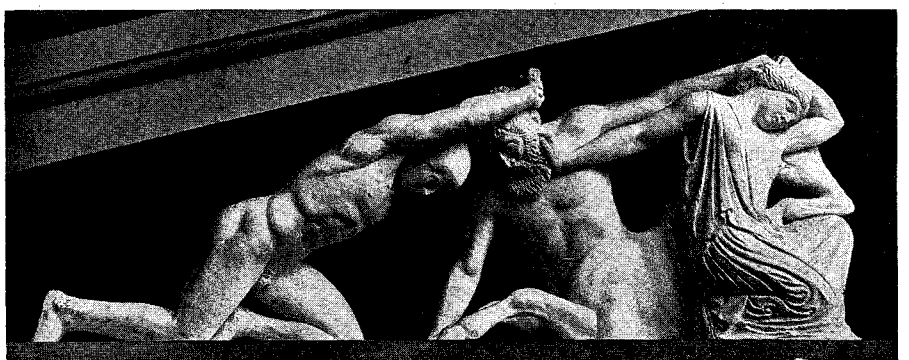
In writing what he has called a portrait study of Nelson, Mr. Corbett-Smith has the happy inspiration of telling the story for the benefit of a boy—his own son—to whom the volume is dedicated. It follows that the book is easy to read, popular (in the best sense of the word), and crammed full of those details which make the hero convincingly alive. No one can read a chapter of the book at random without feeling that the author is enthusiastic about his subject, and his enthusiasm is infectious. He feels that it is an honour to write on so high a theme. Nevertheless Mr. Corbett-Smith does not "glorify" the life at sea. "A King's ship may have had a 'heart of oak,'" he writes, "but to call the ship's company 'jolly tars' was as mad

an idea as ever entered the head of a song-writer. For the 'jolly tars' were for the most part the scourings of the English prisons—men who had been offered the choice between the gallows and the sea; wastrels drinking themselves senseless in filthy quayside brothels, cracked on the head by the press gang and dragged on board. . . ." The whole spirit of the book is sane and healthy, and the author has a delightful way of expounding an argument. For example: "I know a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy who is always spoken of as the bravest man in the service. But he was not really brave, because he never knew what fear meant. Nelson always knew fear. It is the men of sensitive, artistic temperament, the poets, who are the bravest of the brave in battle—if they but conquer their weakness."

THE MAGIC LAMPLIGHTER.

By MARION ST. JOHN WEBB. Illustrated by MARGARET W. TARRANT. 7s. 6d. (Medici Society.)

"You've got the love of London in your bones," Marigold's mother tells her when Marigold tries to explain her yearning to put her arms right round the old city and hold it safe. But Marigold had more than that—she had a belief in the magic side of things; wherever she went she looked for magic, and she even tried to make some. One evening she mixed some magic liquid in a blue pot and accidentally upset it over the lamplighter as he was passing under the window. In an instant the magic began, and Marigold and her friend, Toby Thimble, a dealer in second-hand books, who lived opposite, followed the Magic Lamplighter round the city, experiencing all sorts of strange adventures and meeting all manner of odd, amusing people. The story is full of quaint fancies and that delightful humour and clever character-drawing which make Mrs. St. John Webb's books so deservedly popular. London children in particular will love it, and will want to go and visit all the places indicated on the exciting-looking map which gives a plan of Marigold's wanderings. But children who don't live in London will enjoy it too, and the city, wonderful in itself, will seem still more wonderful when they have seen it through the eyes of the imaginative Marigold. Gog and Magog, the harmless lovable giants of the Guildhall, provide excellent fun, so do Albert and the old balloon woman and other habitants of the magicked city; and the verses scattered through the pages give an added note of gaiety. It need hardly be said that the drawings by Miss Margaret Tarrant, both coloured and line, contain beautiful work; unlike many artists, Miss Tarrant can combine humour and daintiness, and here we have her in a variety of styles. Always expert at drawing children, she shows an equal facility at characterisation and at scenery—her sketches of London, St. Paul's from Bankside, the crooked house in Crooked Lane and the rest, are little gems.



From Alcmenes and the Establishment of
the Classical Type in Greek Art
By Sir Charles Walston
(Cambridge University Press).

GROUP OF THREE FIGURES FROM
WESTERN PEDIMENT, AS RESTORED.

NEWS OUT OF SCOTLAND.

Compiled and Annotated by ELEANOR M. BROUGHAM.
8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The word "News" in the title really stands for a miscellaneous collection of Verse and Prose, Sacred and Profane, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. Lovers of Scotland and things Scottish will find here many things that they would most probably have otherwise not come across. With its numerous historical documents, folk lore, little known poems, ballads, etc., it makes a very fascinating volume and will undoubtedly be a useful reference book for those four centuries of Scottish literature and history. Of course Mary Queen of Scots figures largely, also Prince Charlie.

SONGS OF THE SOLWAY. .

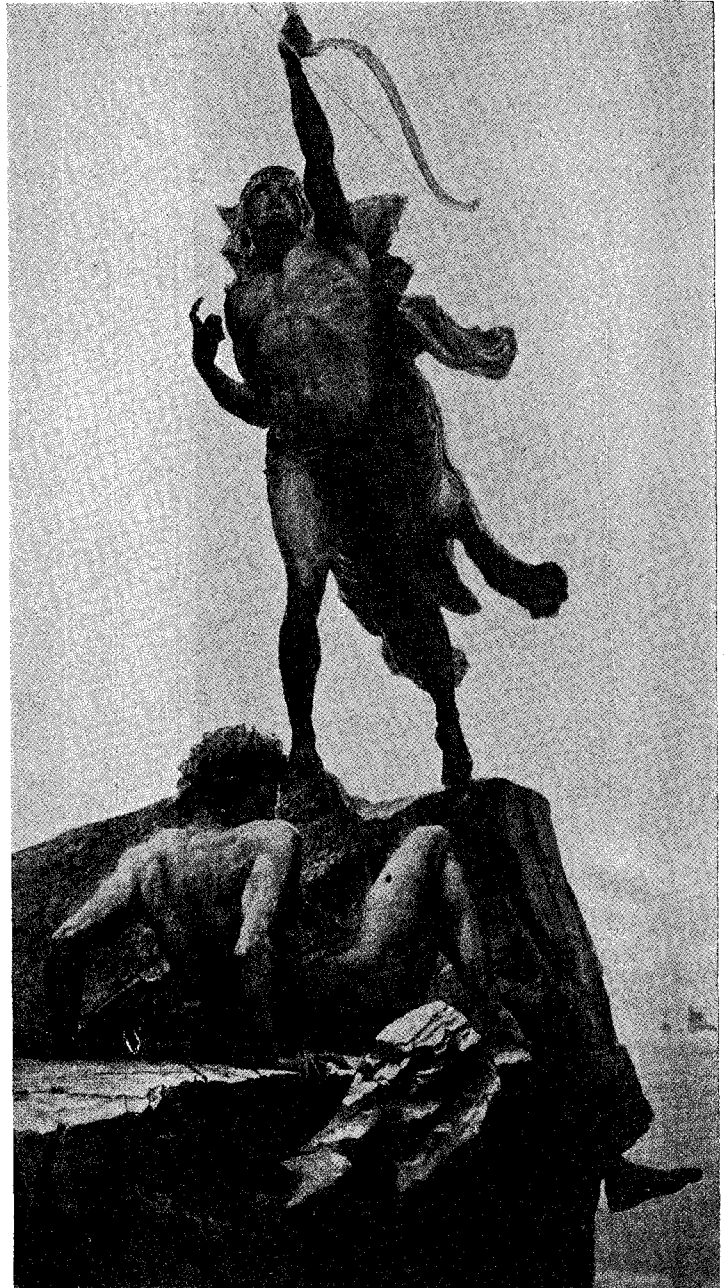
By LADY ASHMORE. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a new and revised edition of Lady Ashmore's charming book of poems. There is a depth of sincerity about her work which makes it good reading. The book contains many songs of the Solway and other verses, besides a number of love lyrics and ballads, and should prove a delightful companion for a quiet hour.

THE ROSALIE EVANS LETTERS FROM MEXICO.

Illustrated. Arranged with comments by DAISY CADEN PETTUS. 18s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The story of Mrs. Evans, the widow of a ranch-owner in Mexico who held her estate against continual attempts by marauders to seize it and dispossess her by force, made a little stir here in 1924, especially when her heroic stand came to an end with her murder. She was a British subject by marriage, and it will be remembered how the refusal of Mr. Cummins, our chargé d'affaires in Mexico, to acquiesce in the flagrant injustice permitted and even inspired by the Mexican authorities, resulted in his recall and the break off of diplomatic relations with Great Britain. Some attempts were made to assert that Mrs. Evans was herself responsible for her fate, since she was a foreigner resisting the application of laws duly and properly passed by Mexico and therefore binding on all residents. But her sister, who is the editor of this selection of the letters written by Mrs. Evans during the struggle, makes it very clear that the gallant lady was simply defending her legal rights in her property under those very laws, and resisting unwarranted and illegal attacks upon those rights. These letters are of extraordinary interest, for they recount a story of really



From *The Richmond Papers*
Compiled by A. M. W. Stirling
(Heinemann).

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

breathless excitement, while conveying a remarkable picture of the chaotic and corrupt condition of Mexican affairs, a country harassed with revolutions, harried by rapacious soldiers and politicians, so rich potentially that other countries have a strong interest in its restoration to quiet, in the hope of trade; while the men interested in these hopes have little sympathy with the wrongs of individuals, whose protests against their treatment may make it difficult to establish relations suitable for prosperous commerce. From it all emerges the indomitable personality of Rosalie Evans, humorous, indefatigable, fearless, capable, a fierce battler against abstract injustice, an heroic fighter for her own hand. She lost in the end, lost her life, but her bravery could never be in vain. The exposition of affairs contained in these letters deserves to be pondered closely by everyone interested in the world of to-day.



From *Alcmenes and the Establishment of the Classical Type in Greek Art*
By Sir Charles Walston
(Cambridge University Press).

GROUP OF THREE FIGURES FROM
WESTERN PEDIMENT, AS RESTORED.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

SHE-SHANTIES.

By A. P. HERBERT. Illustrated by A. K. ZINKEISEN. 5s. net.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. A. P. Herbert's new book "She-Shanties" is a collection of delightful, humorous verse. It all seems so joyously spontaneous that it is difficult to know which

"Well, he'd sit thinking, 'Do I dare?'
And I'd sit thinking, 'Lord, he's slow!'
And so we both sat thinking there,
And then it would be time to go.
I only had to say, 'Oh, Joe . . . !'
And he'd have kissed me, that I know;
But could I do it? I could not.



From English Decorative Plasterwork of
the Renaissance

By M. Jourdain
(Batsford).

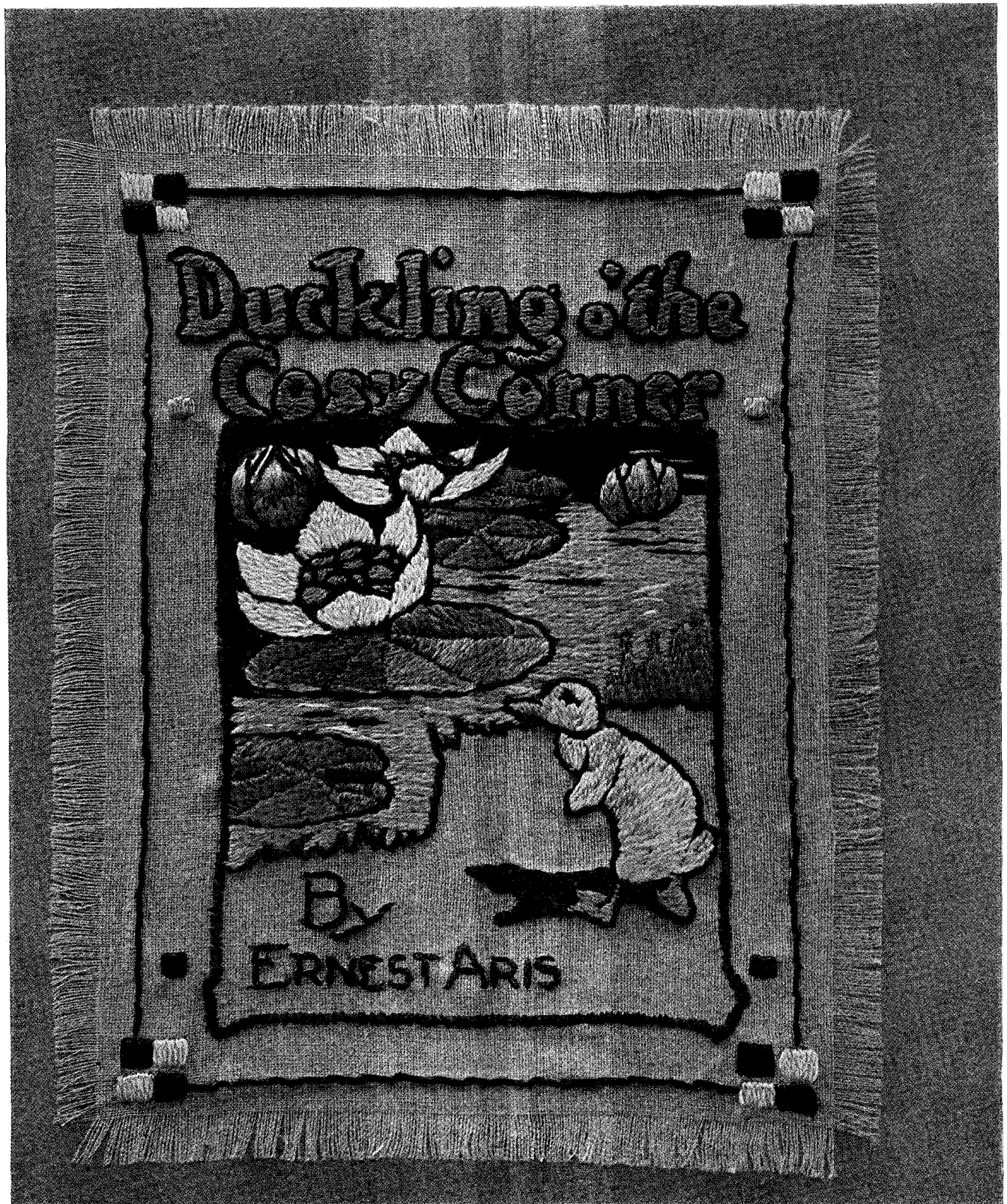
PANEL FROM DRAWING-ROOM CEILING, SPEKE HALL,
LANCASHIRE. LAST YEAR OF SIXTEENTH, OR EARLY
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

particular verse to select for quotation. "Politics; or I've Done with Lloyd George" is delicious; but so too is "I Wouldn't Be Too Lady-Like . . ." in which one nursemaid gives advice to another. This begins:

"I wouldn't be too lady-like in love if I were you.
I used to sit in this here park with somebody I knew;
And he was very fond of me, and I was fond of Joe,
And yet we got no forrarder in seven years or so.

And so he married Mabel Bott—
And all because I acted like a lady."

No matter what subject Mr. Herbert touches, he touches it gaily, deftly, and so good-humouredly that he makes of it food for laughter. "She-Shanties" is a lively, sparkling book, attractively illustrated by A. K. Zinkeisen.



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VICTORIAN PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN

By JULIA MARGARET CAMERON. 2 guineas. (Hogarth Press.)

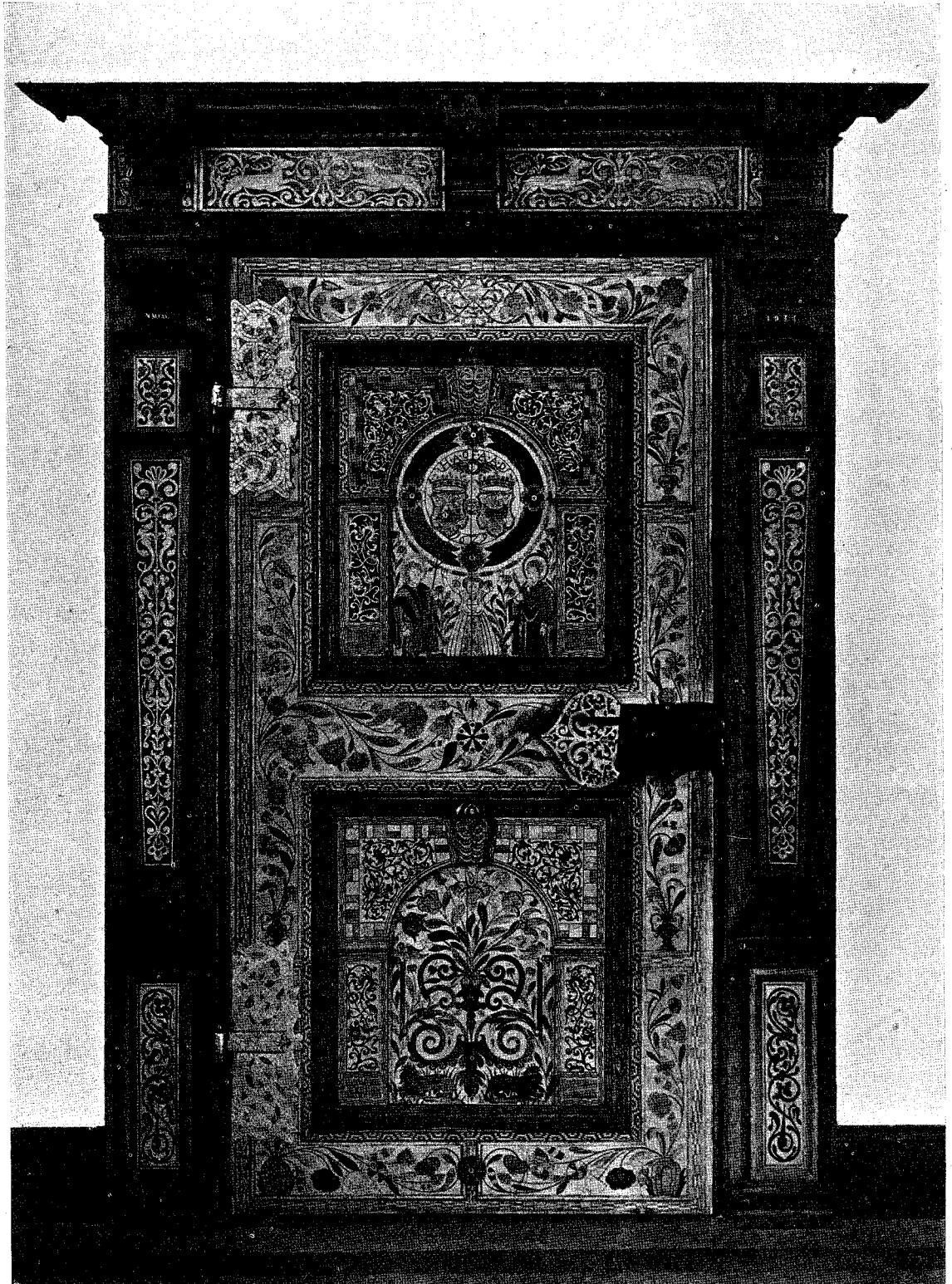
Wonderful specimens of Victorian photography are shown in this uncommonly interesting book. Besides the photographs the book contains a vividly written introduction by Virginia Woolf recreating for us the eccentric and energetic personality of Julia Margaret Cameron. Miss Woolf's brief word pictures are perfect, and her sense of humour delicious. A second introduction to the book, by Roger Fry, deals with Mrs. Cameron's skill as a photographer, and is also full of interest. Altogether this is a well produced and a very attractive book.

THE GARDENS OF GOOD HOPE.

By MARION
CRAN. 10s. 6d.
(Herbert
Jenkins.)

"Lovers of the soil are kin the whole world over," says Mrs. Cran. But it is more than love of the soil that makes her writings so interesting, gives them such a personal appeal—it is love of humanity. She loves life, and people, and both are to be found in abundance in her new book. She has gone to South Africa for her material this time, and rich, colourful material it is! "All day long the sun pours hot rays down the steep hill-side, down kloof and crag, till the little farm in the hollow below, growing its sweet herbs, its wild geraniums, mint, lavender, marjoram, verbena, slanjbos, rosemary, carnations, violets, and wild

sages, brims like a full bowl with rich scents. When a wind stirs in the red gums by the road-side above, some of them overflow, and spill abroad. . . ." This is part of a vivid picture she gives of a flower farm in the hills. The book is of course delightfully written—intimate, humorous, full of sympathy; one is not surprised that such an author is always receiving letters from lovers of the land. "The



From The Practical Decoration of Furniture
By H. P. Shapland, A.R.I.B.A.
(Benn).

RICHLY INLAID DOOR, 1629.

Gardens of Good Hope" will bring her many more. There are several magnificent photographs of gardens and gardeners, and other things besides, dividing between them the honours of beauty and humour.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

THE HOME OF THE MONK.

By the REV. D. H. S. CRANAGE. With illustrations. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This book strikes one at once as being a labour of love. And the buildings in which the monks and canons of the past lived and worshipped, worked and died, are so well worthy of admiration and search, that it can be thoroughly understood how living and intense a man's interest may become as he patiently, gradually re-constructs the homes and lives of those devoted recluses. It is always, to some of us, a humbling hour when we look upon the buildings or ruins of the past and realise how far more beautiful and strongly built they were than the structures which we, with all our inventions and years of civilised culture, build to-day. Mr. Cranage must, we think, have realised that truth, but, he was led to examine, search, read and, in imagination, raise again the stately buildings, fill them again with living men, and watch them as they go about their daily tasks, some homely men, some devout, or cheerful, or polished, or scholarly. There were feasts as well as fasts, hospitality as well as seclusion. Mr. Cranage has read widely; he has the seeing mind's-eye, and he lifts what might have been a dry chronicle of past architectural and monastical rules, to a level which brings before his readers a living community. Very interesting is his apt quotation about the Infirmary, or "Farmery, and the attitude of the Warden of the Order to the suffering

men." "He, pitying them like a mother" . . . "let him constrain them with maternal solicitude," and so forth. Space forbids us to quote and show how vivid these chapters are, and beyond that they are full of the results of genuine research, with information, plans, and a valuable, if short, bibliography.



From *Alcmenes and the Establishment of the Classical Type in Greek Art*
By Sir Charles Walston
(Cambridge University Press).

EIRENE WITH INFANT.
(At Munich.)

THE RUBAI- YAT OF A SCOTCH TERRIER.

By SEWELL
COLLINS.
3s. 6d.
(Grant
Richards.)

There are humour and pathos in this record, in drawings and verse, of a dog that has evidently been dearly loved and intimately understood by his master. The dedication, "To the Memory of 'Socks,'" will go to the heart of every dog-lover who has lost some dear dog-friend of his own, and who, consequently, will all the more appreciate the amusing intelligence of the little Scotch terrier so cleverly depicted in the twenty-two pictures by Mr. Sewell Collins. No less clever is the Omar Khayyam parody, beginning:

"Wake! For the sun wherein I love to snore
Has, like an Eiderdown, slid off me to the floor;

And I a drowsy Step or Two must creep
And flop into its gentle Warmth once more."

And, after describing incidents of canine life, goes on—

"And when that Time comes, Master, if in vain
I seek a Paradise for Dogs, I fain
(If, as some say, there's no such Place for me),
Would dwell just in your Thoughts—and not complain."

A book of rare charm and artistic merit.

ON REPLICAS.*

The idea of issuing replicas of first editions of famous books is an excellent one, and the four volumes recently sent out by Mr. Noel Douglas indicate that it will be prosecuted with taste and discrimination. In such a field Mr. Noel Douglas continues and even develops the useful work already begun by the Oxford University Press on somewhat similar lines: but his scheme, of necessity, includes neither the introductions nor the notes making the earlier productions so valuable. First editions—such as those reproduced—are always beyond the means of the average bookman—who frequently enough is passing rich in

Museum—are excellent. It is to be hoped that the publisher's venture will prove successful, and that it will not be confined exclusively to masterpieces in verse. A replica of the first edition of the "Essays of Elia" would form an intriguing complement to Keats's "Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes and other Poems" of 1820. Indeed a contemplation of the possibilities afforded by the series causes the mouth to water.

The pleasure derived from a perusal of first editions is not altogether a typographical pleasure. It is easier to read Shakespeare's sonnets in a modern issue, revised and spelt according to the custom of our day, than it is to follow them in the format now before me. Easy reading



From Old Bow Porcelain
By Frank Hurlbutt
(Bell & Sons).

WHITE GLAZED SAUCEBOAT, WITH MOULDED DECORATION
AND DRAGON HANDLES, DECORATED IN GOLD.

poverty—and sometimes are incapable of purchase even by the American millionaire. Now, at a moderate price, the student may acquire a facsimile reprint of Shakespeare's "Sonnets" of 1609, or of the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1798, to say nothing of such lesser treasures as Donne's "First and Second Anniversaries" and Blake's "Poetical Sketches." The two latter books are of course extremely interesting, but the Blake quite possibly was selected because of certain "spiritual affinities" to be traced between the "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Poetical Sketches" of 1783. The volumes of the ordinary edition already issued look very attractive in their white binding; and the photographic results—from copies in the British

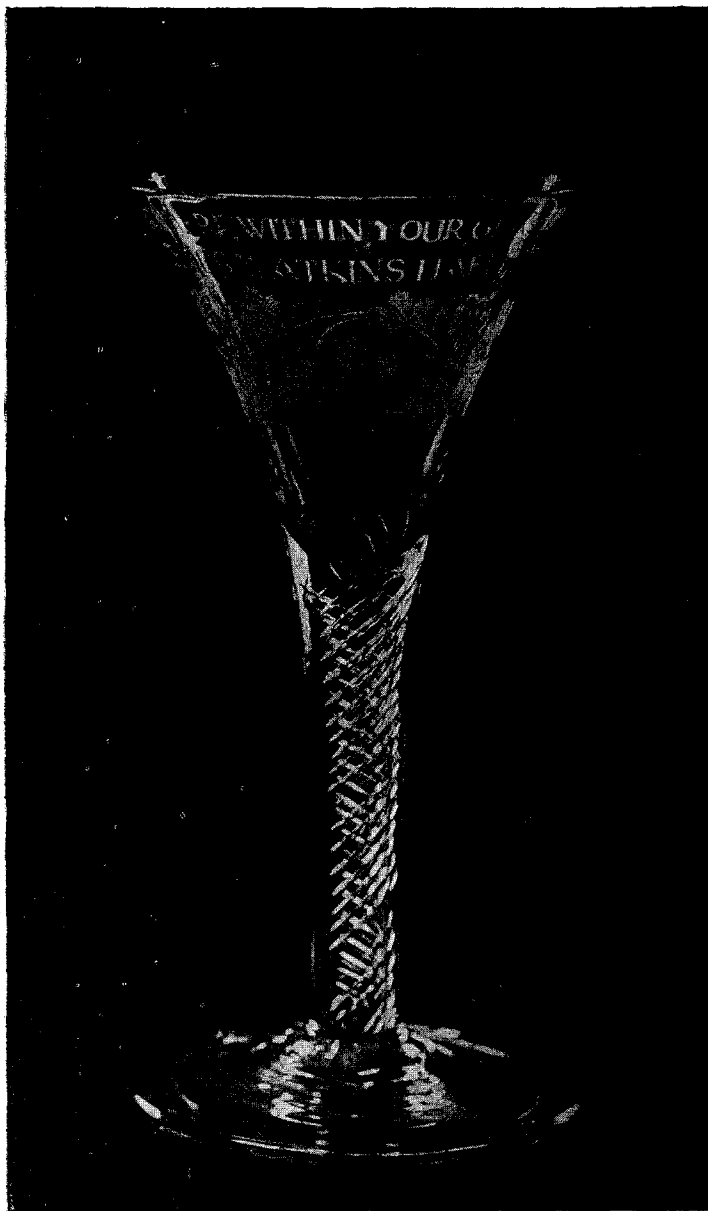
is not the purpose of such volumes. Putting aside their usefulness, and even their necessity, as critical apparatus, first editions (or facsimiles, such as these) have the inestimable advantage of enabling the fitting reader to detach himself from his time, and project himself into the period when the book was first issued from the press. Then by realising what his reading must have been at that date, an interested and intelligent student can appreciate the reaction he would have experienced towards the volume in his hand.

Take for instance the "Lyrical Ballads" by Wordsworth and Coleridge, justly considered now by all competent critics as one of the supreme peaks of our literature. Here is a book of poems, bearing no author's name upon the title page, published in a provincial town, and prefaced by a revolutionary and singular foreword, written in the singular person. This book of verses would be approached by way of such brilliantly artificial writers as Pope; such respectable, but pedestrian, moralists as Johnson and

* "Shakespeare's Sonnets." Limited edition, £1 11s. 6d. Ordinary edition, 5s.—"Donne's First and Second Anniversaries." Limited edition, £1 11s. 6d. Ordinary edition, 6s.—"Blake's Poetical Sketches." Limited edition, £1 5s. Ordinary edition, 4s. 6d. "Lyrical Ballads." Limited edition (250 copies), £2 2s. Ordinary edition, 9s. (Noel Douglas Replicas.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

Cowper and Crabbe: such dignified and sober stylists as Gray. Are we sure that under these conditions our critical integrity would recognise in "The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere" a ballad comparable in magic and beauty with the finest of the Border Ballads; or be persuaded that in "Tintern Abbey" an interpretation of nature was essayed richer than any previously attempted in poetry? We see these things clearly now, but then! Between the first and the last poems of "Lyrical Ballads" was included much disputable stuff—"The Idiot Boy," for example. It is a horrid thought, but can we free ourselves from the uneasy suspicion that we—even we—might have sympathised with the view of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and, like Byron, considered the poet the hero of his story? Might we not have been included amongst



From Old English Drinking Glasses
By Grant F. Francis
(Herbert Jenkins).

AN EARLY AIR-TWIST
GLASS WITH FOLDED
FOOT, 1730-1740.

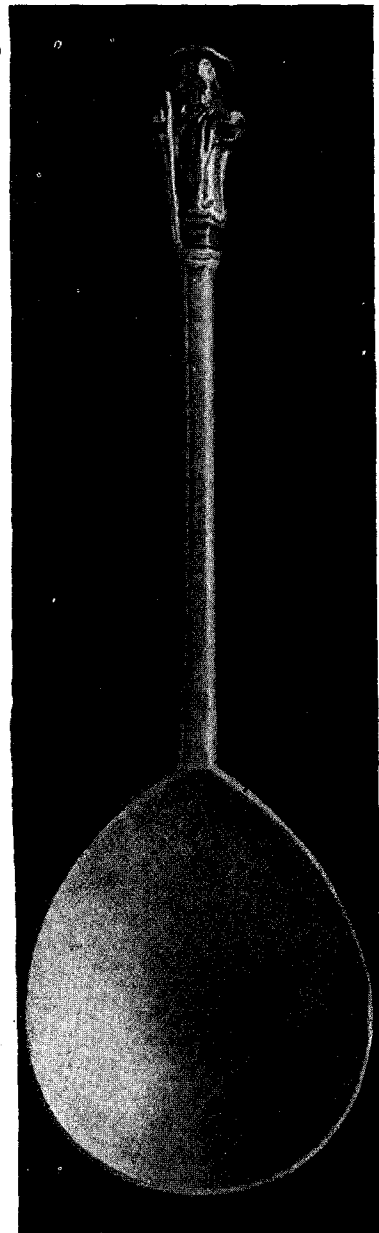
those "readers of superior judgment" of whom Wordsworth speaks in his preface, who deluded by the "gaudiness and inane phraseology" of certain modern writers, made the great refusal, and turned away from the most wonderful poetry of their time. There, but for the grace of God goes —. Yes, there is much virtue in replicas such as these.

EUGENE MASON.

LEGENDS OF THE FENLAND PEOPLE.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

One would expect the lonely Fen Country of East Anglia to yield a plentiful crop of eerie legends rich in ghost-lore



From Old Silver Spoons of England
By Norman Gask
(Herbert Jenkins).

and witchcraft, and this entertaining collection more than bears out the expectation. For the hundred who know the story of Hereward the Wake, how many are there, we wonder, who have heard of the exploits of Hickathrift the giant of Tilney Marsh? Fortunately, Hickathrift was on the side of "law and order," and the sheriff enlisted his aid to quell an insurrection in the Isle of Ely. Accompanied by his tinker friend, Master Hickathrift fell upon upwards of two thousand men with their clubs and put the whole army to flight. "The tinker smote off the head of a man so that it flew fourteen yards and killed the chief leader of the rebels; while Master Hickathrift, being tired of his club, laid hold of a raw-boned miller and hit with him right and left to the general amazement of the beholders." Not less fascinating, though wholly different in subject-matter, is the chapter on those unfortunate women, the witches of Warboys, with its revelation of sixteenth century credulity and superstition.



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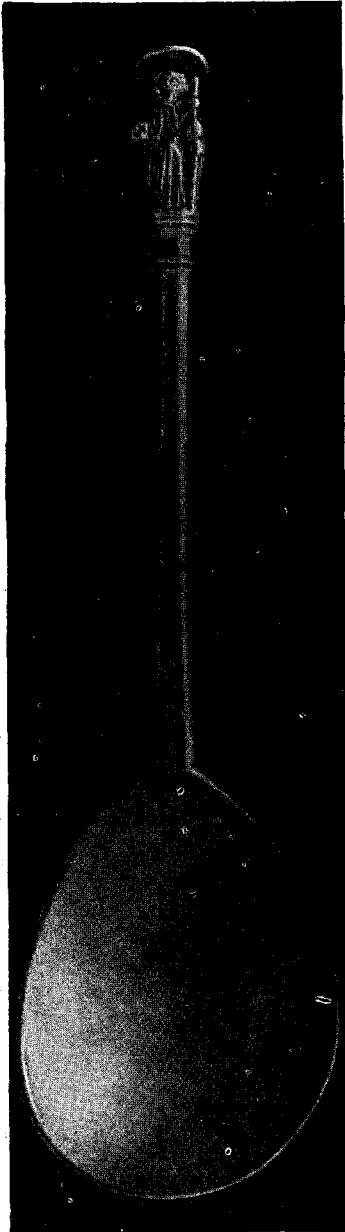
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SPLENDID WAY.

By W. E. CULE. 6s. (R.T.S.)

A religious story for young folk, a kind of modern Pilgrim's Progress. We open with the young lad Constant, squire to a fine old knight Sir Fortis, eager and chivalrous, and longing to enlist under the banners of a good and great king. "It is my glory," says the old man to the young



A GILT APOSTLE SPOON.
One of a set from the Bernal Collection.
St. Philip with a long staff and a book.
From Old Silver Spoons of England
By Norman Gask
(Herbert Jenkins).

one, "to lead thee to that Service which every man who enters must enter for himself. To that mystic place shalt thou go which is called the Chapel of Voices, and there thou shalt watch by thy arms, bearing with a high courage all that the night may bring. And there, if thou be true and steadfast, thou shalt see that vision without which no man can be worthy of the Great Name." Constant watches, sees the Vision, pledges himself and sets out on a pilgrimage. In no time he is beguiled into a dangerous castle and has to use his trusty sword. Boys and girls with a taste for an imaginative book will follow the adventures of Constant through the Valley of Toil and the Forest of Burdens with considerable interest.

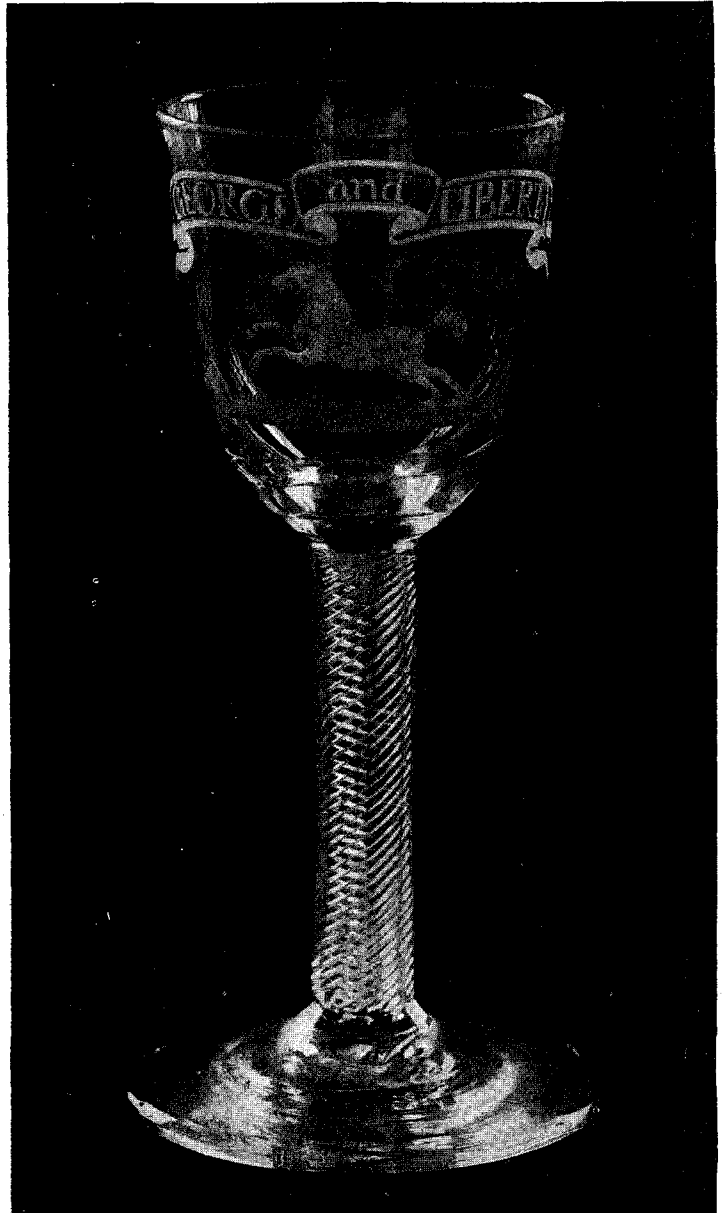
THE RESTITUTION OF THE BRIDE,
AND OTHER STORIES FROM
THE CHINESE.

Translated by E. BUTTS HOWELL. 10s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

CHINESE FANTASTICS.

By THOMAS STEEP. 10s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

Was the Abbé Prévost a plagiarist? Must he, at this late hour, be deprived of his chief laurel as the author of "Manon Lescaut"? Such questions can hardly fail to suggest themselves to the reader of "The Courtesan," one



From Old English Drinking Glasses
By Grant F. Francis
(Herbert Jenkins).

**A RARE EXAMPLE OF THE
HANOVERIAN COUNTER-
BLAST TO THE JACOBITE
MOVEMENT.**

of the six stories comprised in Mr. Howell's fascinating translations from a collection of Chinese tales published between 1632 and 1644. Granting a certain transposition of incidents and character, the outstanding qualities of the French and Chinese stories are startlingly alike. In the Chinese version it is the courtesan rather than the lover who is the model of faithfulness, even unto death; in other respects it presents, in miniature, as moving a picture of overmastering passion as "Manon Lescaut." What higher praise could be given? And it is a singular fact that the effect of the story is heightened by those numerous little touches of racial peculiarities which betray its Oriental origin. Equally arresting for different qualities are all the



A shower of stones and shells fell on the monk

From *Thaïs*
By Anatole France
(John Lane).

"A SHOWER OF STONES AND SHELLS
FELL ON THE MONK."

other stories, from the virtue rewarded of "The Restitution of the Bride" to the apotheosis of friendship in "The Sacrifice of Yang Chiao-Ai." If the other tales in "Chin Ku Ch'i Kuan" are of equal merit, Mr. Howell should complete the collection without delay.

As a companion volume, or an introduction, nothing could be more illuminating for the Western reader than Mr. Steep's "Chinese Fantastics," for this is a well-stored collection of just those racial differences which constitute part of the gulf between East and West. It is not merely that the Orientals differ from us in outward forms and customs; cleavage goes deeper into emotional and mental processes. The Chinese are careless in measurement of time and distance; they are oblivious of "nerves"; religion in the Western sense is unknown. For, Mr. Steep explains, Confucianism is an ethical system, dealing only with temporal affairs. Perhaps it is Chinese faith in predestination which explains why the Celestials regard political reform with such placid indifference, and are in no hurry about the development of a stable form of government. "It is not a thing to be done in haste. Better take a couple of centuries. Meanwhile, there is time for the pigeons and fishes. Or let us fly a kite." Such is the nature of the people whom Mr. Howell shows us—in love, in rivalry or friendship.

WHAT CHRIST MEANS TO ME.

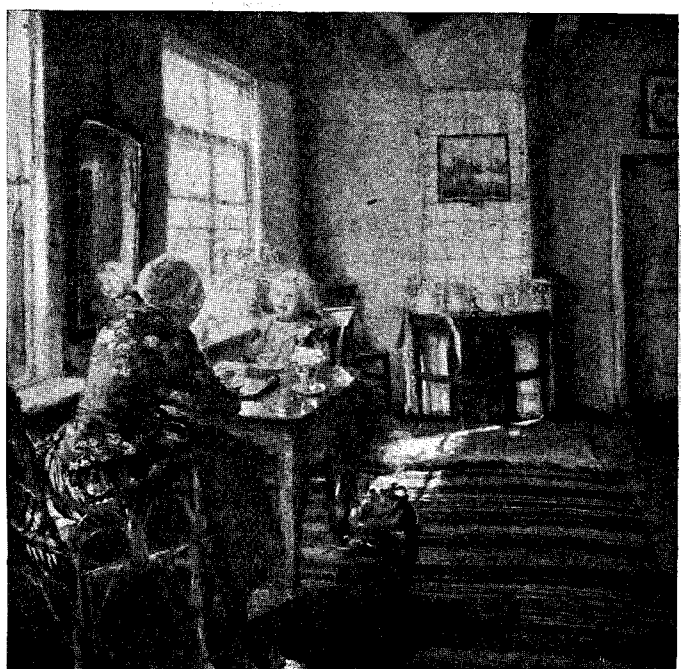
By WILFRED THOMASON GRENFELL. 2s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Anything from the pen of Dr. Grenfell is sure to reflect the fine, manly qualities so well revealed in the man himself and in his remarkable career. In this little book he gives a brief outline of his early life (through which shines the noble spirit of a much-loved mother). He relates how he gradually came, through his hospital training, to realise the possibilities of "making new men, instead of only new legs, the morally lame, as well as the physically lame, walk straight once more." It is an inspiration to follow the various steps by which Dr. Grenfell was led to his life work, and the whole of this little book resolves itself into an amplification of the title.

POEMS SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Edited by FREDERIC W. ROBINSON. 3s. 6d.
(University of London Press.)

Besides being admirably adapted for the immediate scholastic purpose for which it has been prepared, this little volume may be warmly commended to the general reader as an excellent introduction to the study of Browning. The poems selected are typical of the wide range of his work, and the critical apparatus is informing and judicial. A brief sketch of the poet's life is followed by concise discussions of his views on art and music, nature and life; and there is a useful little essay on the literary forms he affected. Mr. Robinson finds that optimism is a dominant quality of Browning's faith, and that he was "one of the large number of Christians outside the Churches"; while he rightly insists that his "genius was essentially dramatic." The notes on the poems are unusually full and are enriched by questions which must help the student to get to the core of the poet's message.



From *Florence Upton*
By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton
(Longmans).

THE YELLOW ROOM.

ZADIG AND OTHER ROMANCES BY VOLTAIRE.

Translated by H. I. WOOLF and WILFRID S. JACKSON.
Illustrated by HENRY KEEN. 16s. (Bodley Head.)

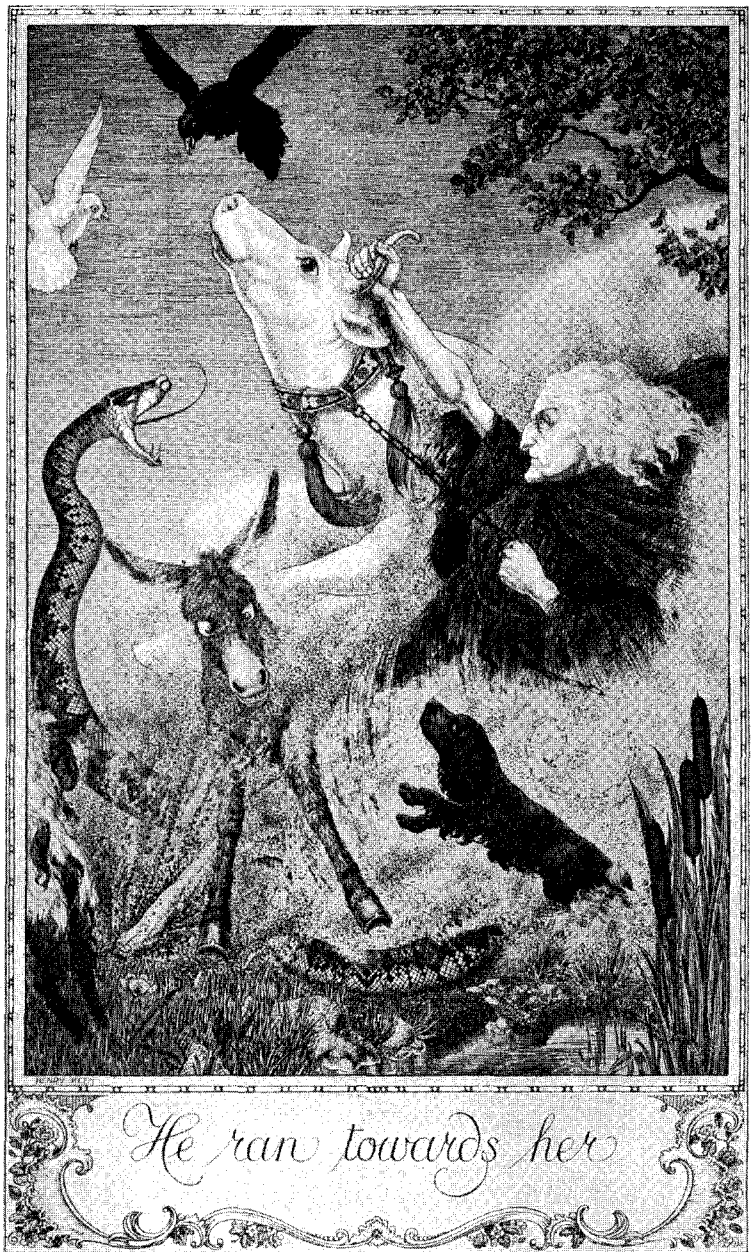
As the two tales have frequently been published together—their original appearance was practically simultaneous—Voltaire's "Candide" is as familiar to the reader of English as Johnson's "Rasselas." Few however are aware that "Candide" is but one example of the short story as utilised by Voltaire in his campaign against the intolerance and other evils of his age. That the additional fables are as characteristic of their author is fully demonstrated by this handsome volume, the contents of which justify Mr. Woolf in insisting upon their symbolism. There is the authority of Voltaire himself for a between-the-lines meaning, for besides the dedication of "Zadig" asserting that the tale "says more than it seems to say," does not the lively Princess Amaside assure the tale-telling Serpent that she preferred a story in which "under the clothing of fable, those who use their eyes may see in it some subtle truth which escapes the vulgar"? But these tales will be found enjoyable by those who have no penchant for esoteric meanings, and their pleasure will be enhanced by the Voltairean illustrations of Mr. Henry Keen.

PASTICHE :

A Music-room Book.

By YVONNE CLOUD and EDMUND X. KAPP. 42s.
(Faber & Gwyer.)

Like all of Mr. Edmund X. Kapp's more recent work, the twenty-eight drawings in this delightful music-room book illustrate that rare combination in him of caricature and poetic sensitiveness. Unlike such pure caricaturists as "Max," he does not merely gain his point by artistically comic emphasis; he adds to his emphasis a sympathy that is nearer to portraiture. The drawing in this book of Sir Henry Wood (how many times has Sir Henry inspired the artist's pencil?) is an instance in point; here is all



From *Zadig and Other Romances*
By Voltaire
(John Lane).

"HE RAN TOWARDS HER."



From *Funeral Customs*
By Bertram Puckle
(Werner Laurie).

THE COMPANY OF
UNDERTAKERS.

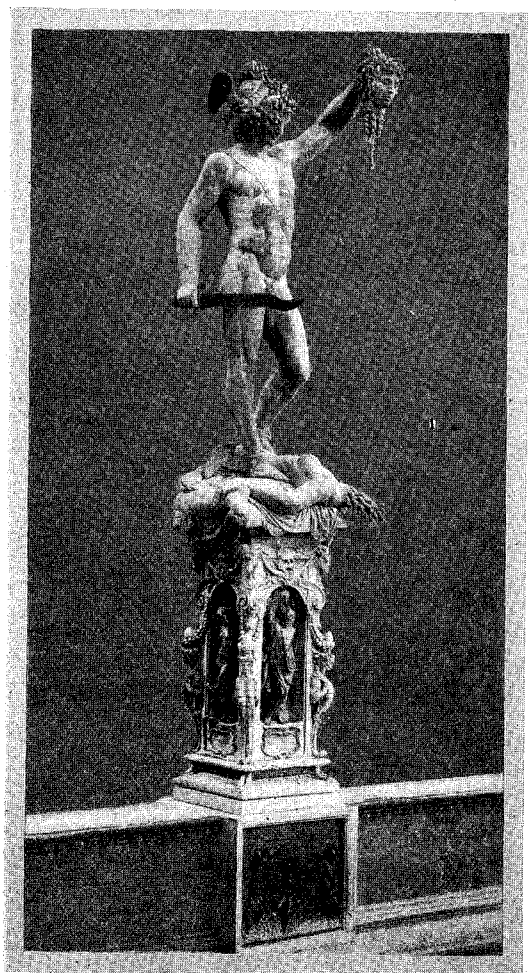
the emphasis of the wanton sweeping lock, the pointed finger-tips, the flopping bow; but see in Mr. Kapp's drawing how those fingers, curled and sensitive, seem to be verily conjuring out the music, and how the curves of hair and tie and body express just Sir Henry's well-rounded full performance! Or take the fine drawing of Arnold Dolmetsch, so rich with the tone of soft recorders, and Harriet Cohen, whose playing, like the first tang of spring before any sleepy warmth has crept into it, is perfectly caught in the artist's lines. Of all the portrait drawings, only that of Rabindranath Tagore, chanting, seems not quite successful; the silence and oriental poise of the poet are perhaps too quiet for the pencil of Mr. Kapp. The drawings are not all portraits however; there are several subject-pictures as well, catching musical moods as various as that typified in the fiddler of "Lonely Road," sweeping his strings beneath a barren sky, or in the furious blare of "Symphony Concert—Tutti." And each drawing is accompanied by a letterpress chosen most aptly, since like the drawings themselves it combines a hint of satire with a more humanist note, from work of all times and places. Each copy of the work (and there are 750 copies for sale) is autographed by artist and author, and the whole is most tastefully produced. We cannot imagine a more welcome gift to a musical friend. (See page 204.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

By ALBERT LAVIGNAC. 12s. 6d. (Putnams.)

There were good reasons for issuing a new edition of M. Albert Lavignac's "Music and Musicians," but there



From The Life of Benvenuto Cellini
(Dent).

THE PERSEUS, WITH
THE HEAD OF THE
MEDUSA.

seems little justification for the appendix by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel "on the present state of the art of music," since the "present" ignores Stravinsky, Schönberg, Ravel, Scriabin and Schrecker — not to mention our own middle-aged composers of originality — and speaks of Sir Edward Elgar as if he were a rising young musician! M. Lavignac's treatise inevitably reveals a somewhat old-fashioned point of view, but he is dealing with fundamentals which do not change, and his exhaustive descriptions of the characteristics of instruments, accompanied by accurate illustrations, are lucid and valuable. The biographical section, however, should have been brought up to date.



QUEEN ELIZABETH
(National Portrait Gallery.)
From The Prince of Poets
By S. A. E. Hickson
(Gay & Hancock).

THE TEMPEST.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. With illustrations in colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 21s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Arthur Rackham has illustrated other of the Shakespeare plays, but "The Tempest" called into being some of his most exquisite and graceful work. What a marvellous blending of the grotesque and delicate is at his command. Some of the strangest, weirdest, fairylike forms flit to and fro in his pictures, forms that seem part and parcel of the elements themselves, and delight us with their whimsical appeal. The wondrous detail and delicacy of colouring, added to the romantic and fanciful beings he has lured from the text, make of this beautiful edition a book to be treasured.



From England in Tudor Times
By L. F. Salzman,
M.A., F.S.A.
(Batsford).

AN ELIZABETHAN
DANDY.
(Painted by
Nicholas Hillyard.)

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK and MESSRS. PICKERING & INGLIS.



FRANCIS BACON AT EIGHTEEN.
From The Prince of Poets
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN;
(Gay & Hancock).

Christmas cards and calendars are, if possible, more artistic than ever this season. Messrs. Raphael Tuck are catering, as usual, for all tastes, and have many very handsome and original designs, as well as a quantity of auto-stationery notable for its simplicity and refinement. Their novelties include sets of paper d'oyleys — a useful and

acceptable form of greeting. Messrs. Pickering & Inglis are again producing a variety of attractive sacred calendars, including their admirable "Golden Grain" series.

Hutchinson & Co

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"An alluring romance of Africa,"—*Daily Chronicle* "Tells of Kenya Colony and vividly portrays extremes of European life in Darkest Africa as one who knows"—*Aberdeen Press*
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Author of "The Elder Sister," etc.
"Good narrative . . . touching, fascinating and exciting"—*Daily News*
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"A conflict of two girls who love the same man."—*Daily Chronicle*
HUTCHINSON

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Author of "The Vow of Micah Jordan," etc.
This is the tale of a man and his work, and of the woman who loved him, but who with modern caution hesitated to make the necessary sacrifice of creature comforts until life had taught her what things were really worth while. Intensely absorbing and human
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"Entertaining"—*Times*
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JARROLD

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Author of "What Came to Cinderella," etc.

"A slip of a girl who, without conscious artfulness, turns the heads of several men. Much quiet charm, humour and accomplishment . . . a pleasant story"—*Birmingham Gazette*
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"A romance of the Turf"—*Daily Chronicle*
"A busy, talkative, and very knowing novel of Turf life. The real thing"—*Dundee Courier*
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Author of "The Ace of Blades," etc.

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The Sign of Best Novels

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

DONALD MACLEOD OF GLASGOW.

A Memoir and a Study.

By SYDNEY SMITH, B.D. With portrait. 5s. (Clarke.)

To a lesser nature than that of the subject of this brief memoir it might well have been a grievance to be styled habitually "the brother of Norman." But to this large-hearted man it was never anything but a matter of pride and jest. How ably he sustained the great tradition and example of his famous brother is skilfully shown in this all too brief biography by his former assistant in the Park Church of Glasgow. During his long life of eighty-six years he attained all the highest distinctions open to a Scottish clergyman. A Royal chaplain during three reigns, he became in due course Moderator of the Church of Scotland. And he succeeded his brother in the editorial chair of *Good Words* which for quarter of a century he conducted with striking ability and success. The biography reveals

a character of singular modesty and attractiveness. It would have been easy for Mr. Smith to dwell on Dr. Macleod's professional success, but we are grateful to him for revealing in greater length the character of the man

outside the pulpit and best of all in the privacy of his home. To those who never saw him, the striking portrait will be felt to be the perfect embodiment of the character so intimately revealed in the text.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

By THOMAS
BABINGTON
MACAULAY.

Illustrated by
E. A. Cox, R.I.,
R.O.I., R.B.A.
10s. 6d. net.
(Oxford Uni-
versity Press.)

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gift-book that will certainly be welcome, for the Lays have lost none of the magic that first made them popular.



From English Stained Glass
By Herbert Read
(Putnams).

THE ANGEL APPEARING
TO THE SHEPHERDS.
SECOND HALF OF THE
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.
(Victoria and Albert Museum.)



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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

PARIS.

By SIDNEY DARK. With drawings by HENRY RUSHBURY.
25s. (Macmillan.)

There is philosophy in Mr. Sidney Dark's reflection that "everyman's Paris is his own, with its own characteristics, and is in some respects at least unlike the Paris of anyone else." That conviction however does not deter him from generalising; and he finds that the characteristic

when Mr. Dark deals with the historical and literary associations of the city. His closely packed apostrophe to the Place des Vosges, for instance, is a typical illustration of how he colours his material with his own personality. At a first glance, the drawings by Mr. Rushbury may seem more architectural than artistic; but they gain in charm with each fresh inspection.

POEMS FROM A QUIET ROOM.

By FAY INCHFAWN. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

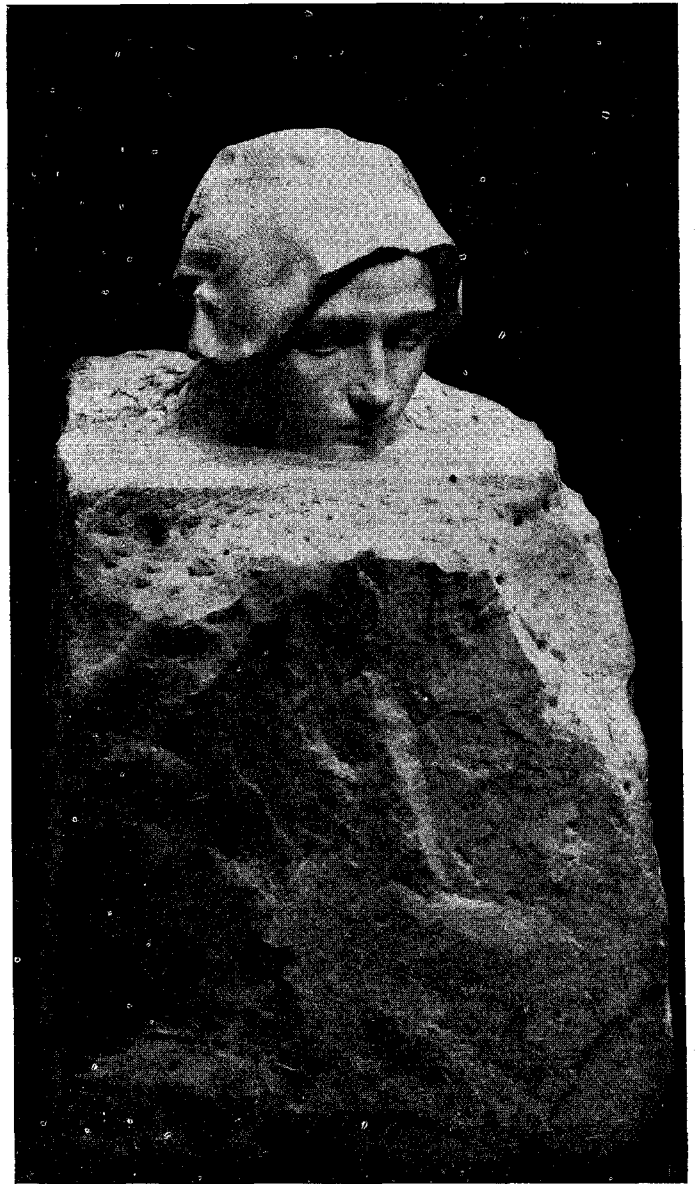
The wide public to whom Fay Inchfawn appeals are sure to welcome eagerly this new book of poems by her. It is written in the same kindly, sincere way that distinguished her former books; every subject she touches she makes interesting. An air of hope and courage pervades her



From *Art in Needlework*
By Lewis F. Day
(Batsford).

SATIN AND PLUMAGE
STITCHES.

of the French capital is that it is "a city of experience, and of the disillusionment that is generally the result of experience." That Mr. Dark is correct in his fundamental principle is clear from the fact that the chief interest of his pages is in their personal note. He opens with a reminiscence, and closes with one. The Madeleine reminds him of a night in the winter of 1915 when scores of darkly-clad men and women, "who had been praying for the repose of the souls of their dead, came down the long flight of stone steps, almost like spectres, to be lost in the darkness of the surrounding streets." And Versailles recalls that scene in the June of 1919 when Herr Müller and Herr Bell, "both strained-looking and weary, signed away all that Bismarck had won." Between those two impressions are recollections of the Restaurant Weber "where for a moderate figure the wise can dine well," of the barber's shop where Mr. Dark met the man who had "cut the hair of Hugo, Daudet and half the great French writers and painters of the last fifty years;" and of Montmartre with "the delightful memory of Lucien Boyer lunching on eggs and bacon as a delicate compliment to my nationality." Nor is that personal note missing



From *Personal Reminiscences*
of Auguste Rodin
By Anthony M. Ludovici
(John Murray).

MEDITATION (LA PENSÉE).
(Alinari Photo.)

work. She writes understandingly of the little everyday things—the joys and sorrows and perplexities that are the common lot—and therein lies her power. To many an unknown reader she must be like the friend mentioned in the last two lines of her poem, "The Ordinary Day":

"Give me a friend who'll cheer my way
Just on the ordinary day."

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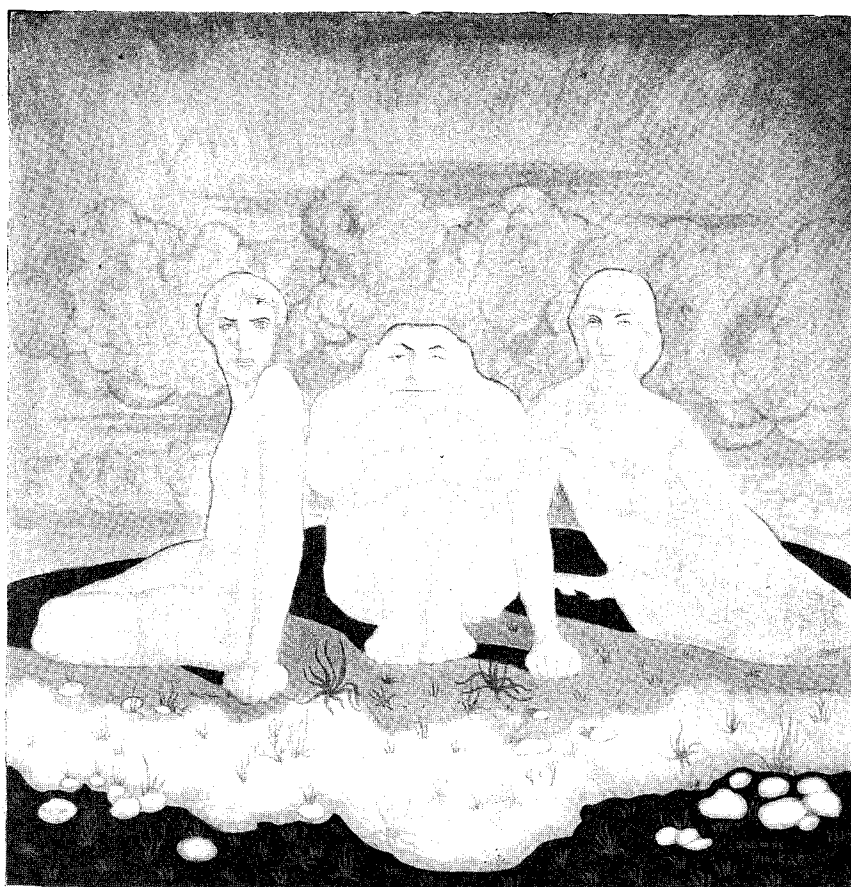


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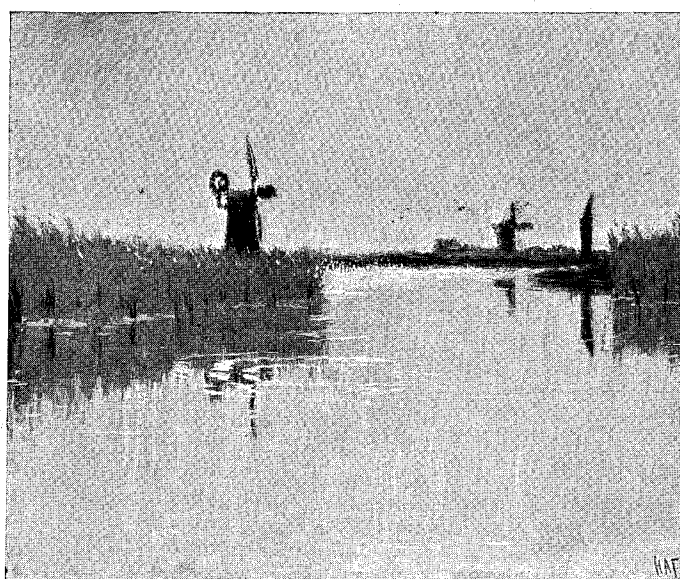
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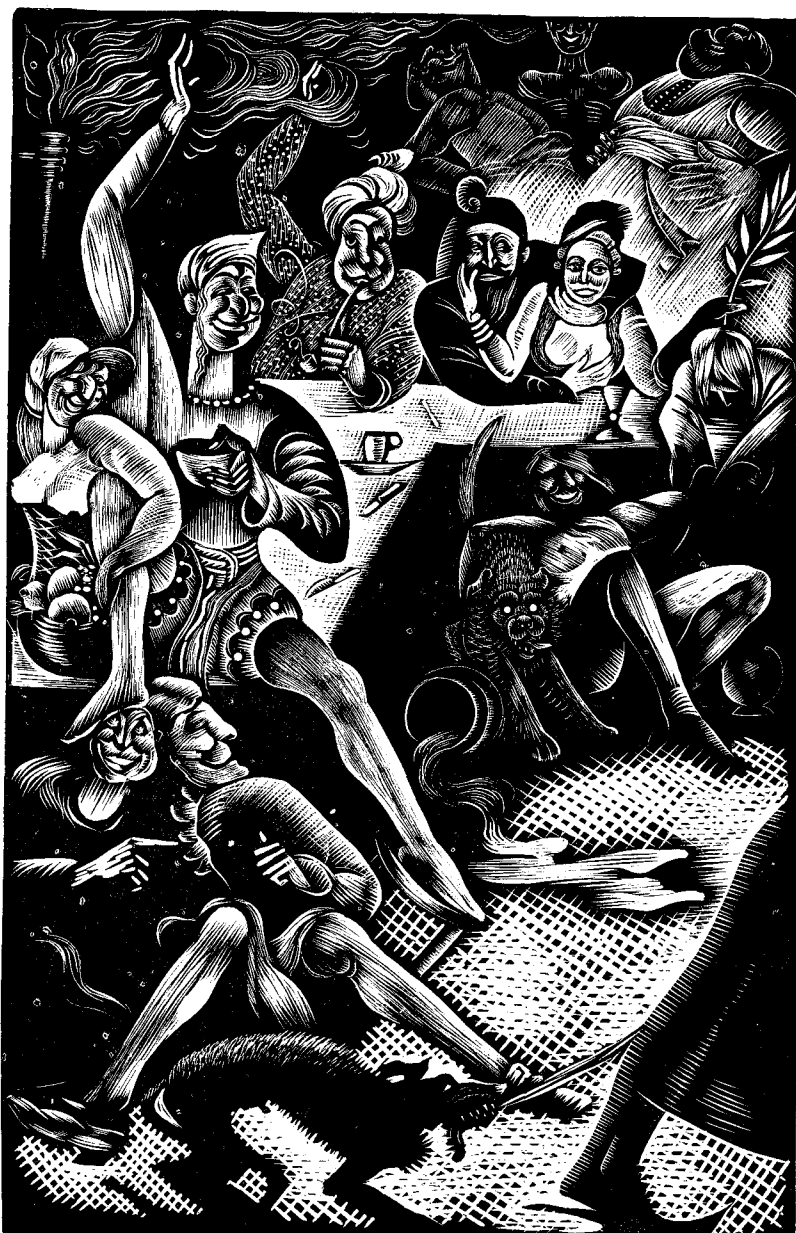
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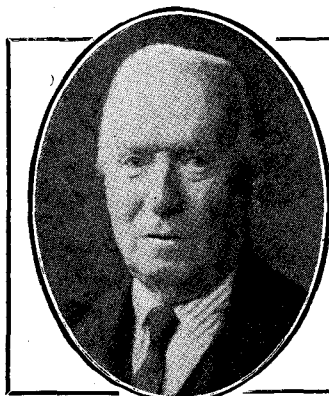
The stream of pseudo-Oriental literature, which swelled into spate after the publication of Galland's French version of "The Arabian Nights," divided into several channels; and while Beckford's "Vathek" was the most colourful of the imaginative type, "Rasselas" was noblest among the moralistic. The convention which allowed the presentation of ethical precepts under a thin Oriental veneer goes back to the beginning of the eighteenth century at least. Addison had used it often, and Johnson had done so himself in *The Rambler*. "Rasselas," tinged as it is with the heavy literalness which was the bugbear of the century, yet remains a worthy monument to Johnson's stoical pessimism. He was not "deliberately and consciously at play" when he wrote it, as Mr. Chesterton seems to think. It was written at one of the saddest moments of his life, just after the death of that mother whom he had loved so well



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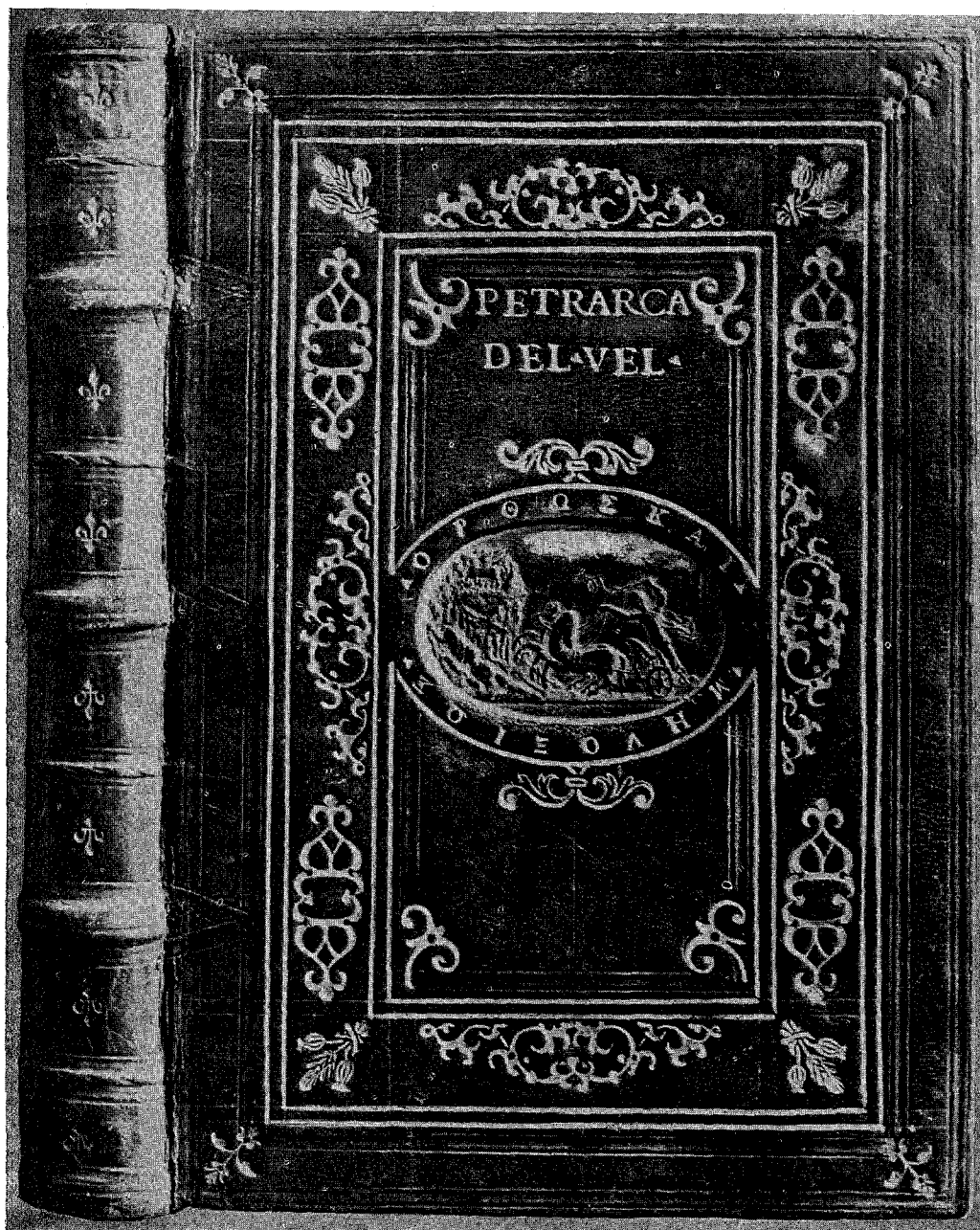
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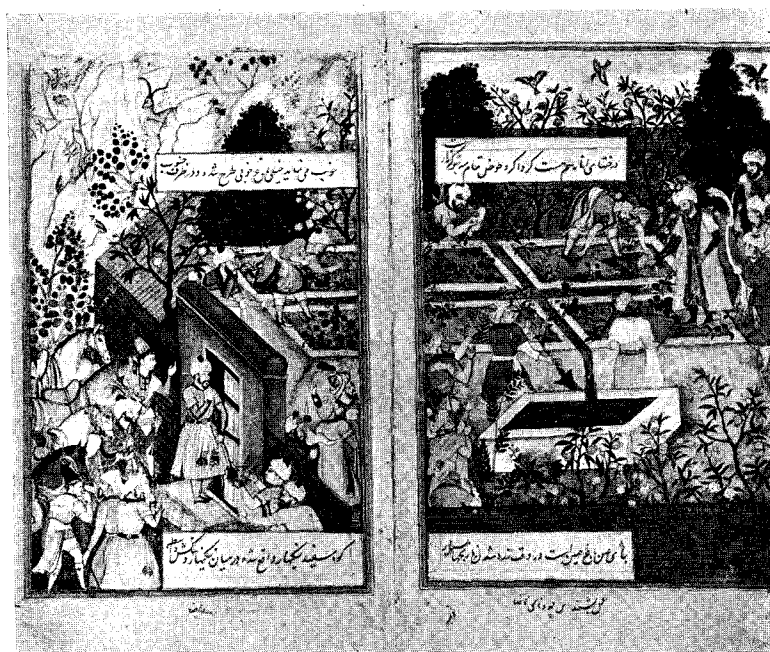
"With slow, soft feet, and misty robe she goes,
Her head half turned, to watch the fading year—
Unbound, her hair like night about her flows,
And on her lips, a smile, half sweet, half drear.

"All hopes lie hid, within her sacred gaze,
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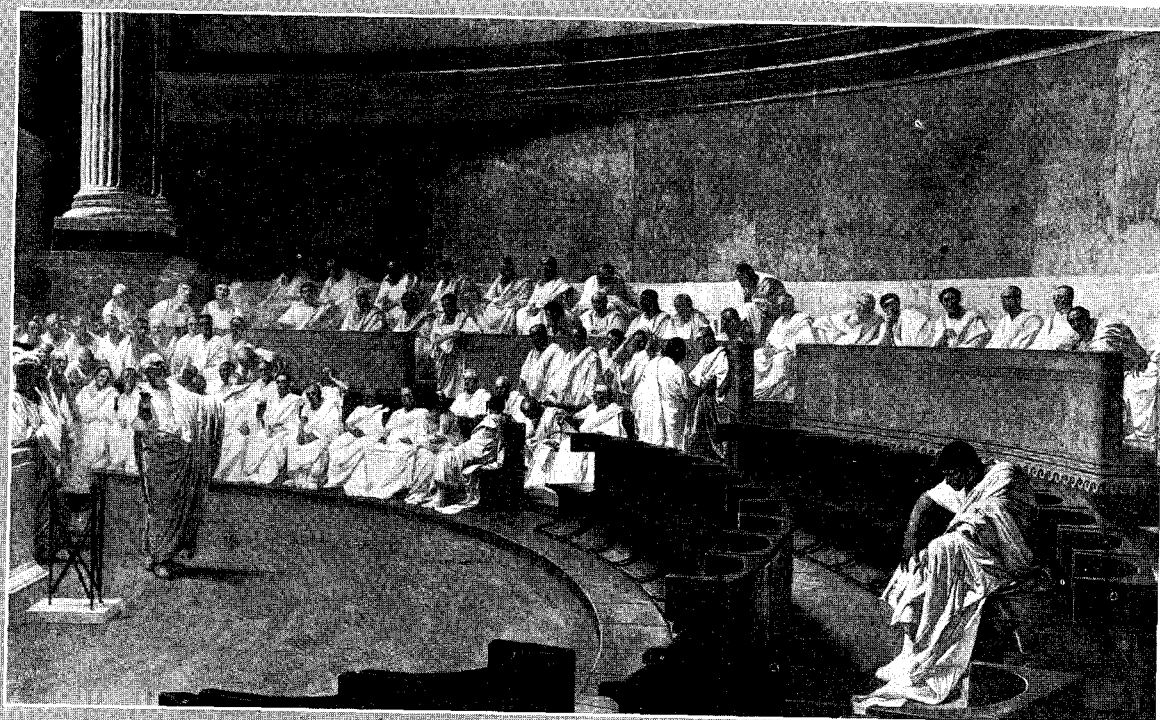


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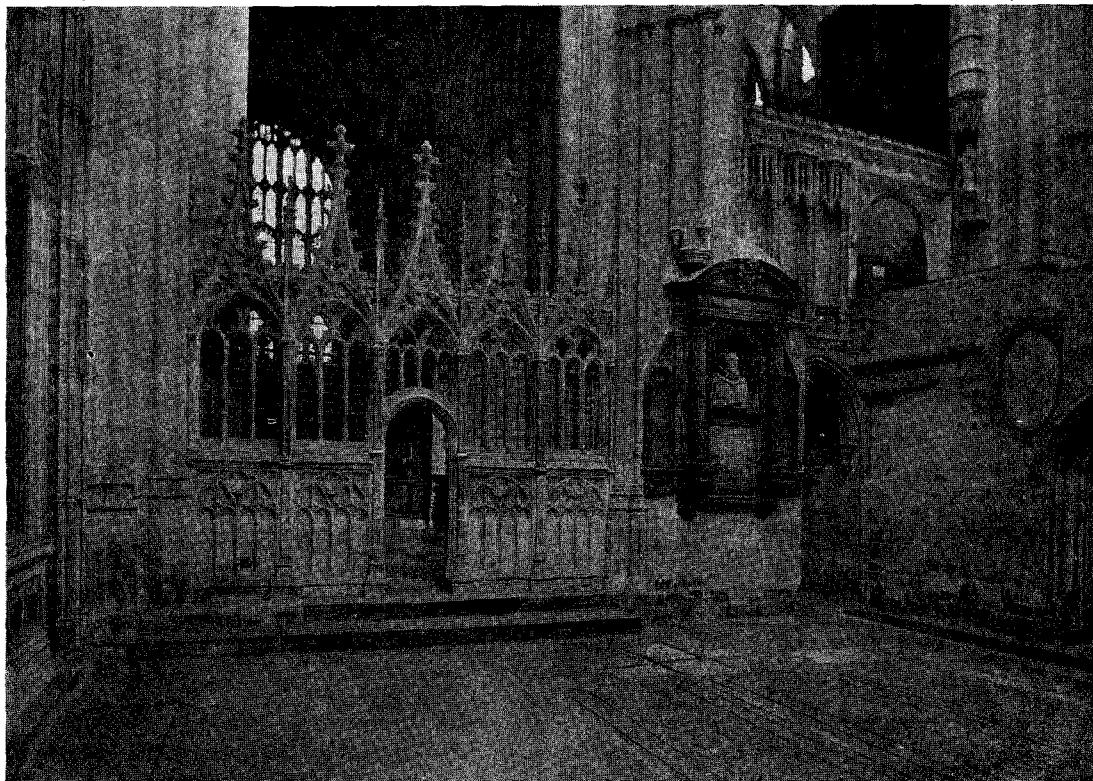
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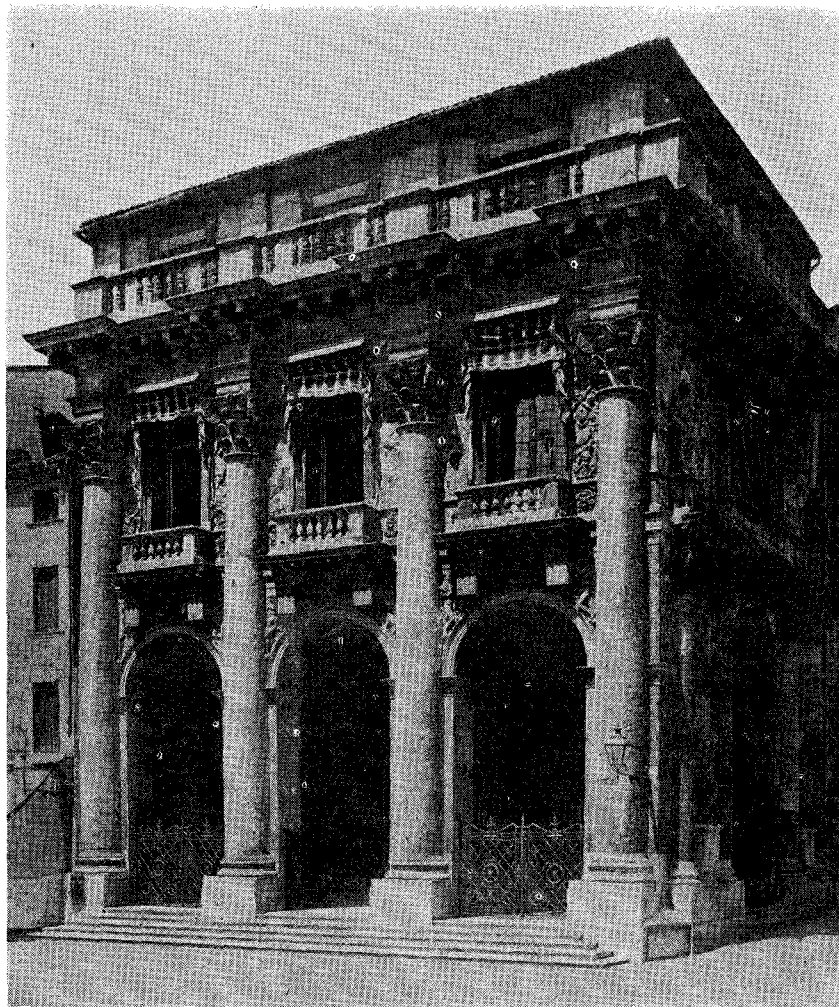
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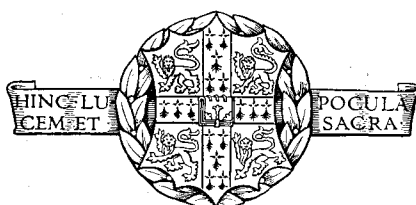
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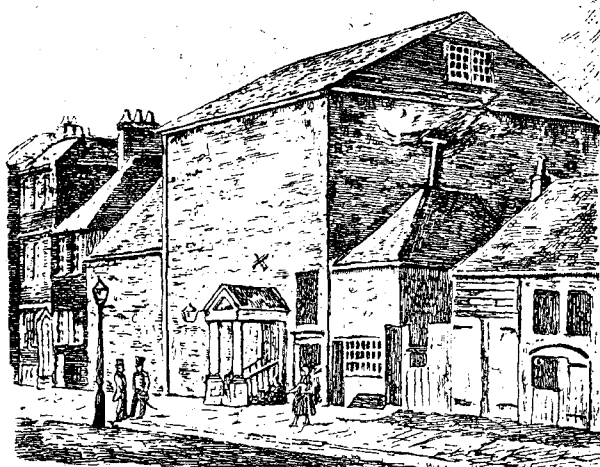


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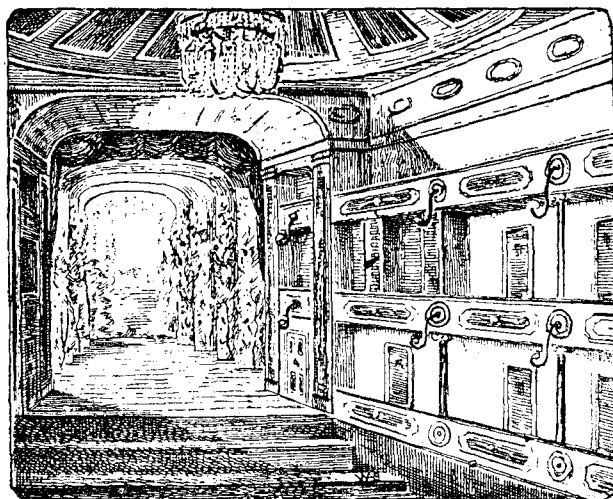
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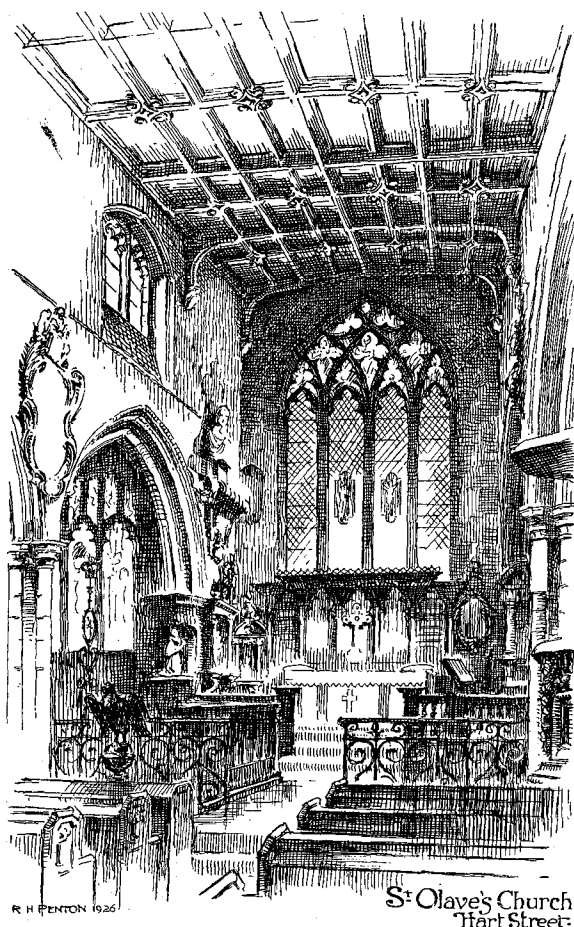
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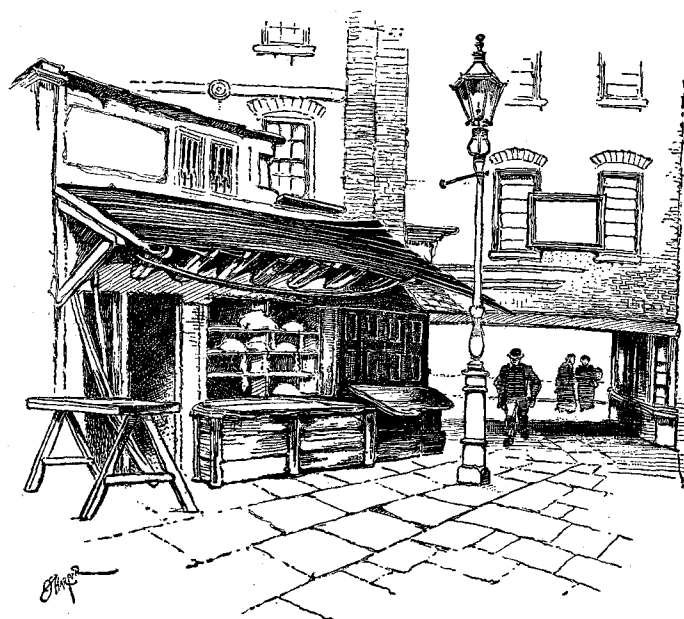
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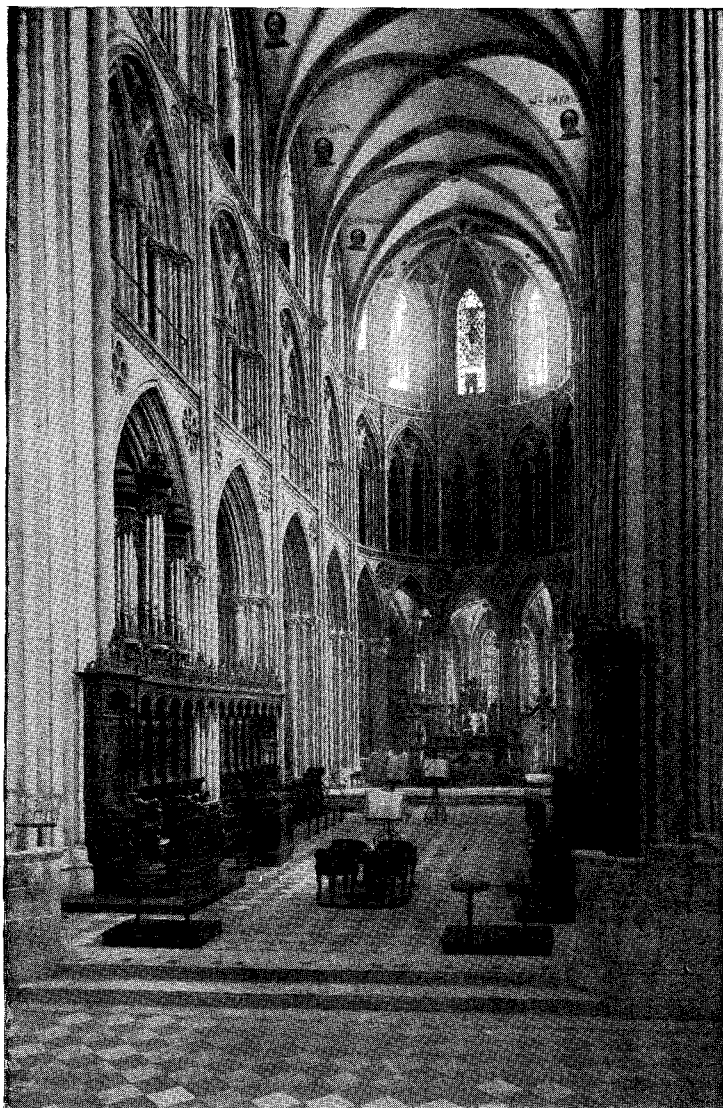
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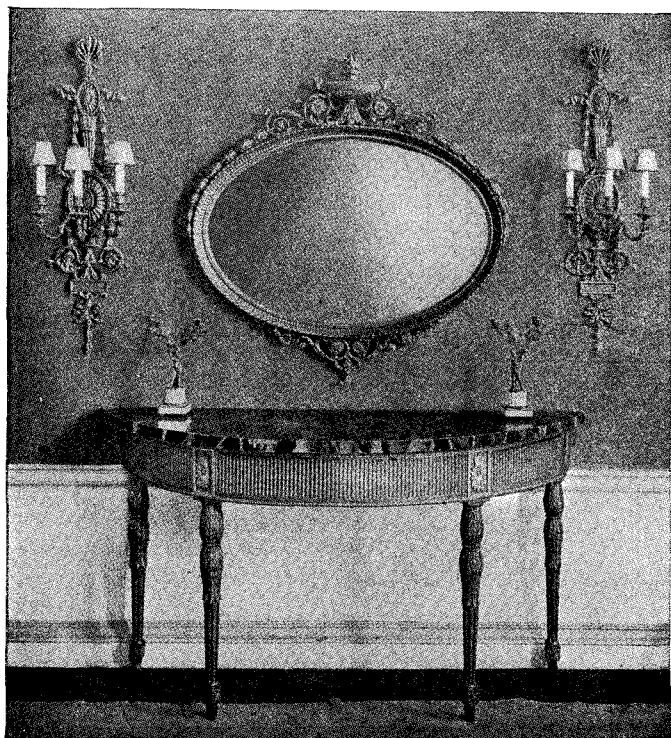
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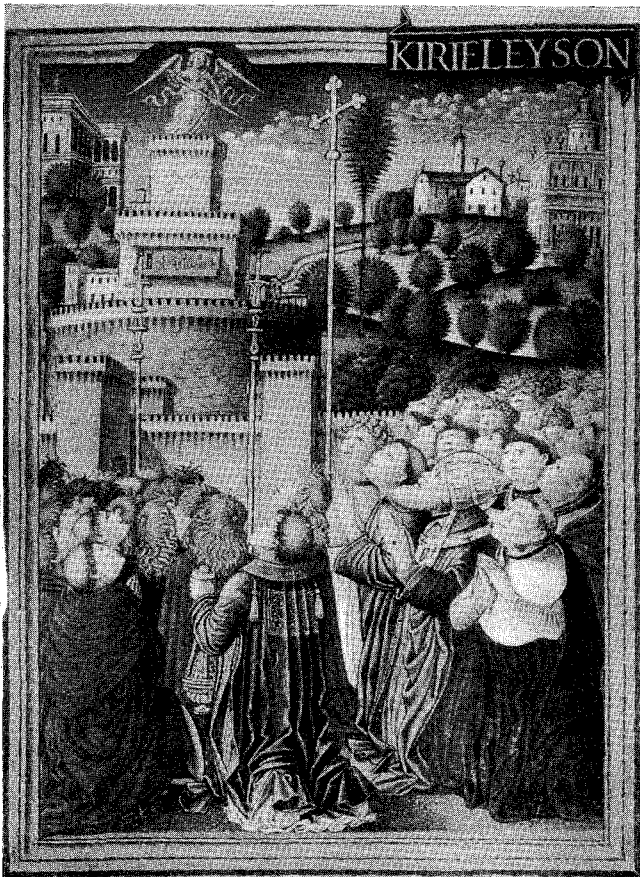
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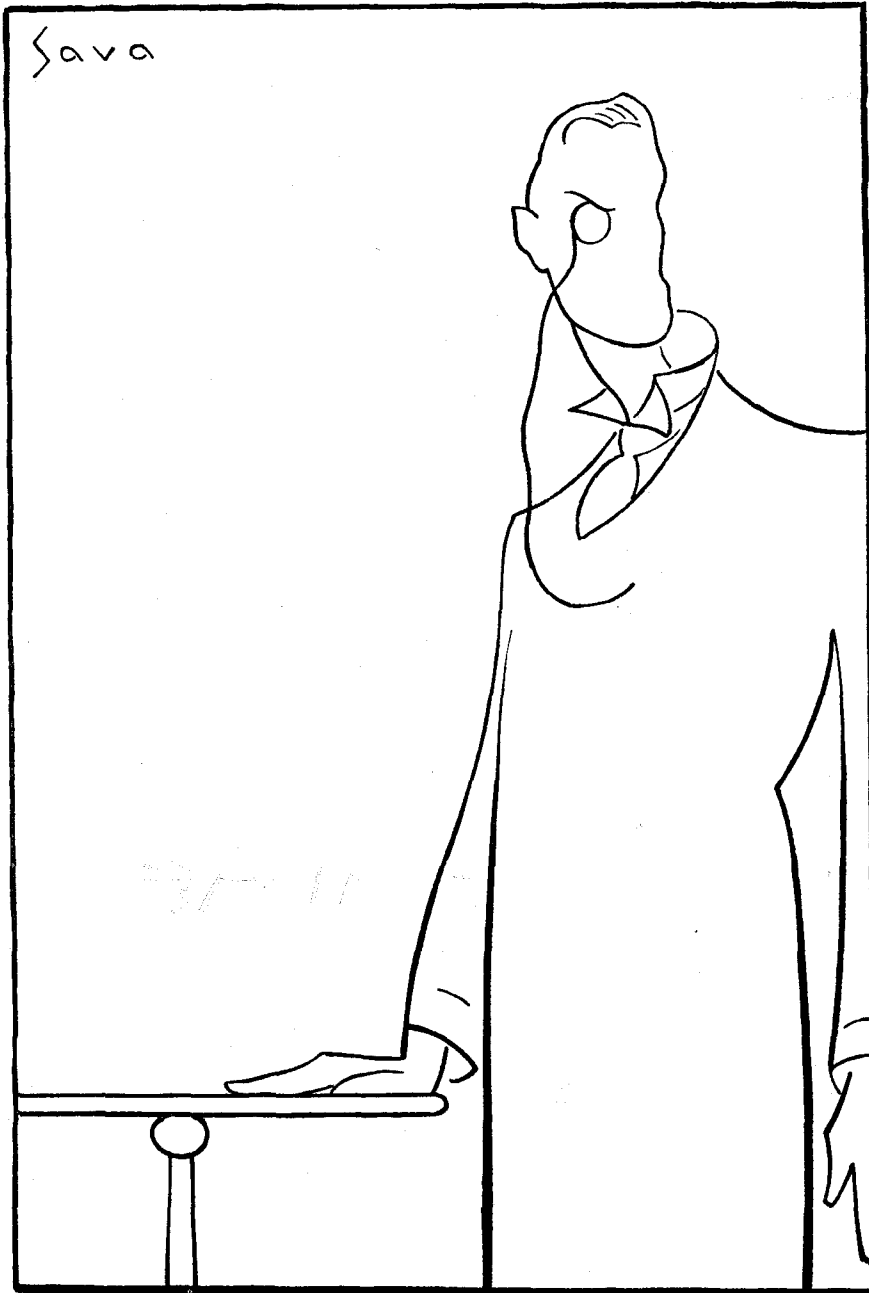
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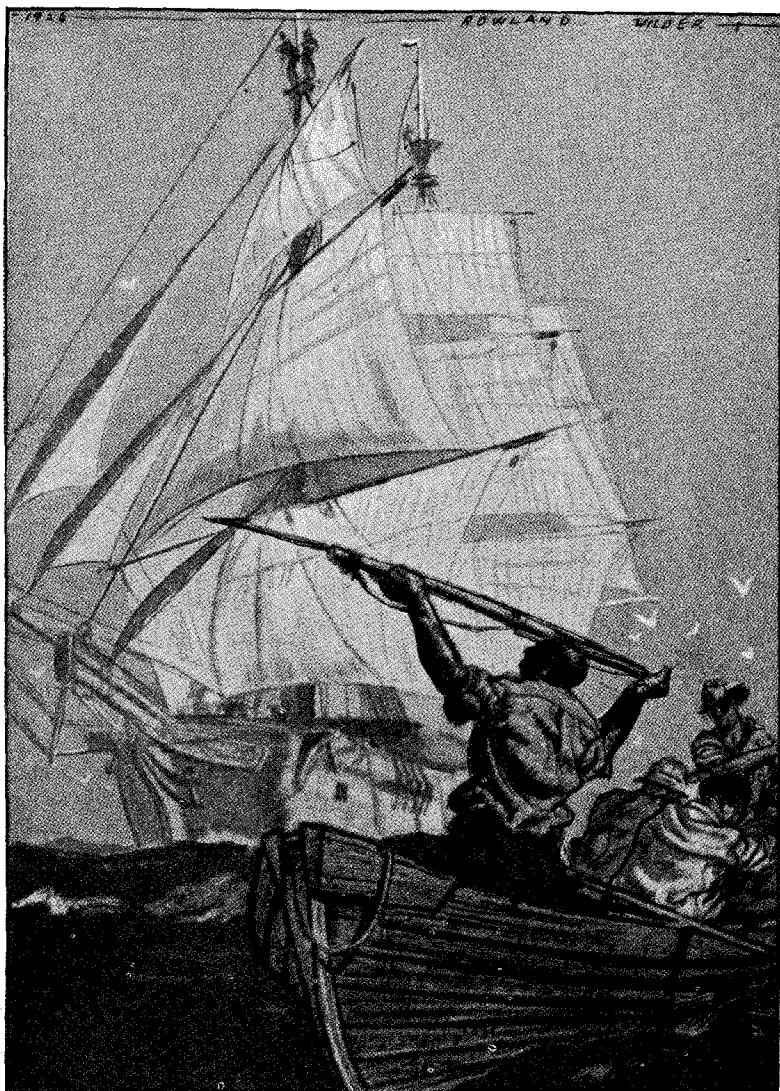
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RICHARD KANE LOOKS AT LIFE.

By IRWIN EDMAN. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Edman, a Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, in his capacity of counsellor and friend to many of the boys who drift through his rooms, often has an insight into character and temperament seldom vouchsafed to others not so situated. Gifted with kindly instincts and a sympathetic understanding of the pitfalls of youth, he is admitted to the secret chambers of many ambitions, hopes and fears. From out of his experiences he has drawn an imaginary figure, Richard Kane, and shows him threading his way through all the stages of his four years of university life, his twelve months in Europe, and later through business and marriage. It is an intimate picture and of peculiar interest to those of us on this side of the water, with its glimpses of college life and whole outlook so different from, and yet so strangely like our own. Europe looms large on the horizon and is looked upon as "a graduate course, in which, by a happy union of a steamer ticket, a chair on the boulevard and a letter of credit, you came into your cultural inheritance and found your soul." Richard does not possess any startling brilliancy but is pretty representative of the increasing number which "may contribute not a little in the next quarter of a century to the humanisation and enrichment of contemporary life."

SCIENCE FOR ALL.

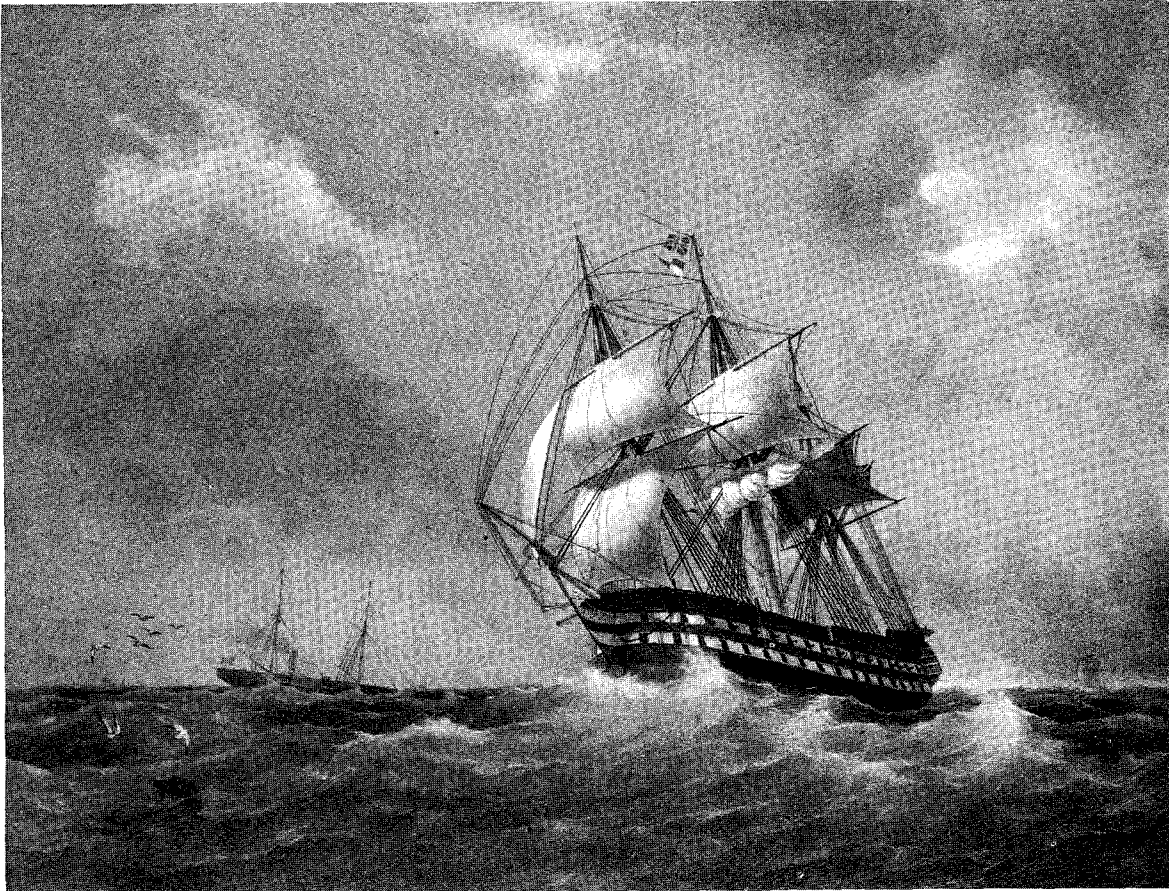
By various Authors. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Science is a vast subject and this volume is not a slim one, in fact its bulk looks well in keeping with its subject. In the brief space allowed it would not be possible to tackle any of the ground covered, so we shall have to content ourselves with the barest outline of the scope of the book. The articles include "Astronomy" by Dr. Andrew C. Crommelin; "Physics" by Dr. David Owen; "Geology," by Herbert H. Thomas; "Botany," by Professor J. Montagu Drummond; "Zoology," by Sir Arthur E. Shipley; "Human Physiology," by Swale Vincent; "The Story of Man," by Professor J. R. Ainsworth-Davies. These together with an Introduction by Sir Charles S. Sherrington and nearly three hundred illustrations and diagrams, make an invaluable outline for busy people.



From John Sell Cotman
By S. C. Kains Smith
(*Philip Allan*).

AFTER THE STORM.
(From the collection of J. Russell Coleman.)



*From Sailing Ships of War, 1800-1860, including
the Transition to Steam
By Sir Alan Moore, Bart.
(Hulton & Truscott Smith).*

H.M.S. "CANOPUS."

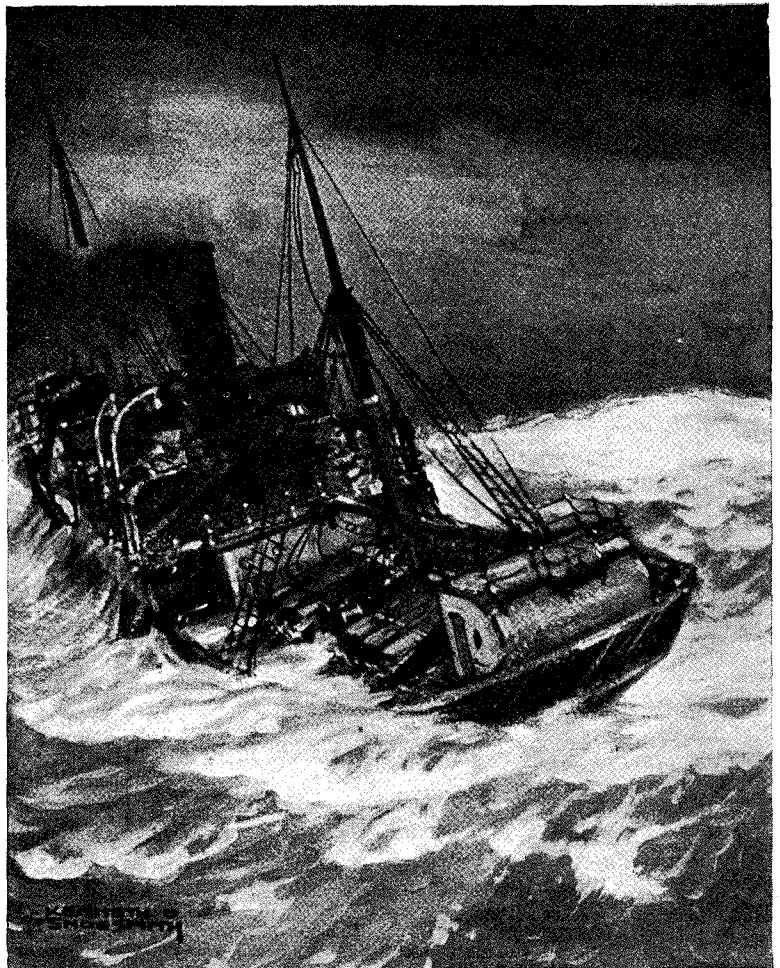
room on the second floor of one of them, giving a view from two tall windows on Salisbury Crags, where earlier he discovered a golden panel (by Norie or some other) evoking stories of Italian gallants with Wullie Wallace legs for the sick drayman's bairns, the Perambulator this year found a new tenant and her children just as "ta'en up wi'" the picture. The old ghosts walk. The penny plain of the place even takes on a

THE PERAMBULATOR IN EDINBURGH.

By JAMES BONE. With pictures by E. S. LUMSDEN.
12s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

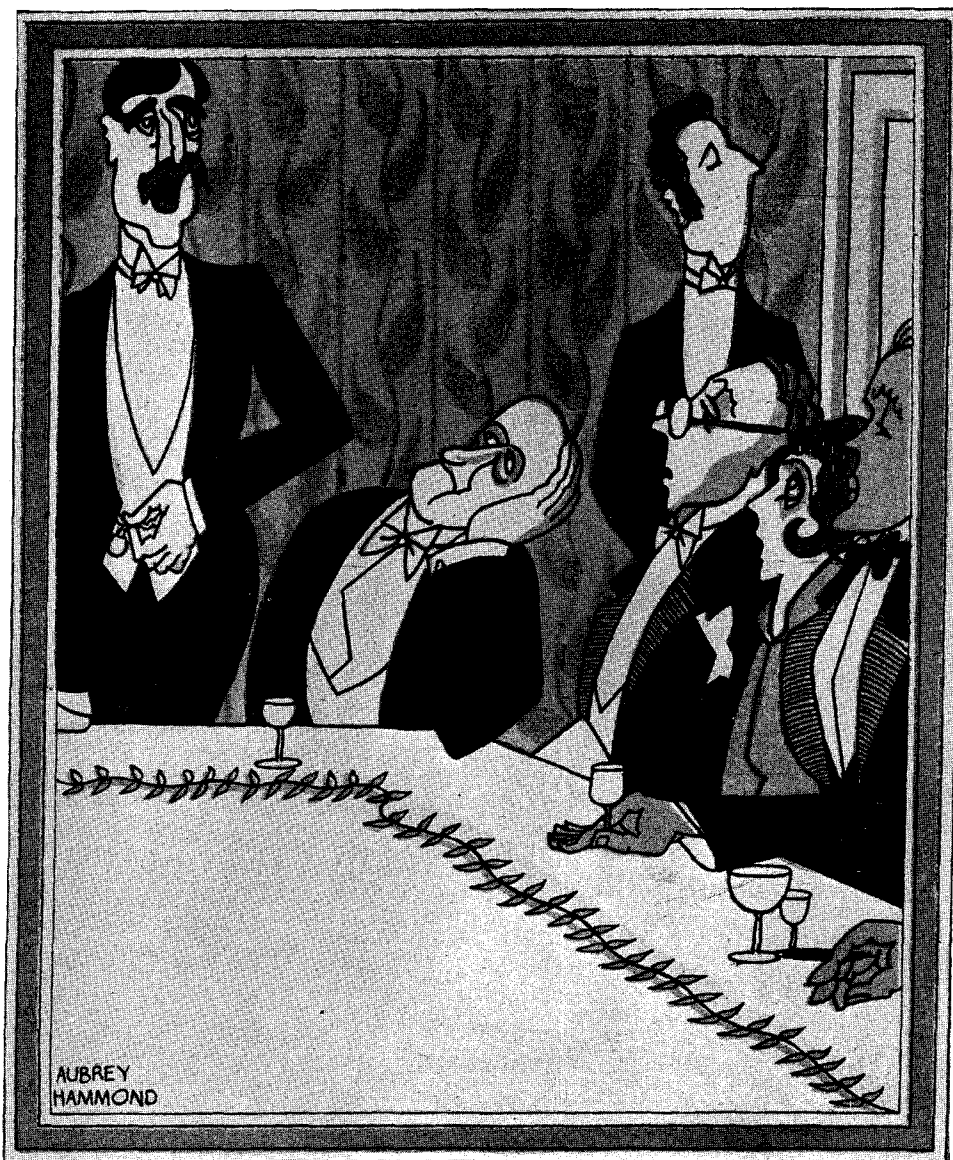
This is Mr. Bone's "Edinburgh Revisited" (in 1911) with considerable changes and additions in the text and a new set of illustrations by Mr. E. S. Lumsden taking the place of Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's. Thus redressed and titivated our old acquaintance falls modishly into step with the author's "London Perambulator." But it is still its old self.

Except in a date or a phrase here and there (one glimpse of Cherubim and Seraphim shut out), the revisions in the text are mainly additions. These include a chapter on the resuscitation of the historic royal and social traditions of Holyrood, and one, of revisitation and review, which—somewhat gallantly perhaps—resumes the "Mercies" that make Auld Reekie a desirable place to live in to this day. Otherwise "The Face of Edinburgh" is little altered after fifteen years—although "kinema palaces and multiple shops have laid ugly paws on Princes Street, and an American cheap bazaar with the vulgarest of facia has been allowed to range itself beside Robert Adam's Register House! (What is Mons Meg for?)." "Edinburgh Windows" still light up with mystery above the splendid vistas which new rough-cast banalities on the fringes cannot spoil. There is little change in the Interiors of the Old Town—none, we are assured, in the kindness of their Figures to the Perambulator's intrusions. "The lands still have a peculiar impress and flavour to give to the lives of the poor who now crowd in even the best of them." Some echoes of grace o' life in their ancient estate survives even now. In that



*From Seafaring
By Captain George P. Boughton
(Faber & Gwyer).*

TYPHOON.



From The London Scene
By Lewis Melville and Aubrey Hammond
(Faber & Gwyer).

A DINING CLUB.

tint of twopenny colour. The aroma of romance lingers at "the head of Leith Walk." It keeps a few of its queer underground shops and taverns—shades of Stevenson and Borrow—and at one of them to-day the old wooden Highlander signalling snuff, but, we note, standing inside now, like a customer, and no longer on his precarious trolley without. All the old landmarks remain, and Mr. Lumsden is tied to them, we observe, though his beautiful drawings, in viewpoint and sentiment, are sensitive to the special graces they assume in the eyes of this particular veneration.

We are all tied to them. Mr. Bone is too. The Old Town Ridge, the Castle, the open crown tower of St. Giles, the Mound, the Calton, Arthur Seat, Princes Street, and the great skies under which northwards spreads the panorama of the New Town to the Forth

with the Lomonds and Ochils and Highland hills beyond. No less Holyrood, the Canongate, the *lands*, the closes, Parliament House, the several monuments of the domination of the Kirk and the Law. Physically and sentimentally, Edinburgh defines herself for the Perambulator to-day in identically the same terms as for Chambers and Alexander Smith, and Stevenson, and a multitude of Perambulators of the past. That Mr. Bone's Visitation is not superfluous is because he has extended the interior range within the limitations fortunately perhaps thus imposed. He brings to the enduring aspects and moods of Auld Reekie an eye refreshed by travel and the experience of other cities, and an eye trained in the appearances of their architecture to the study of her monuments. A native Glasgow prejudice gives only an acuter flavour to his patriotic admirations. There is nothing merely local in his sympathies, but they are intimate and informed, and into their expression the vernacular is skilfully introduced as significant ornament. Edinburgh is racily revived by his pen, and not least through his spade-work in the *lands*.

D. S. MELDRUM.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

By PROFESSOR JULIAN S. HUXLEY.
is. (Watts.)

A series of articles ably and lucidly tracing the continuity of life, the evolution of man and possibilities of human betterment in the light of recent biological discoveries. A concise and helpful introduction to the study of a great subject.



From The Bridge
By Christian Barman
Illustrated by Frank Brangwyn
(John Lane).

MIRANDA, SPAIN.

(See page 2.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.



Sylvia Thompson

From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

SYLVIA THOMPSON.

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

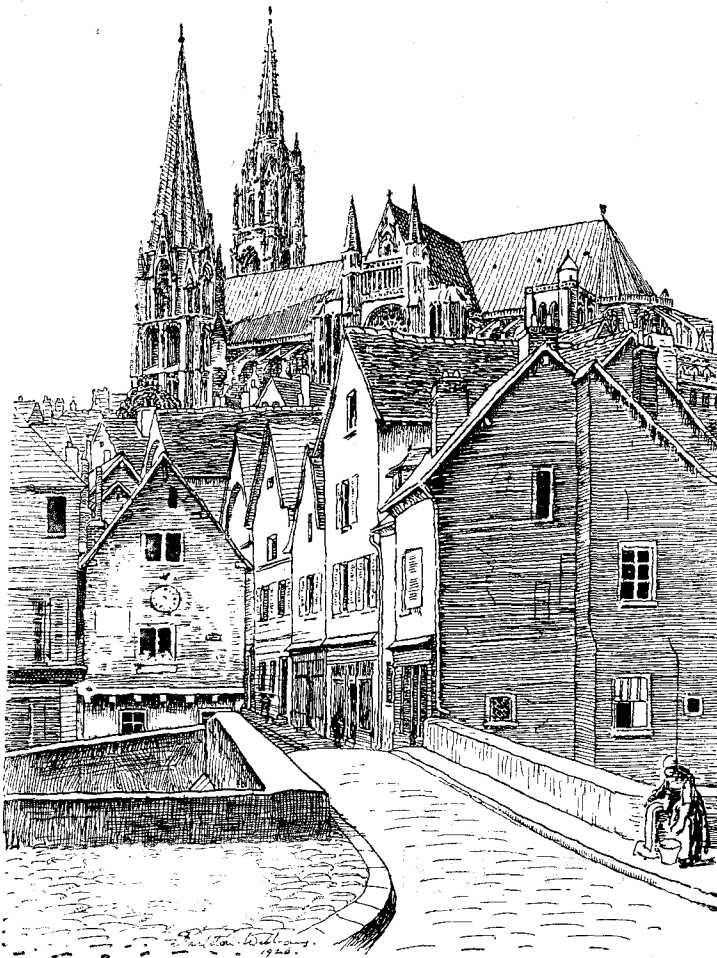
the interest of many. Perhaps a unique feature, and certainly a very serviceable one, is the easily detached guide to the Cathedral; another is a clear plan. These can be removed without damaging the book and will be most useful for carrying about.

SONGS AND POEMS FROM RICHMOND HILL.

By AIDAN CLARKE. 1S. (Richmond, Surrey: Dimpleby.)

Whatever disadvantages a prophet may suffer in his own country, a poet in his own town is more fortunate—if Mr. Aidan Clarke can be taken as an example. There are few residents in Richmond, Surrey, to whom his name is not familiar, and who do not look every week in the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* for the prose and verse that appears so frequently under his name. But Mr. Clarke writes for various other publications, and not only Richmond readers will welcome this little book in which he has collected a very small number of the very large quantity of lyrics he has written. The proceeds of the sales are going to be put to good service in the borough, as Mr. Clarke explains in his preface; though not only altruistic reasons will urge people to lay out their shillings to possess these twenty-five songs and poems, all of which are tuneful and many of which are full of the charm of the river and other fascinations of Richmond and Kew. The loveliness of the country-side, the magic of London, poems of devotion and philosophy are happily mingled. Mr. Clarke believes, and reveals the eternal truth:

"Beauty is found by those who look for her . . ."



From *A Dawdle in France*
By Inghis Sheldon-Williams
(A. & C. Black).

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

EVERYBODY'S PEPYS, 1660-1669.

Abridged and edited by O. F. MORSHEAD. 10S. 6d. (Bell.)

As this title suggests, everybody should possess and read Pepys, whose Diary plays such an important part in our literary heritage. Hitherto this has been somewhat of a problem for many, owing to the expense and bulk of the original, but now, thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Morshead, it is much more possible for the general reader with the average purse to delight in this quaint and rich description of the public and private happenings and characteristics of the days in which Pepys lived. These too are very charmingly reflected in Mr. Ernest H. Shepard's drawings, of which there are no less than sixty, each a sheer delight in itself. One can scarcely imagine a more sympathetic rendering of the interesting, dignified or droll characters who live in these pages.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

By S. A. WARNER. 7S. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

Another book on St. Paul's may sound superfluous especially in the light of the immense researches of the late Dr. W. Sparrow Simpson, but Mr. Warner has given us a very readable book for the average reader. Here is all the information calculated to give the visitor intelligent eyes wherewith to appreciate its beauties and marvels, and good advice for the following up of this absorbing study if so desired. The early history of St. Paul's and transition from the Old to the New, is followed by all the many characteristic features and items of interest—Plate, Library, Bells, Dimensions, etc., etc. The chapter devoted to the organ will hold



From *Everybody's Pepys*
Illustrated by E. H. Shepard
(Bell & Sons).

"I MET WITH MR. CRUMLUM."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

FULL AND BY.

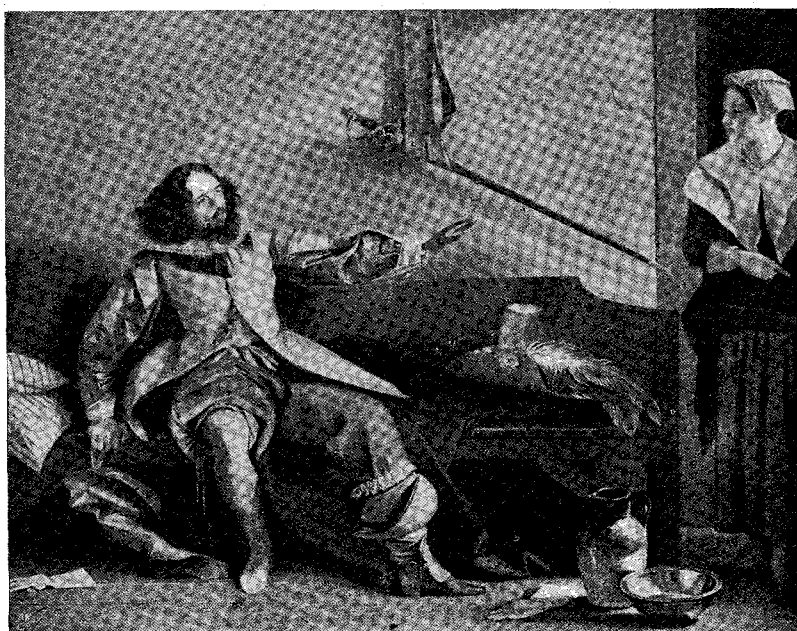
Being a Collection of Verses by Persons of Quality in Praise of Drinking. Illustrated by E. A. WILSON. One guinea net. (Heinemann.)

This magnificent volume of Bacchanalian songs (for the singing of which even a hundred-per-cent. American may legitimately open his mouth) carries three witty forewords. One by the editor, Cameron Rogers, explains the nautical title as being "at once a boast and an admonition, and perhaps above all an affectionate valediction." The second foreword is by Don Marquis, who pleads guilty to having popularised with American newspaper readers a bibulous character called "The Old Soak," and now threatens to turn into a Prohibitionist and "go over all my old writings in praise of liquor and carefully strike out all reference to alcohol and insert lines in praise of Coca Cola and chocolate sodas instead." In the third foreword Christopher Morley writes as engagingly as ever on wine cards and wine tasters. The collection contains songs for every sort of toper and tippler, and for dainty drinkers too. Masfield, Belloc, Chesterton, Alfred Noyes, Browning, Harrison Ainsworth, and a host of other singers, familiar and unfamiliar, are gathered cheerily together in this alcoholic anthology. The captivating embellishments of the artist usually suggest a devil lurking



From John S. Sargent : His Life and Work
By William Howe Downes
(Thornton Butterworth).

MRS. CHARLES INCHES.
(From Inches Collection, by courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries, New York.)



From The Actor in Dickens
By J. B. Amerongen
(Cecil Palmer).

CHARLES DICKENS AS BOBADIL IN
"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."
(From a painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.)

somewhere in the background, and give a spice of naughtiness to a naïvely innocent volume.

FURTHER NONSENSE.

Verse and Prose.

By LEWIS CARROLL. Edited by LANGFORD REED. Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lovers of Lewis Carroll will give a warm welcome to this book compiled and edited by Langford Reed. Some of the contents have never before been published, while some only appeared in a book by a relative of Lewis Carroll's, which has been out of print for twenty years. It is a delightful book, every page of which is imbued with the lovable spirit of Lewis Carroll. The illustrations by H. M. Bateman are very droll, and uncommonly good.

POEMS OF IMPUDENCE.

By E. V. KNOX
("EVOE"). 6s.
(Benn.)

"Evoe" knows how to write light verse with a really light hand, and these neat, gay, airily witty poems have plenty of humour in their impudence. You will enjoy "Modern Autobiography," "The Smiths," "The Dreamer"—in fact, you will find the whole book clever and enjoyable, with Arthur Watts's delightfully whimsical drawings to add to your enjoyment.

THE JUDGE AND JERUSALEM.

By URSULA BLOOM. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The outstanding picture that is presented in this book is of a man struggling with all his might against his uncongenial family and circumstances. Through childhood, through the terrible days of the war and later through the revolutionary aftermath, we see him fighting his way against furious odds, seeking to satisfy his inner strivings and serve his fellow men. Thwarted first by his father and later by his wife, Andrew Stevens persisted in following the vocation of his choice, that of the law, by stealing every hour he could after the day's routine was over. When qualified he was called on to take up the judgeship he had so earnestly aimed at, but in such different circumstances. The intensity of the conflict in Andrew's soul is revealed by a vision of his spiritual relationship with Pontius Pilate. This is well drawn, and from it he gains peace and the struggle is over.

THE BOOK OF EPIC HEROES.

By AMY CRUSE. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Adequately described in its title with particular emphasis on the definite article. In simple language the names and deeds of the world's great heroes are recalled with a pleasantness of style and fullness of narrative suitable for adult readers and studious youth alike. It is a magnificent gallery of high and noble shades, from wandering Odysseus to stubborn Bruce, from Cuchulainn, dearest hero of the Gael, and Fioun, fair-haired hunter and fighter, to Beowulf, and Hereward the Wake to Robin Hood and William Tell, from Sigurd, last of the vikings, to Rustem from Persia or Prince Marko of Serbia with his famous horse Sharatz, with Roland and the Cid to round off a memorable thirteen. In brief, the work is an outline of the human spirit in its faithful retelling of the heroic dreams shaped by so many peoples around ideal national types. There are eighty-four illustrations in colour and black-



From *Cummy's Diary : A Diary kept by R. L. Stevenson's Nurse, Alison Cunningham* (Chatto & Windus).

CUMMY IN 1863.

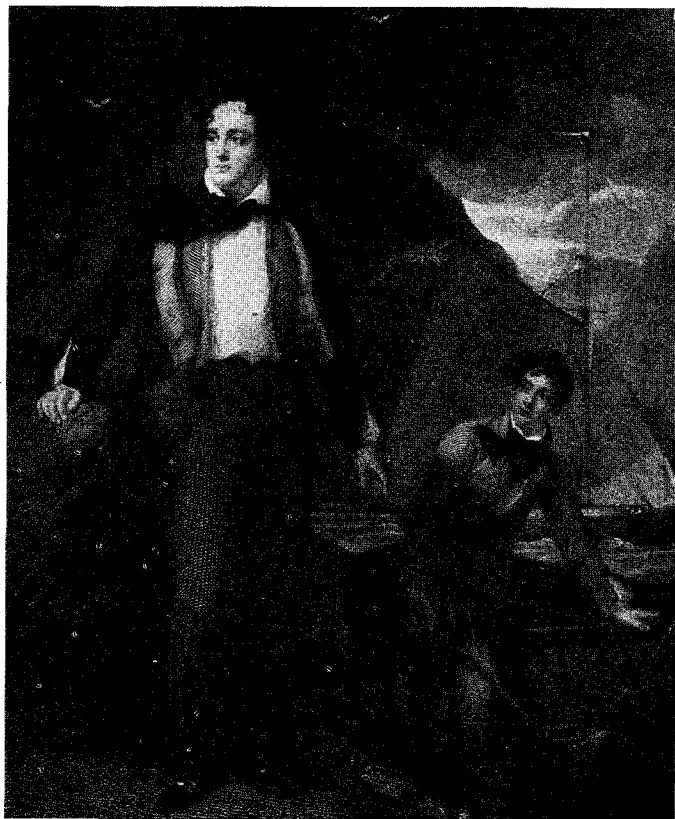
Revised in last month's *BOOKMAN*.

and-white, while in print and general format "The Book of Epic Heroes" is a pleasure to read and handle.

THE PAINTER'S METHODS AND MATERIALS.

By PROFESSOR A. P. LAURIE. 64 illustrations. 21s. (Seeley, Service.)

Mr. Laurie, who is Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Academy, has written a book that will be of profound interest to collectors and connoisseurs as well as to those craftsmen "in oil, water-colour, tempera and fresco" for whom it is primarily designed. Other learned writers have dealt with the chemistry of pigments and media, but none has gone more deeply into the subject than Mr. Laurie, who lays greater stress than any scientist has yet done on the importance of the ground on which the painter begins his work. Most students of art are aware that "the early oil pictures, like the tempera pictures, were painted on panels, carefully coated with pure white gesso," but many will be surprised by Mr. Laurie's logical conclusion: "There can be no doubt that oil pictures painted on wood are much more brilliant and better preserved than pictures on canvas." The cracking of old pictures is commonly attributed to faulty pigments or uncertain vehicles, but Mr. Laurie proves that it is often the result of the canvas ground. Nobody who cares about the permanence of paintings can afford to ignore Professor Laurie's illuminating treatise.



From *Byron*
By Albert Brecknock
(Cecil Palmer).

BYRON AND ROBERT RUSHTON.



From *This Way to Arcady*
By A. Bonnet Laird
(Herbert Jenkins).

"... TO SEE SOME TIMBERED
HOUSES AGAIN ..."



SHAKESPEARES, SONNETS.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die,
But as the ripper should by time decaise,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorde makst wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

2

When fortie Winters shall befeige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
Will be a totter'd weed of final worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vfe,
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.

B

This

From *Shakespeare's Sonnets*
(Noel Douglas Replicas)
(Noel Douglas).

FACSIMILE PAGE.

(See page 17).

110116

NOW AND THEN.

By IAN HAMILTON. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

It is customary for the critic to deal charitably with the literary efforts of men famous in other walks of life. But as a poet Sir Ian Hamilton is well able to claim judgment by literary standards. He has considerable technical gifts and, as his dispatches and public utterances have often revealed, the true poet's spirit. A few of his poems, including a striking one on Gallipoli, deal with soldiering. But for the most part Sir Ian's muse is quiet, wistful, and at times, as in the delightful "Night of Hafton," which recalls his own childhood, singularly tender. At other times he indulges successfully a romantic vein, and both humour and wit abound in his work, as his dedication "To the Devil" will show:

"Here, Devil, quickly take the lines
On which to model my designs!
Follow their contours faultlessly—
My barque must take the open sea,
And never did a thing so frail
Launch out to brave the howling gale.

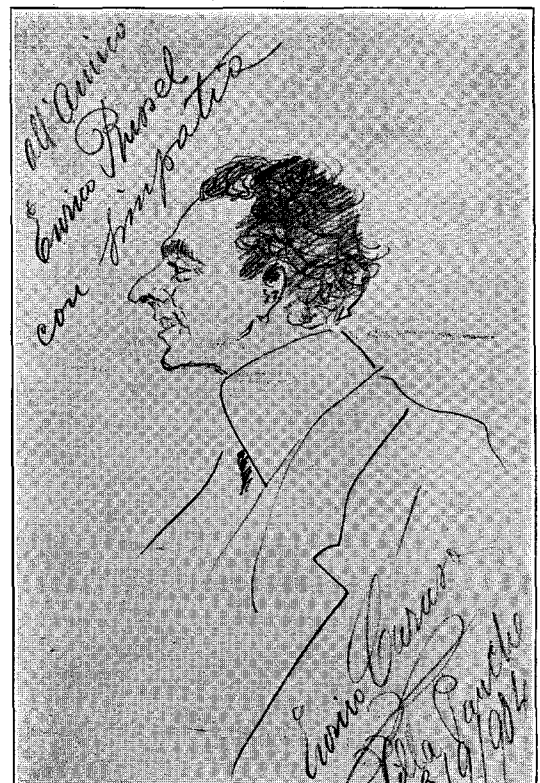
"Her planks are moonbeams painted o'er
With happy dreams of days of yore;
Her ropes are woven out of fancies,
The sails are ghosts of dead romances—
One comma sinks the whole affair—
Oh, Printer's Devil, have a care!"

There are some longer poems that we should have preferred to quote. But the above will sufficiently indicate some of the many pleasant qualities to be found in this book.

CONDITIONS OF SOCIAL WELFARE.

By JOHN BOWEN. 3s. 6d. (Daniel.)

A thoughtful study of modern conditions offering a scheme for social welfare that shall get rid of poverty. Social workers should not overlook this book.



From *The Passing Show*
By Henry Russell
(Thornton Butterworth).

HENRY RUSSELL.
(A Caricature by Caruso.)



"CARRIES HIM UP TO THE TOP OF
THE CHURCH TOWER AND THROWS
HIM DOWN HEADLONG."

From A Guide to Story Telling
By Arthur Burrell, M.A.
(*Pitman*).

EXAMPLES OF SAN BERNARDINO.

By ADA HARRISON. Illustrated by ROBERT AUSTIN.
10s. 6d. (Gerald Howe.)

We have heard so much of St. Francis of Assisi this year that it is fitting a book about one of his disciples should be published just now. "Among the extreme and gorgeous figures of the Italian fifteenth century," writes Miss Harrison, "Bernardino of Siena takes a modest place." Yet his effectiveness as a teacher and preacher was marvellous in his own time. Miss Harrison's biographical introduction is, perhaps, even more interesting than are the translated examples of the sermons, or stories, he preached to his congregations, yet these of course



From Examples of San Bernardino
of Siena
Chosen by Ada Harrison
(Gerald Howe).

ILLUSTRATION BY
ROBERT AUSTIN.

THE CHANGING FACE OF ENGLAND.

By ANTHONY COLLETT. 10s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

Mr. Collett's enthralling book is packed with information about the history and the mystery of England's varied landscape. Nowhere else, he points out, have man and nature co-operated so intimately. The development of English landscape has been rich and continuous. "The architecture of the hills and fields is of as many periods as that of the churches which they embosom." And just as our landscape changes, even in the course of a fifty miles' journey, so do the people change—in appearance, manner, dialect. Mr. Collett discusses the changes wrought by shore, storm and tide; the greenwood bough, which includes our vanished as well as existing forests, reeds and rushes—the marshland—the wrinkled hills, the river channels, the old cattle-tracks and motor highways, the old camps and caverns, and much about our fauna and flora. The Chesil Beach, that seventeen miles of shingle ("chesil" is the Old English for "pebble") stretching from Bridport to Portland, is one of our unique possessions. The Severn tides are the highest in the world.

ALL SUMMER IN A DAY.

By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. 16s. (Duckworth.)

This is a disconcerting book. It is so well written, reveals so nice a gift of observation, so elegant an author, and yet it seems to have little justification for existence. Mr. Sitwell's interest in his own memories is pardonable, but a good memory is not a unique possession and things remembered, if recorded, ought surely to be of general interest. If Mr. Sitwell had stored his remembered impressions in a notebook and used them up in a novel he might by recording his memories in significant juxtaposition, have justified their frequent triviality. There are of course many pages of delight among the 287 pages: aptness of epithet and carefully



From A Cruise upon Wheels
By Charles Collins
(Peter Davies).

"NOT A LIMPP" EJACULATED
MR. FUDGE FAINTLY.



From *By George Belcher*
(*Alston Rivers*).

"NO. MR. JENKINS DON'T TAKE ME TO ASCOT. YOU SEE IT AIN'T QUITE THE 'AIL-FELLER-WELL-MET WHAT THE DERBY IS."

timed phrases are qualities we can expect from their author; but in his pleasure at remembering the details of his early life Mr. Sitwell fails to distinguish between what is interesting to him and what may be interesting to us. The fact that he remembers—let us say—that on a certain occasion he carried his own portmanteau, or looked at his watch and learned the hour, or washed his hands, or what-not, is not of itself significant; and the excision of such details would have made a more shapely and less rambling and desultory book.

BISHOP PATTESON OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

By E. GRIERSON.
Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
(Seeley, Service.)

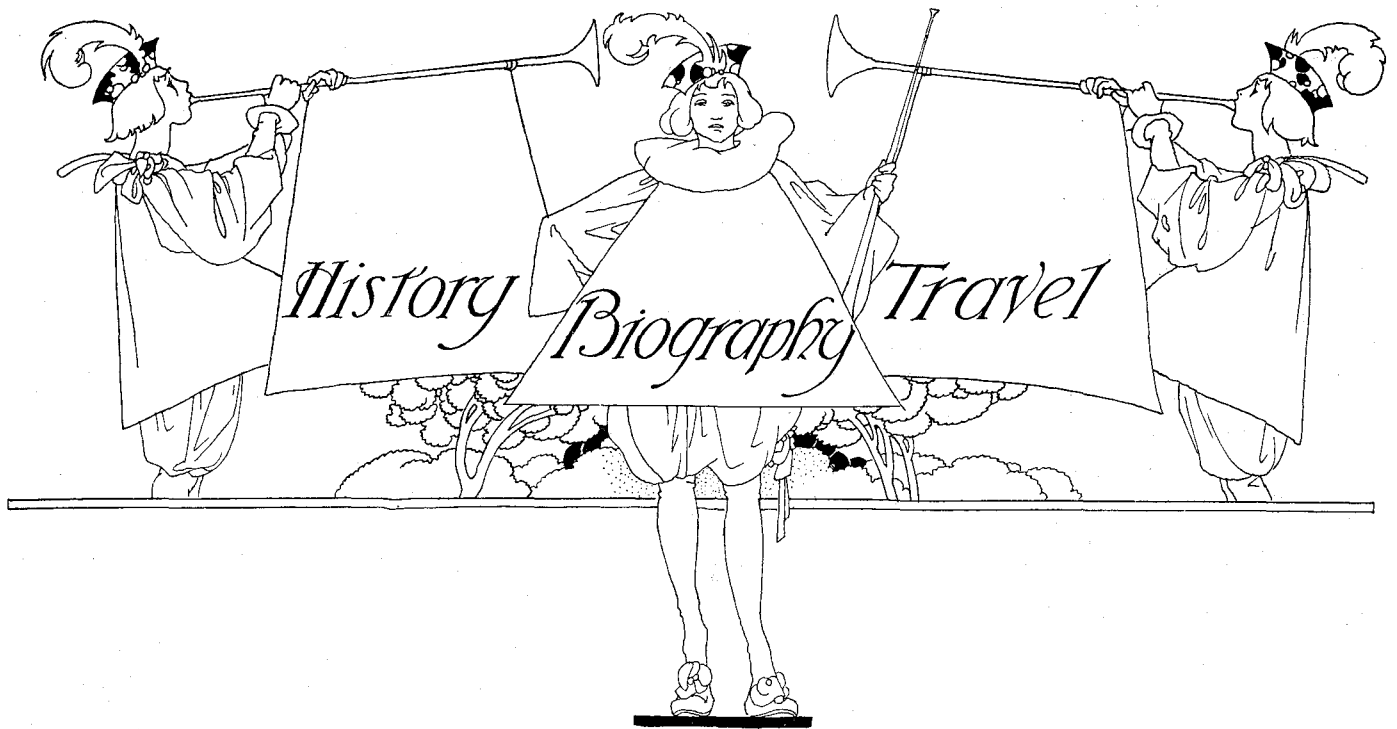
An experienced and skilful writer of such books, Miss Grierson retells in a very interesting manner the life story



From *Bottlescrew Days*
By André L. Simon
(*Duckworth*).

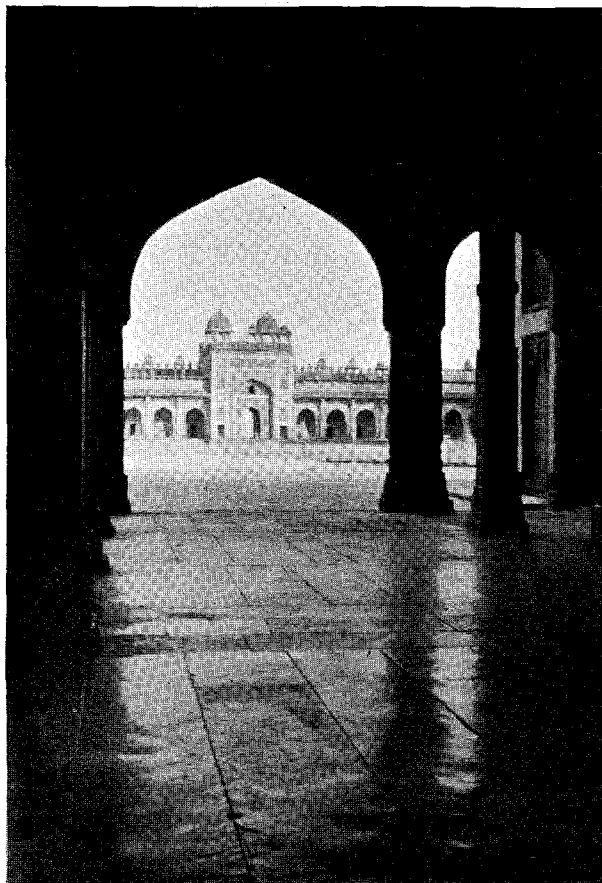
"COME LET A CHEERFUL GLASS
GO ROUND."

of John Coleridge Patteson, the first Bishop of Melanesia, who in 1871 perished at the hands of the natives of Norfolk Island at the early age of forty-four. A complete biography was written by the Bishop's cousin, Charlotte Mary Yonge, but the life is well worthy of being retold in every series of missionary adventure. An old Etonian and a Fellow of Merton, Patteson gave up great prospects at home when he yielded to the appeal of Bishop Selwyn for a helper in New Zealand. He proved to be singularly gifted for the work and his charming personality gave him remarkable power over the savage tribes with whom he had to deal. That he ultimately died at their hands was due to the evil practices of those who sullied the credit of the white man by their methods of recruiting black labour for Australia. The bishop's family name, "Coley," reminds us that he was a grand-nephew of the poet Coleridge.



From The Life of Jenny Lind
Told by her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, O.B.E.
(Cassells).

JENNY LIND.
(From the painting by Edward Magnus.)



From *Jesting Pilate*
By Aldous Huxley
(*Chaito & Windus*).

FATEHPUR, SIKRI.

THE "ARCTURUS" ADVENTURE.

By WILLIAM BEEBE. 25s. (Putnams.)

CEDARS, SAINTS AND SINNERS IN SYRIA.

By E. S. STEVENS. 21s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

ENCHANTED DAYS WITH ROD AND GUN.

By CAPTAIN ALBAN F. L. BACON. 12s. 6d. (Jenkins.)

A CRUISE UPON WHEELS.

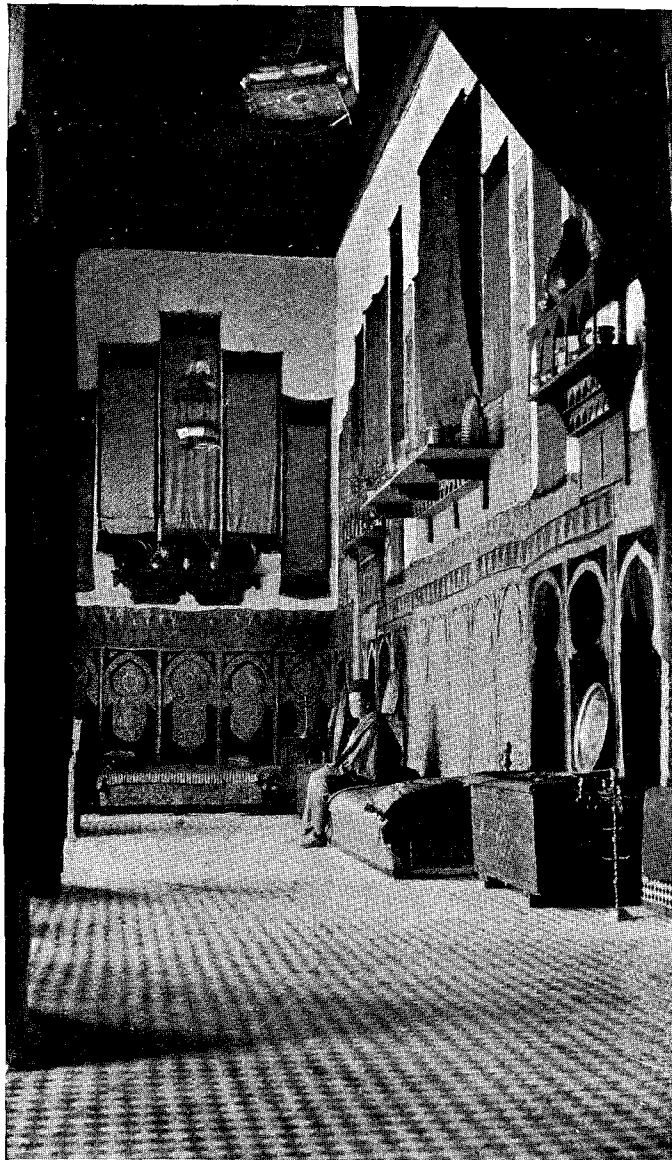
By CHARLES COLLINS. 10s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

In these days of touring *de luxe* it is useful to remind oneself occasionally that travel has not always been effortless, that even to-day some of the most fascinating parts of the world are outside the range of first-class hotels, floating palaces and the itineraries of motor-coaches. It is indeed just their inaccessibility that keeps them fascinating.

Not so many years ago one had to make something of an effort to see even France. Charles Collins, who became Dickens's son-in-law, tells how it was done. Messrs. Fudge and Pinchbold, growing weary of the little sea-side town of Malaise, hired a carriage and wandered in it by the deserted

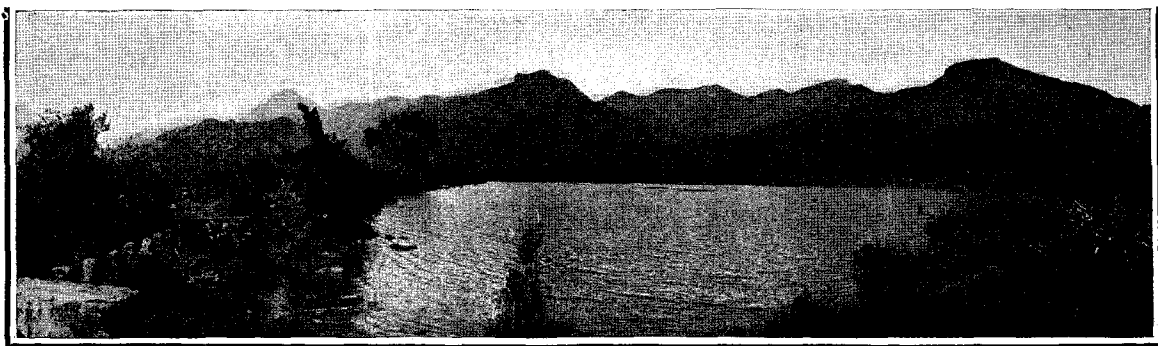
roads of the country-side across France to Geneva. Their adventures were many and of every sort, sometimes disastrous, sometimes hilarious; but at least the travellers were brought into contact with the heart and soul of France to a degree which must surely be rare in this present period of superficial motoring; and to read of their "cruise" is to gather, through the entertainment of fiction, such a wealth of detail upon French manners as would put more pretentious and less observant writers to the blush.

But large parts of France are now ruthlessly efficient tourist-traders, and are almost as dull as Switzerland in consequence; if only in self-defence, the traveller who



From *The Fire of the
Desert Folk*
By Ferdinand Ossendowsky
(*Allen & Unwin*).

THE CHAMBER OF THE SULTAN
IN THE PALACE AT FEZ.



From *Raj, Brigand Chief*
By Amy Carmichael
(*Seeley, Service*).

A TYPICAL VIEW IN RAJ'S COUNTRY.
(A view of his mountains and the valley that
opens on the Lotus Water.)

thrives upon mild explorations will be compelled to resort to the land upon which France has for centuries cast longing eyes—Syria. Here, Miss Stevens tells us, the hotels are not always . . . quite. They are often noisy. The cooking is Levantine rather than European. The beds are—well, the less said about some of them the better; in fact she counsels taking a light tent and a sleeping bag in one's equipment. Although of course there are baths as alternatives—if the bath apparatus can be induced to function. Englishmen shouldn't have such sensitive skins, and that's the truth of it! . . . If Miss Stevens in her advocacy of Lebanon as a summer resort seems to come near rather to apologising for it, she does at least whet one's desire to visit the wonderful land and discover for oneself its daily life and habits of thought, its beauties, its history—and also the truth about those international suspicions and squabbles which sometimes find their echoes in the newspapers. She gives a useful and very fair-minded résumé of the work done in Syria by both Americans and French, and devotes a whole chapter to the Anglo-French jealousies and misunderstandings which since the war have done so much to undermine Western prestige in the Near East.

After Miss Stevens's comparatively homely exploration of Syria, that of the *Arcturus* in the Sargasso Sea and the Galapagos region of the Pacific Ocean seems gigantic. A

band of scientific specialists gathered together by the New York Zoological Society, and headed by William Beebe, Director of the Department of Tropical Research, spent some six months of 1925 exploring the bottom of the most mysterious tract of water in the world. The *Arcturus*, a steam yacht of 2,400 tons, was fitted with all the queer devices the scientists could invent for the better prosecution of their task, and became a real floating laboratory, travelling 13,000 miles and bringing back many thousands of specimens of ocean life, hundreds of drawings and photographs and 11,000 feet of cinematograph film. Research was carried on not only from the surface but also at the bottom of the sea itself, in a diver's helmet and a bathing suit. The expedition discovered and partially explored a new volcano in what appears to be constant eruption, saw penguins and other Antarctic creatures enjoying life on the Equator, watched an extraordinary wall of water separating two ocean currents, and indulged—though at second-hand—in hunting for pirates' treasure. All this, as recounted by Mr. Beebe and Ruth Rose, the historian of the expedition, makes amazingly fine and racy reading, and one has

immediate admiration for the many and varied illustrations which accompany and amplify the narrative.

The discomforts of Mr. Beebe's expedition—and discomforts were inevitable concomitants of such splendid effort—were met willingly in the cause of science; but

what of an enthusiast who meets discomforts in the cause of sport? For one supposes that untoward incidents must occasionally happen when one has shot and fished, as Captain Bacon has done, not merely in the



From Nippon
By Louis Couperus
(Hurst & Blackett).

STREET OF SHOPS IN OLD CANTON



From Raj, Brigand Chief
By Amy Carmichael
(Seeley, Service).

A TYPICAL VIEW IN RAJ'S COUNTRY.
(Close to the river was Raj's Cave of Refuge.)



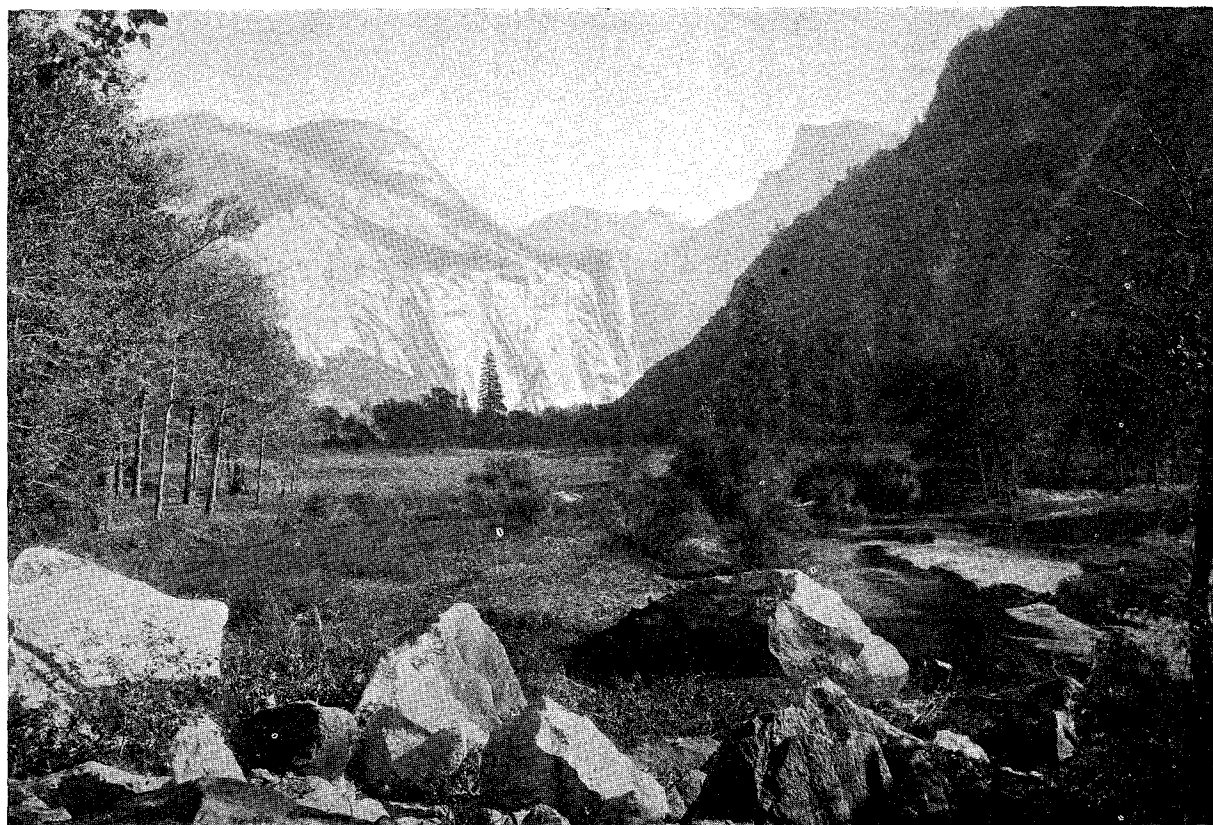
From Days on the Hill
By an Old Stalker
(Nisbet).

**GLEN LICH AND BEN ATTON, WITH THE
AFFARIE HILLS BEYOND.**

British Isles from Land's End to John o' Groats, but also in India and the Himalayas—to believe to the contrary would be to underestimate the prowess of the great god Chance. Yet so enamoured is Captain Bacon of the virtues of endurance, physical fitness, patience, presence of mind and of that elusive thing called luck, which together form the main ingredients of sport, that he makes nothing of hardships and uncomfortable occasions; one might imagine that shooting and fishing came natural to him. Instead he gives us cheerful chapters, entertaining even to the layman, on all manner of sporting subjects, tells a number of appropriate stories from his own experience, comments sagely

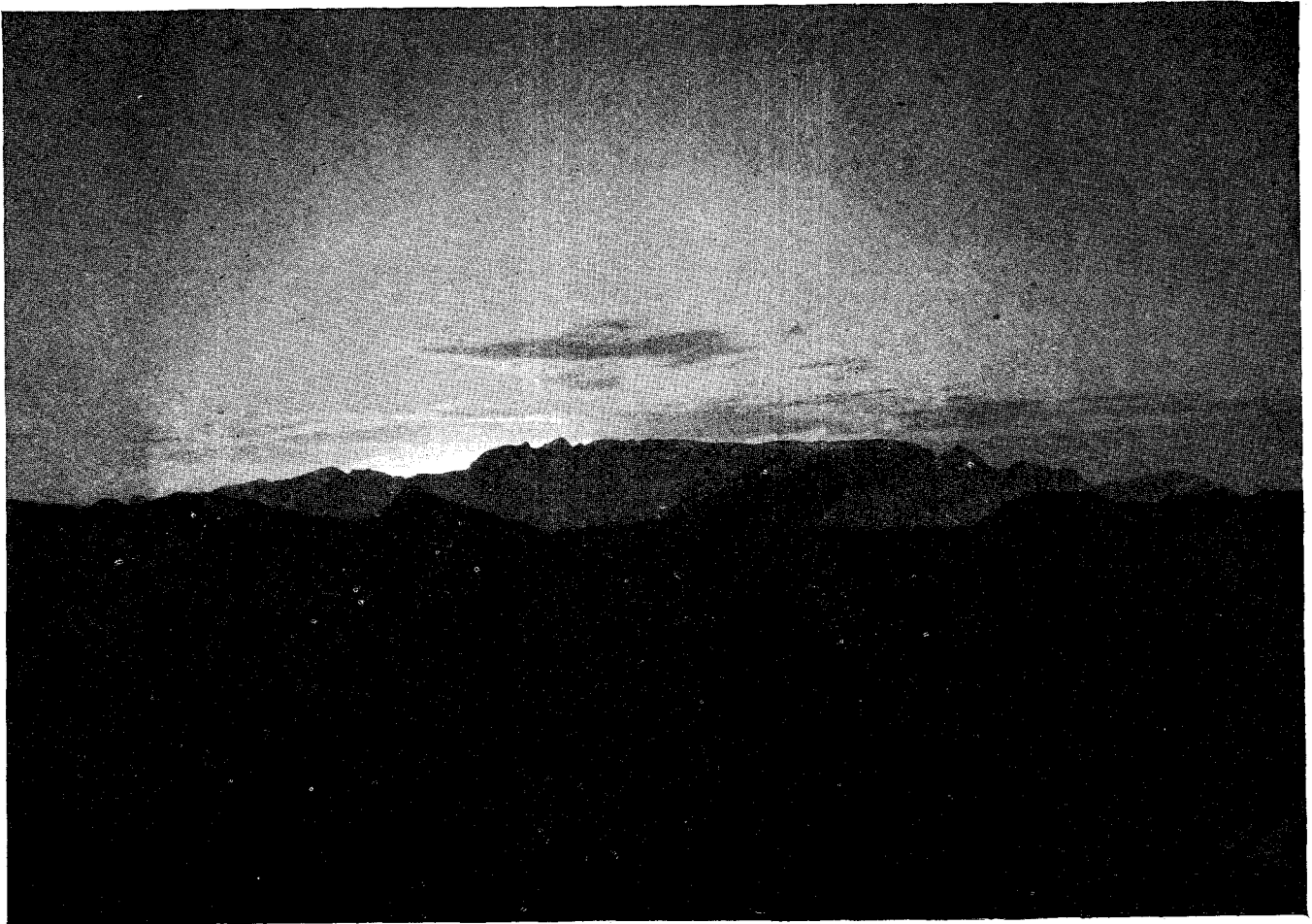
upon this and that, and throws out the illuminating suggestion, among others, that with the passing of shooting and fishing facilities into the hands of a class ignorant of tradition, the Game Laws should if possible be directed against avoidable cruelty to the birds, beasts and fishes which are at once the victims and the enjoyment of sport. The true sportsman, one rejoices to see, is genuinely concerned as to the welfare of his quarry; the cad and the sentimentalist join hands in being much more troubled about their own.

W. BRANCH JOHNSON.



From Leaves from a Viceroy's Notebook
By Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, K.G.
(Macmillan).

**HOME OF THE STORM GODS, YOSEMITE VALLEY,
CALIFORNIA.**



From People of the Veil
By Francis Rennall Rodd
(Macmillan).

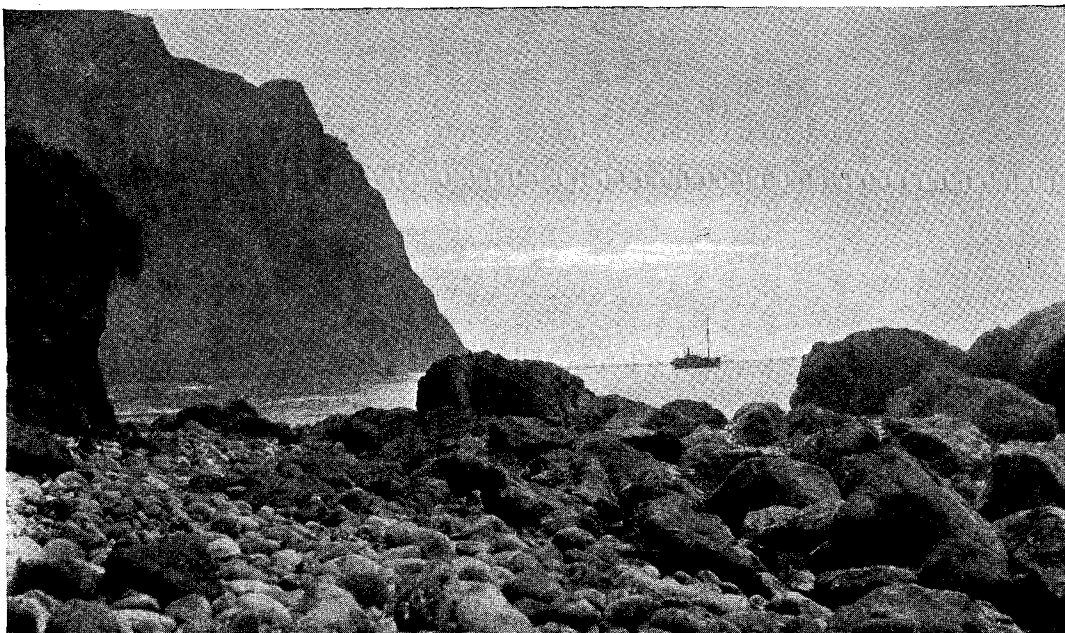
MOUNT BILA AT SUNSET

PEOPLE OF THE VEIL.

By F. R. RODD. 30s. (Macmillan.)

Of all the beauty and the romance of the Sahara it would not be quite fair to say that it does not exist, even if one has been there. Nor would it be altogether fair to quote the words of that great American philosopher, Mr. Dooley, and remark—in reading perfervid novels about sheikhs—that it isn't so. But it is always the unhappy function of the mere reviewer to strip a good deal of delightful nonsense from general illusion about, for instance, to

quote our author, "the habits, organisation and history of the wandering Tuareg tribes which inhabit the mountains of Air or Asben in the Central Sahara." We would like to put a copy of this book into the hands, we would even more like to put the essence of its contents into the minds of all people who visualise the Sahara as a setting of melodrama. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to give any adequate notion of the dignity, the quiet erudition and the general masterfulness of this beautifully written and produced book. We can only most earnestly advise our readers to buy and treasure it.



From The Lonely Island (Tristan da Cunha)
By Henry Martyn Rogers
(Allen & Unwin).

INACCESSIBLE ISLAND, WITH THE
"QUEST" IN THE OFFING

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

LEAVES FROM A VICEROY'S NOTEBOOK.

By MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON. Illustrated. 28s.
(Macmillan.)

In this very miscellaneous collection of papers and sketches by the late Lord Curzon, the reader will be greatly struck by the very genuine, if slightly ponderously expressed, sense of humour that would seem to have been always present in the mind of one who was supposed to display more than a little tendency to be pompous rather than cordial. The tales of his valet, who personated his august master on several occasions, the instances of babu language he quotes for us, the ironic paper on his "discoveries," recounting the tall tales confidently told and accepted about Egypt and Palestine are among the more overt testimonies to this sense of humour, but many of his descriptions glow with it as with a hidden lamp. These descriptions are often excellent, serious and full, a visit to Chitral, an account of the Indian frontiers from Gilgit to the Pamirs, from Kashmir to Gilgit, of Hué, the capital of Annam, of Buddhist monasteries in China, of Mount Athos and the monasteries of Metrova, of the Yosemite Valley—all are told with vivid circumstance, in a rich though hardly easy style, and Lord Curzon manages to interest his readers primarily because he was intensely interested himself. We shall look eagerly forward to further volumes of gleanings from his unpublished diaries and papers.



From *Memoirs of Madame
Vigée Le Brun*
Translated by Gerard Shelley
(John Hamilton).

QUEEN MARIE-ANTOINETTE.
From the painting by Madame Le Brun.
(Musée de Versailles.)



From *A Book of Gallant Vagabonds*
By Henry Beston
(Werner Laurie).

BELZONI.

RAJ, BRIGAND CHIEF.

By AMY CARMICHAEL. 24 illustrations. 6s. (Seeley,
Service.)

Here is a story that ought to be very widely read. For its hero is one of the most engaging personalities possible to imagine, a veritable Robin Hood of India, robbing only the rich, generous and protecting to the poor, gentle, chivalrous, fearless, a truth-teller, a sportsman of the best and most intelligent type. First of all accused—unjustly and through an intrigue—of a share in a dacoity, when he came back and surrendered to the charge under guarantee he was ill-treated and abused, so that he broke out of prison. And he found his home destroyed, his wife dead, his children fugitives. So he turned bandit, a hearty, cheery bandit, whose deeds of kindness and daring won praise enough almost to counterbalance the wrongdoing. And then he was betrayed to the police—and tortured by them. Again he freed himself, bribing his guards to stage a violent escape. And in outlawry he lived again till again he was betrayed by a friend, and again tortured.

"One whose commands those brothers obeyed came in and looked at the prisoner, and said, pointing to Raj: 'Without shedding of blood you must break his leg. After you have broken it, call me, and I will come and see.' Saying this, he went. And it was done. A stone was brought, and lest the skin should be broken and blood spilt, they wrapped Raj's leg in a sack rolled four times round it, and stretched it out on the stone. And one of the two brothers broke the shin bone by blows from a rice-beater. And the other twisted the leg by the foot till the sinews gave, and Raj cried to them: 'Oh, shoot me dead!'"

Maimed and in prison, Raj turned to Christianity and was baptized, forgiving his persecutors and tormentors. And escaping again, he stood manfully against all temptations to revenge or to rob. And though in the long run he was found and killed, according to this history (vouched for by three missionary bishops and Mr. W. H. Somervell, of the 1924 Mount Everest expedition), he lived in faithful practice of the Christian tenets and ethics to the end. A noble and pathetic tale.

HER MAJESTY: THE ROMANCE OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

By E. THORNTON COOK.
21s. (John Murray.)

In reading these stories of the queens who have reigned over England since the time of the Conqueror's consort, Matilda of Flanders, one is struck by the courage and resourcefulness of women whose lives were dramatic and often beset with tragedy; by the important parts they played in the affairs of their own day, and by the slight tribute they receive from the average historian. Mr. E. Thornton Cook atones for this deficiency to some extent by telling us the story of each in detail, concluding with the life of the late Queen Alexandra. He writes graphically, has a vivid sense of character, and gives to his narrative touches of quiet humour. Among the quantity of books produced this season, "Her Majesty" is one of the most fascinating; the glamour of truth invests it with a charm denied even the finest fiction.

NIPPON.

By LOUIS COUPERUS.
18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The late Louis Couperus was one of the foremost men of letters in Holland, a sensitive and penetrating novelist, a delightful traveller. This record of his visit to China and Japan, not very long before his death, is full of the most delicate and well-informed observation and understanding of the East. No blind worshipper of things unfamiliar, he can be wholly aware of ugliness and incongruity, but all the more aware of beauty and able to see the whole without overbalancing prejudice for or against.



From *The Life of Cesare Borgia*
By Rafael Sabatini
(Stanley Paul).

CESARE BORGIA.
(From the portrait by Giorgione.)

And he saw everything in Japan, and examined everything with cool and critical glance, weighing and appraising, sifting the exquisite from the sham, the dainty from the brutal, the stupid from the gracious, with the result that his descriptions and opinions deserve to be read most closely and very carefully considered in conjunction with other travellers' and students' accounts and impressions. He has given us a remarkably wise and beautiful book, which is wise and beautiful in this English version, though one might regret a little that the actual English of the translation is hardly supple and idiomatic enough to represent the beautiful style of Couperus in his own tongue.

THE FRINGES OF EDINBURGH.

By JOHN GEDDIE. 7s. 6d.
(Chambers.)

Nobody is better equipped with knowledge about his beloved city than is Mr. John Geddie, whose books, "The Fringes of Fife" and "Romantic Edinburgh" have been enjoyed by many English as well as by Scottish readers. Walking is Mr. Geddie's favourite recreation, and he has explored the environs of Edinburgh on foot—which is always the best way to explore. The fruits of his wanderings are gathered together in this volume, and even the most ardent devotee of the Scottish capital will be surprised to find how much he did not know concerning the outskirts of his romantic city. Embellished with sixteen full-page coloured drawings by Mr. Arthur Wall, and a vast number of charming pen-and-ink sketches, the book is off the beaten track, and no lover of Edinburgh can afford to miss it.



From *Her Majesty: The Romance of the Queens of England, 1066-1910*
By E. Thornton Cook
(John Murray).

MARY II, WIFE OF WILLIAM III,
(From the picture by William Wissing in the National Portrait Gallery.)



From *Sailing Across Europe*
By Negley Farson
(Hutchinson).

"LITTLE VENICE"—BAMBERG.

SAILING ACROSS EUROPE.

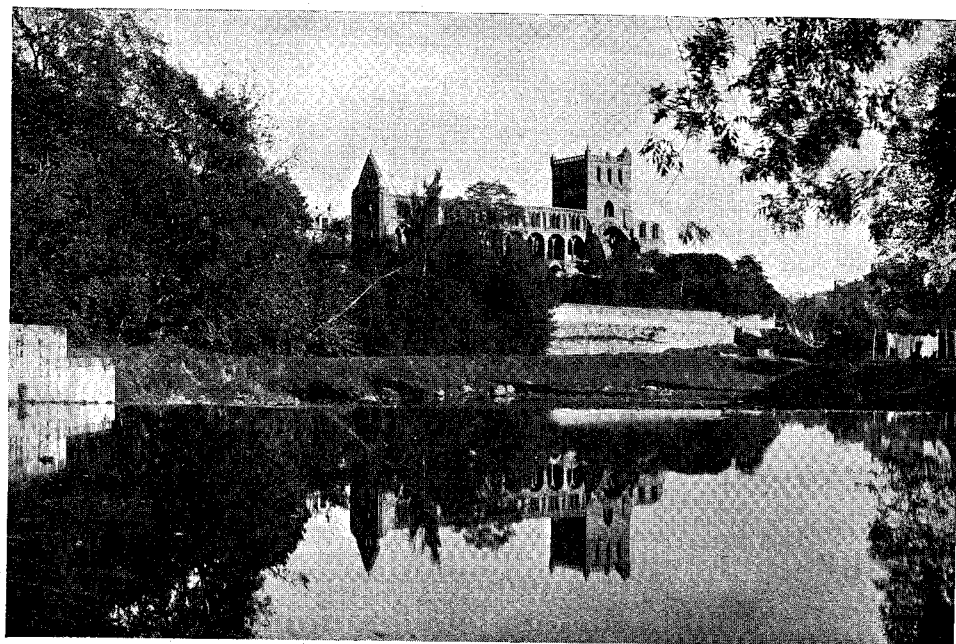
By NEGBLY FARSON. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

There are certain phrases which the artistic conscience abhors, but which nevertheless so lend themselves to common expression of opinion that one is constrained to accept them as inevitable. For instance what other phrase can one apply to this book than that to sail across Europe from one end to the other is no small feat. Especially as there is no other end of Europe. Of course the whole narration is beyond the mere cursory examination of a book of this sort by an ordinary pedestrian traveller who only trifles with a theme of this tremendous import. Still there are, beyond the magnificent illustrations of a purely pictorial character the even more picturesque illustrations of a vivid and unconventional style of writing to acclaim this wonderful story of a wonderful feat which is better than any dull tally of records. One cannot too highly recommend this really fine and dramatic story of undreamt-of and unexplored adventure without descending into ugly and empty hyperbole. Therefore this present reviewer can only say that in his more flat-footed way—and he knows a good deal of Europe—he finds in this volume a splendid reflection of things seen and things done by less adventurous voyagers which may outshine the more adventurous. No fireside traveller may miss this book.

BERWICKSHIRE AND ROXBURGHSHIRE

By W. S. CROCKETT. With illustrations. 3s. (Cambridge University Press.)

This is the latest volume in the valuable series of Cambridge County Handbooks. The two counties described in it are among the most distinguished in Scotland as regards history and romance. They are in fact the main "Border Counties," and peaceful though they may be now, their geographical position both gave them opportunities and laid them open to risks, which made them lively in the past, and in the present most fruitful for the writer of



From *Berwickshire and Roxburghshire*
By W. S. Crockett
(Cambridge University Press).

JEDBURGH ABBEY.

romance and the student of history. The fact that for instance "Berwick-upon-Tweed, in the course of its chequered story, changed hands no fewer than thirteen times," will indicate that much blood was shed upon those once difficult acres. And now—"The Past is never far away. The shattered 'peel' [tower or keep] is a frequent landmark. The noblest monastic ruins in Scotland are here. Every mile we travel is on historic ground. Not a field but has its battle. Not a rivulet but has its song." On the land here described are Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, Jedburgh Abbey, Floors Castle, Duns Castle, Kelso Abbey, and scores of other places of national interest. This volume is "handy," and therefore restricted, but within its scope is a wealth of practical and detailed information—about boundaries, climate, natural history, architecture, minerals, roads, rivers, manufactures, history, administration, famous men and women, and all that goes to make it a sound book for reference as well as a bit of pleasant reading. Mr. Crockett has been sympathetic as well as thorough, and his words combined with his illustrations do full justice to his subject.

MARVELS OF MODERN MECHANICS.

By HAROLD T. WILKINS. With illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is a mistake to think that the age of miracles is over, and that all mysteries can be now explained with mathematical precision. Man can study and put things together, can calculate and measure, dissect and probe, but beyond all those studyings and calculatings, probings and measurings there is the mysterious "something" which gives them effect—the marvellous, the miraculous "something." Mr. Wilkins admits the marvellous and he gives in this book thirteen chapters dealing with it in a most fascinating style. From the steps made towards conquering the atom, to the suggestion of a pleasing cure for baldness, seems a long stride, but here we have accounts of both these interesting matters, and radium, wireless, cables beneath the seas and marvels high in the air, and many another great wonder or invention is here described. Mr. Wilkins's style is attractive, clear and at moments sufficiently discursive to hold his readers enthralled and informed, enlightened and entertained.

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PAS- SENGER TO TEHERAN

By V.
SACKVILLE-
WEST.
12s. 6d.
(Hogarth
Press.)

Nothing that Miss Sackville-West writes is without interest; and here we see her at her best, even if we are handicapped by the feeling that she is a rather self-conscious and condescending traveller. We do not look for spontaneity or freshness of mood but for studied attention and care in style and presentation. Both these desirable ends she achieves successfully enough; her book flows so easily that at times we almost forget that she is making an effort in writing it—and then some insignificant word or bit of phrasing suddenly jolts us back to the realisation that we are after all but an audience and must keep quiet, please. In short, her book lacks friendliness and companionship; it is a lecture delivered from a very high rostrum rather than a chat by the fireside; but having said so much we continue to read it. Our enjoyment in this task is heightened by the pleasantly clear type used for the letterpress, by the unfailing beauty of the illustrations and by the comfort with which the book can be held in the hand.



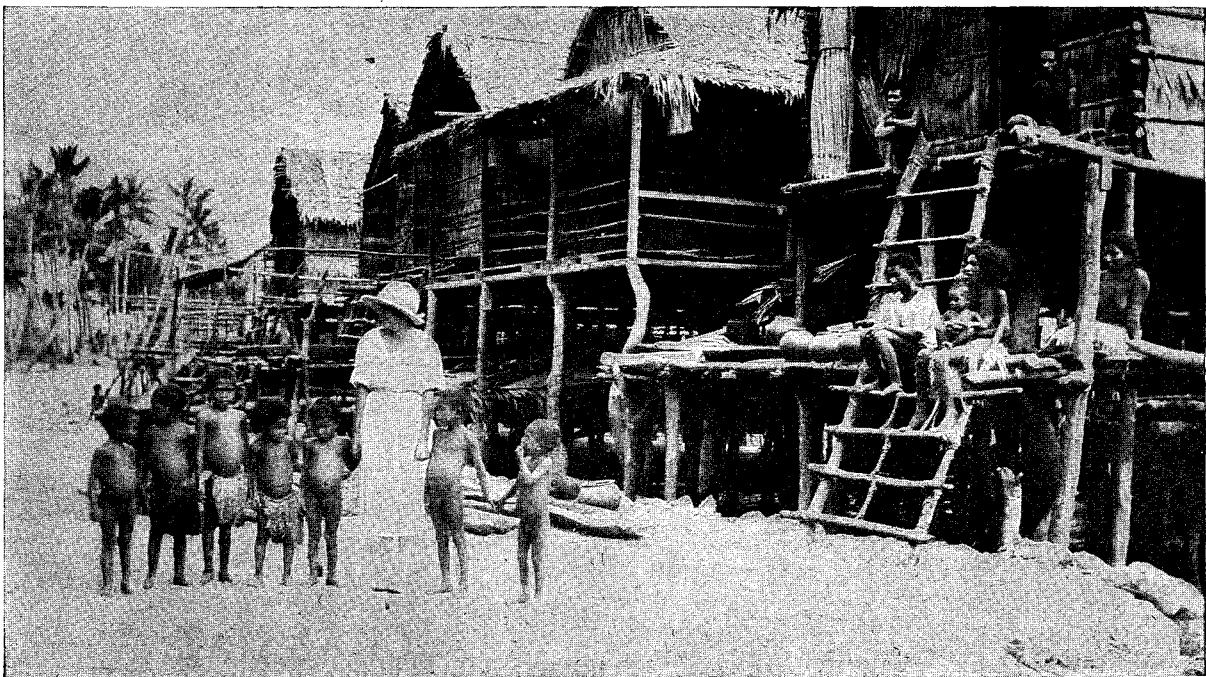
From Passenger to Teheran
By V. Sackville-West
(Hogarth Press).

THE KASVIN ROAD.

THE LIFE OF JENNY LIND.

Briefly told by her daughter, MRS. RAYMOND MAUDE,
O.B.E. 10s. 6d. (Cassells.)

The two British heroines of the forties and fifties were by an odd coincidence the "Swedish Nightingale" and her acquaintance, Florence Nightingale. Of the former, the famous singer in opera and oratorio, her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, O.B.E., has just published a short, concise and charming biography which can be heartily recommended to all who love music and all who can appreciate a noble and beneficent if rather austere personality. One disputed point about Jenny Lind this book, with its many pictures, should clear up quite satisfactorily. We had always been told that Jenny Lind was plain; and



From The Further Venture Book
By Elinor Mordaunt
(John Lane).

THE VILLAGE NEAR GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
PORT MORESBY, BRITISH PAPUA.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

strangely enough her daughter seems inclined to take the same view. And yet three at least of the portraits which she gives us show quite plainly that up to thirty at least "the Swedish Nightingale" was quite a pretty girl. Another point which the author makes—and this explicitly—is the extent of her mother's philanthropic and charitable donations. And a third point is that quaint association which was established between a woman who hated publicity and a man who loved it, when Phineas T. Barnum piloted Jenny Lind on her American tour in 1850-51. In the main, however, despite the furore she created in every place in which she made a public appearance, despite the tradition she had become all over Europe and all over the United States and Canada, the great singer lived a simple and comparatively uneventful life. How useful she contrived to make it, thanks to her personality and example, the reader will gather from this brief but delightful monograph.



From *Rosemary: Some Remembrances*
By Fay Compton
(Alston Rivers).

FAY COMPTON AS MARY ROSE.

"ROSEMARY"— SOME RE- MEMBRANCES.

By FAY COMPTON.
15s.
(Alston Rivers.)

If you ever saw clever Fay Compton at seventeen as one of Pélissier's "Follies," your interest will be kindled in "Rosemary," a book with twenty-three illustrations in which she recounts her theatrical career to date. Still more will you be enthused when you recall her later triumphs, such as her perfect creation of Mary Rose; her lady in "The Man with a Load of Mischief"; her Ophelia to John Barrymore's Hamlet, and so on. It is a tale of hard work and unbounded energy, giving a real picture of what an actress's life is like to-day. When playing Ophelia at the Haymarket, Fay Compton had not seen Maclise's picture in the National Portrait Gallery of the play-scene in "Hamlet," with her grandmother as the golden-haired Ophelia. This is one of the interesting things noted by her brother, Compton Mackenzie, who writes a characteristic introduction of forty-eight pages, and provides incidentally some excellent reminiscences of Fay's first husband, Pélissier. He includes most usefully a little family genealogy of the Mackenzies, pointing out that Fay's name is not really Compton (a name adopted by her grandfather), but Mackenzie. Admitting that Fay is an extraordinarily competent all-round performer, her brother thinks that "she requires a romantic atmosphere to show her off meetly." And how in a romantic atmosphere her great triumphs have been gained you may read in this delightfully interesting record.



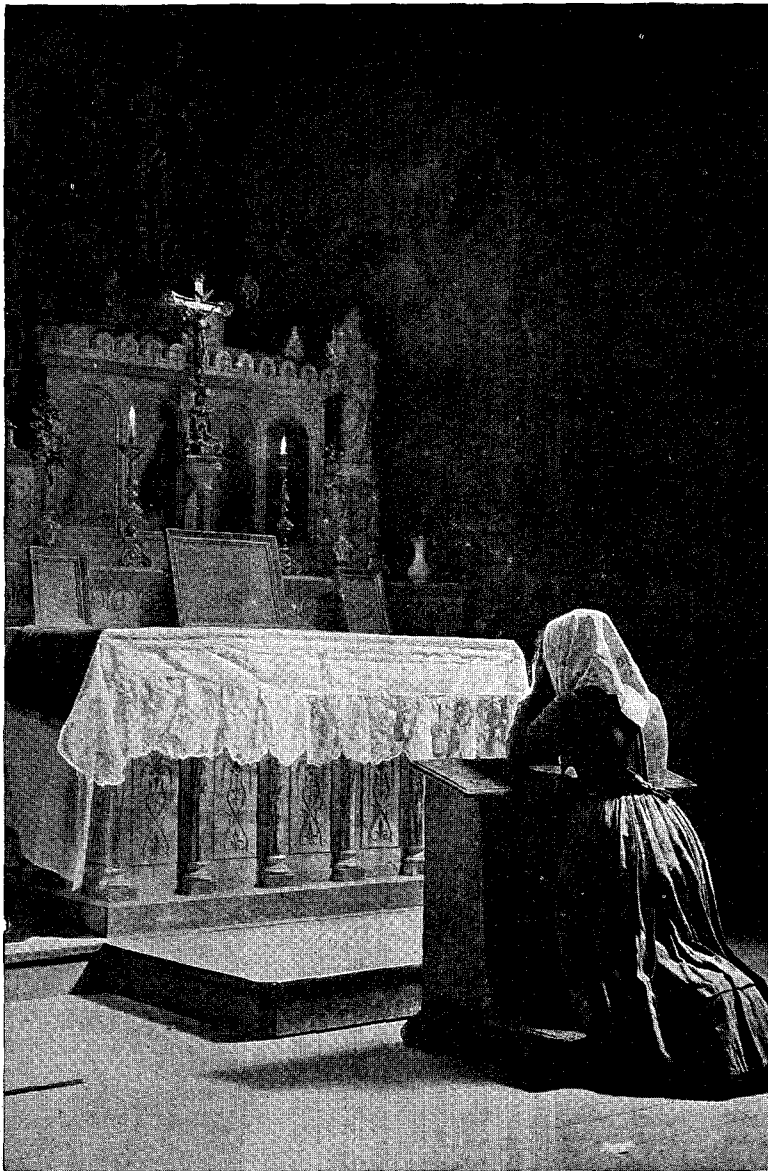
From *The Romance of Our Wonderful World*
By P. J. Risdon
(Seeley, Service).

A WONDERFUL RESULT OF
PROLONGED CHEMICAL ACTION.
(Photo: Frith.)

THE BOOK OF OTHER LANDS.

By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.
7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Another volume in this wonderful series. Messrs. Harrap are downright fortunate to have been able to enlist in their service Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart who has written this charming book. For Miss Stuart is entirely removed from the ordinary compiler, she writes with fire and humour, and from a great store of knowledge. Consequently this account of other countries which might so easily have been merely pleasant and uninspired, is alive with interest. But why did not Miss Stuart write a set of verses about each country? That would indeed have been enticing. As it is, her descriptions will leave a great impression on child readers. To hear of the toy stall at the Japanese street corner where any little Jap can buy a fascinating plaything—how jolly it is! . . . And the section on France is admirable—" Towns looking like fairy-land



From *The Book of Other Lands*
By Dorothy Margaret Stuart
(Harrap).

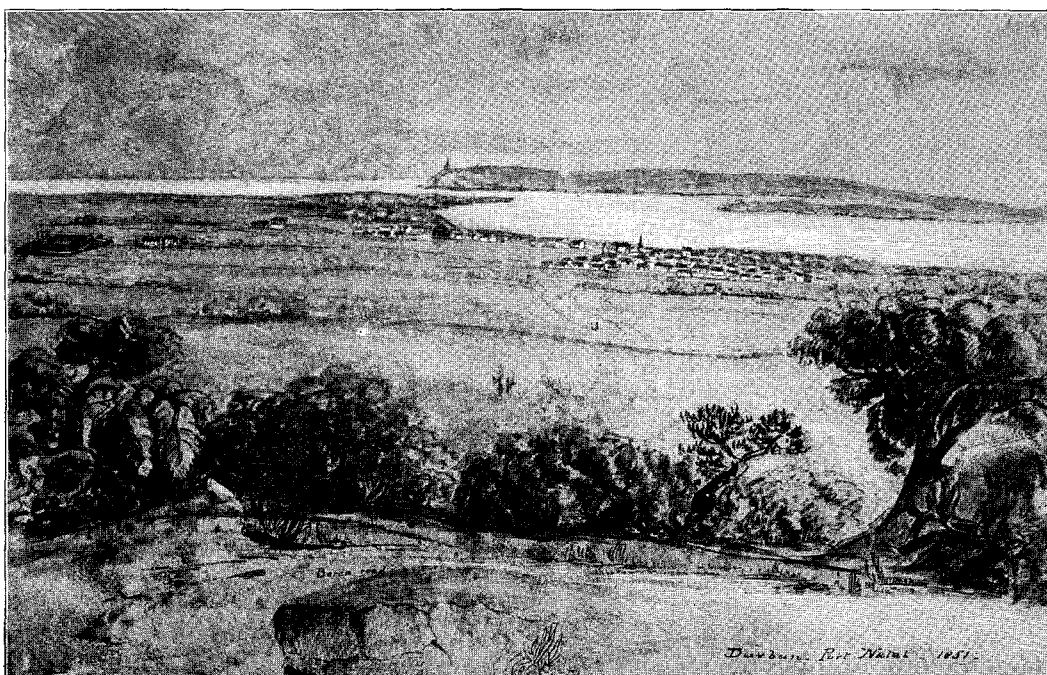
A SHRINE IN AOSTA CATHEDRAL
(Photo: Donald McLeish.)

illustrations of places inhabited by wizards and enchanted princesses."

CHRONICLES OF THE PRUSSIAN COURT.

By ANNE TOPHAM.
21s. (Hutchinson.)

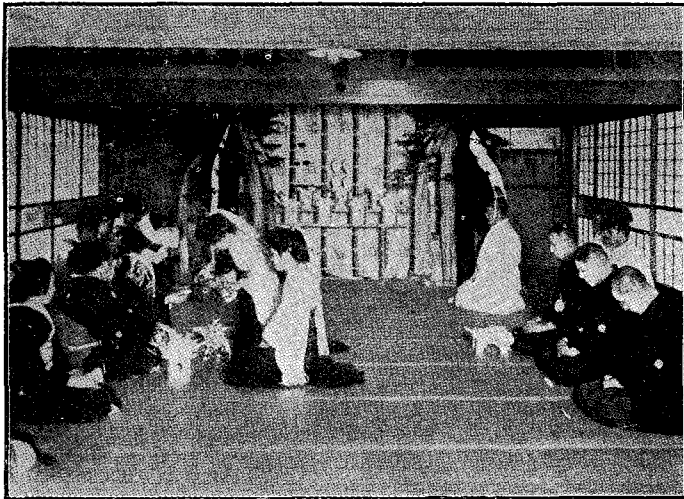
Of making many books about the Prussian Court there would seem to be no end. But just as my citation of an over-quoted and usually misquoted Biblical adage is uncommon, so is this volume. It is stark realism. One feels that throughout the author is doing her uttermost to be discreet—and of course she is invariably and immitigably discreet—and yet the more she tries to hide the more she unconsciously reveals. There is an old literary phrase which recurs to memory in a superficial survey of an important book of this sort, of this pith and moment—A Human Document. If ever a volume of memoirs deserved that epithet this truly outstanding volume does. The style is quiet: all the more



From *The Rise of South Africa. Vol. IV*
By Sir George E. Cory (Longmans).

DURBAN, 1851.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926



From *An Immigrant in Japan*
By Theodate Geoffrey
(Werner Laurie).

A JAPANESE WEDDING.

effective. The pictures given of the inner life of an amazing *ménage*, lightly limned: all the more wonderful, all the more relatively close to truth. We know of no kind of person, no degree of relation, who will not rapturously approve this book as a Christmas present. It is indeed a contribution to history.

MEMORIES OF SERGEANT BOURGOGNE, 1812-1813.

With an Introduction by the HON. JOHN FORTESCUE, and illustrations from the drawings of FABER DU FAUR. 10s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

These memoirs of a French sergeant of the Imperial Guard during the Russian campaign of 1812-1813 are sponsored in their English translation by the Hon. John Fortescue. For the general reader his short introduction is not the least valuable part of the book. The memoirs themselves have a tendency to grow tedious in their detail, the incidents to appear too patiently and meticulously chronicled for the sum total of the knowledge they convey. Bourgogne, the son of a cloth merchant, joined the Light Infantry of the Imperial Guard in 1805, went through the Polish campaign of 1806-7, and was moved to the Peninsula, whence his regiment was withdrawn in March, 1812, for the Russian campaign. From Paris the troops reached the Rhine, marched eastward to the Niemen, which they crossed towards the end of June. The entry into Moscow was made on a beautiful summer's day, with



From *Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne*,
1812-1813

With an introduction by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue and illustrations from the drawings of Faber du Faur (Peter Davies).

NEAR SMORGONY,
DEC. 3, 1812.

the sun "reflected on all the domes, spires and gilded palaces." Bourgogne describes the effect as "magical." Then the Fire, the looting and the Retreat. These chapters on the Retreat describe the almost unbelievable suffering through which the army passed. The snow came on, the wagons full of plunder broke down, the horses died for want of forage, their dead bodies were seized for food by the famished soldiers. Out and in among this confused rabble, "wrapped in sheep-skins, in bits of cloth, in everything they could lay their hands on to keep out the cold," walked the Emperor. Bourgogne felt for him that devotion which every soldier in a Napoleonic campaign had for his leader. "There he was—always the great genius; however miserable we might be, with him we were always sure of victory in the end."

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE.

By SUSAN GLASPELL. 15s. (Benn.)

This book is the record, partly biographical and partly autobiographical, of Susan Glaspell's husband, the late George Cram Cook. He was a man of unusual temperament, and his life was moulded by "a profound,



From *An Immigrant in Japan*
By Theodate Geoffrey
(Werner Laurie).

USUI AND HIS OKU SAN
(THE AUTHORESS) ON A
WALKING TOUR.

often a disturbing, a tormenting awareness of the long life behind him." He loved all things that record time—"the rocks of the earth, great trees enclosing their many rings, the books that hold the rings of thinking—an old tool, old words." Brought up beside the Mississippi, he dreamed in boyhood of ancient Greece. Dwelling upon the past, he came to the conclusion that "because we have come from afar, the mind must be untrammelled." After he had been to Harvard and Heidelberg he gave up university teaching in America and became a farmer on the Mississippi. So that the mind could be free, he must earn his living by other agencies than the mind. While turning the soil, he studied Darwin and Hæckel, and later engaged in some of the intellectual battles of his day in America. He became a Congressman and established the Princetown Players. A life of continuous experiment closed in the Greece of his early dreams, where he lived as a shepherd among shepherds, and where games were instituted in his honour after his death. The story of this seeker and dreamer, whose defeats were more significant than his successes, is told partly in his own words, which have been edited and amplified by his wife. A strange book, full of odd and varied glimpses of life, and reflecting a very original and interesting, if somewhat wayward, personality.

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

By RALPH NEVILL.
With 16 illustrations.
16s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Ralph Nevill has already to his credit a goodly number of volumes enshrining a shrewd and accurate picture of his and our own times conveyed in reminiscences and anecdotes of infinitely various themes. In this latest collection he deals with the many aspects of racing and steeplechasing to-day, and gives interesting notes on the past history of the Turf and on various celebrities and outstanding characters who have been connected with it. It is interesting to find Mr. Nevill declaring that for all we read "of the prowess of jockeys in past days, as far as can be judged the old school of race-riders would hardly stand a chance with modern ones such as Donoghue, Frank Bullock, Gordon Richards and others." We find interesting chapters on Bookmakers and Bookmaking; on Newmarket ancient and modern; on suburban racecourses of the past, such as those at Notting Hill, Streatham, Bromley, etc.; on Flat Racing from its early beginnings; on Steeplechasing; on Racing in France; on Owners; on Jockeys and Trainers, and on Betting, and all illustrated and enlivened with a wealth of facts and anecdotes excellently recounted. A delightful book for all who like horses and are interested in racing annals.



From Malay Land
By R. J. H. Sidney
(Cecil Palmer).

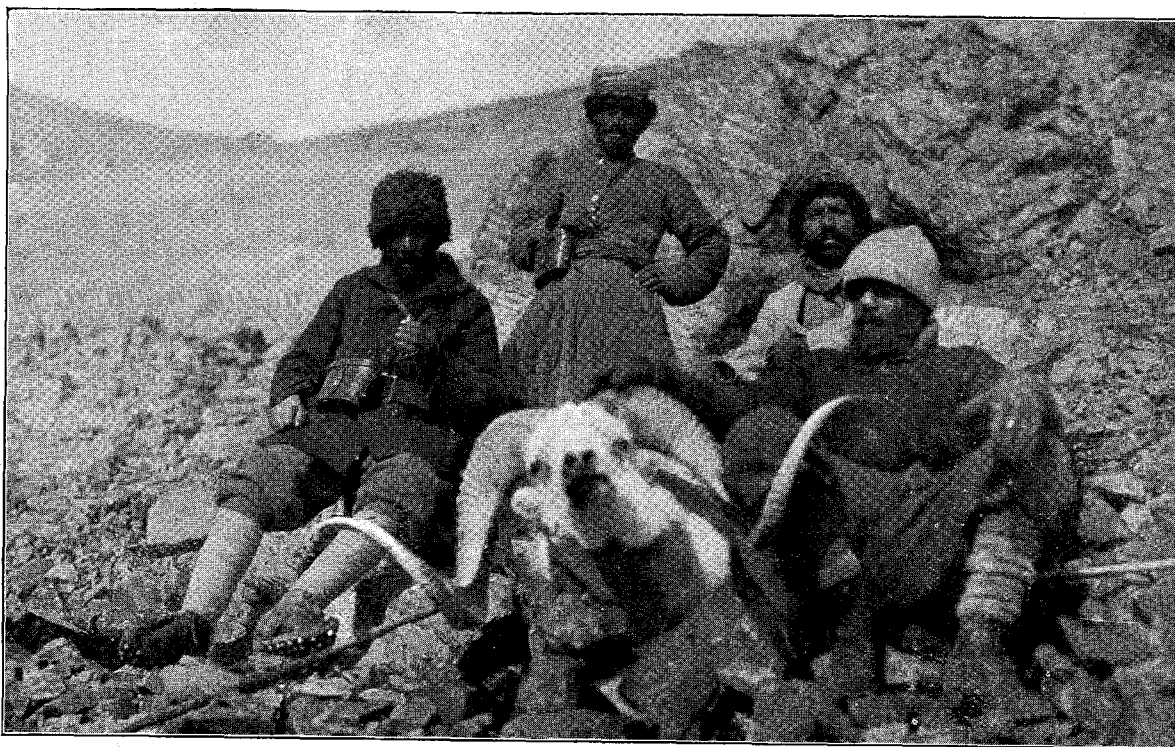
MALAYAN COMING-OF-AGE CEREMONY.

ENCOUNTERS.

By IFOR EVANS. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In the autumn of 1924, Mr. Evans, in virtue of an Albert Kahn Fellowship, set out, "at the mature age of twenty-five," for a year's travel round the world. This sprightly volume records his impressions—not in a formal, consecutive manner, but by means of a series of detached "Encounters with All Sorts of People." There is comparatively little description of places in Mr. Evans's book, though that little is very good. His main interest is in men and women, and he introduces to us a remarkable

variety of people, Eastern and Western, high and low. In Egypt he met Saad Zaghlul Pasha and in India he talked with Gandhi, and one of the best things in his pages is the contrast he draws between these two men, the latter incapable of thinking in terms of "tactics," and the former able to do nothing else. But Mr. Evans is very happy in his delineation of minor



From East of the Sun and West of the Moon
By Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt
(Scribner.)

RAH-MA, PALANG, KHALIL, AND T.R.,
AND T.R.'S BIG POLI.

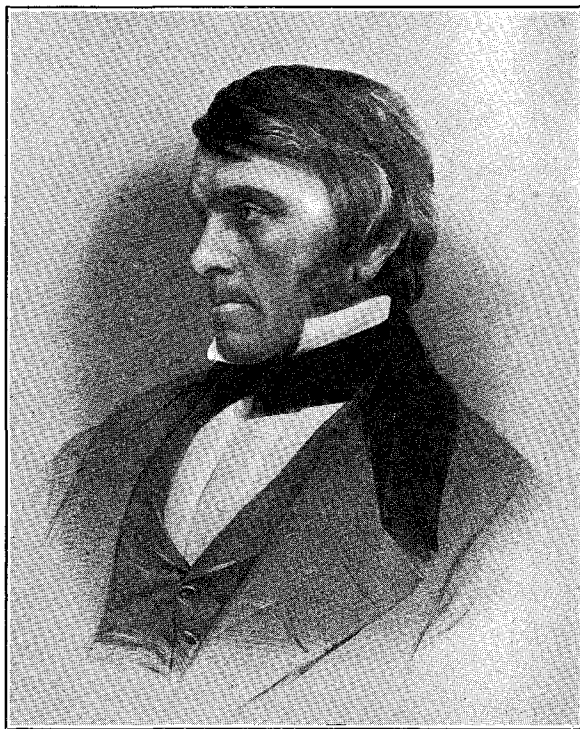
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

characters. His "Encounter," for example, with the Bermondsey man who had made good in America by the sale of rouge is a little masterpiece. The whole book, indeed, is extremely vivacious and illuminating. Mr. Evans has all the enthusiasm of youth, and a welcome touch of sauciness. But he has, at the same time, an insight into human nature and a grasp of affairs that are quite remarkable in so young a man.

THE GAME'S AFOOT.

Edited by BERNARD DARWIN. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Sport has never been more enthusiastically followed than it is to-day; our newspapers are full of it; the energy of the race is dispersed in sundry open-air pursuits; we make heroes and heroines of our tennis champions, our cricket champions, our boxers, our jockeys. Mr. Bernard Darwin, realising the spirit that is abroad, has done what many of us will be thankful to him for doing—he has compiled an anthology of sports. "The literature of sport is so large," he says in his introduction, "that anyone who attempts to make a choice from it can hardly hope to do more than to please himself." He is unnecessarily pessimistic; for in pleasing himself he will find he has pleased thousands. "The best writing on games is always cheerful, and spirited and full of the joy of life," he adds—that is why his book is one of the cheeriest among the Christmas batch. He covers all the various amusements of field and road and river, and even billiards is not forgotten. Sportsmen and lovers of the open air will be delighted with his discriminating selections.



From Thomas Carlyle
By May Agnes Hamilton
(Leonard Parsons).

THOMAS CARLYLE.

UNKNOWN BRIGHTON.

By GEORGE AITCHISON. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

To a certain extent we have to thank Miss Stella Langdale for this fascinating volume, for it was inspired by her delightful aquatints, here reproduced, of the little known and hidden away relics of bygone days. How many of the thousands of visitors dream of all the history and romance that lies tucked away in the part called "The Lanes," which is in fact Old Brighton. Still less do they realise that the original fishing village, which sent its men to die with Harold before the Norman onrush at Senlac, has been utterly washed away. Much has been written of the Royal Pavilion, appreciative and otherwise, but Mr. Aitchison certainly covers it with a fresh glamour, paints it in its natural colours and, by losing sight of its incongruous surroundings and remembering its part in the Great War, turns an imitation Eastern palace into a real Eastern palace, far exceeding in its sincerity the glittering extravagances of the Regency days. The reader goes on many voyages of discovery, one in particular in Meeting House Lane, which still gives scope for investigation, while others reveal remarkable links in the long chain of history, and make engrossing reading.

FLORIDA TO FLEET STREET.

By T. C. BRIDGES.
With 16 illustrations. 2rs.
(Hutchinson.)

Here is the life story of a well-known author and journalist who, before he settled down to the pen, roughed it in Florida and elsewhere about the world. For many, the narrative of his later adventures as a free-lance journalist will be the most alluring phase of his career and, though it is alive with interest all through, we join with Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, who supplies an introduction, in commending it especially to journalistic beginners who may learn much from Mr. Bridges' experiences that will be helpful to them.



From The War Diary
of Emperor
Frederick III
Translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A.
(Stanley Paul).

FREDERICK WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE
OF PRUSSIA, AFTERWARDS THE
EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

A NATURALIST AT THE ZOO.

By E. G. BOULENGER.
Illustrated by L. R.
BRIGHTWELL.
10s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

The Zoo is one of the best things in London, and an inexhaustible source of pleasure to every visitor, but the greater the knowledge the greater the pleasure. Here is an intimate guide to its delights, written by the director of the wonderful aquarium, filled with intimate back-stairs and behind-the-scenes gossip and sparkling with private first-hand information about bears and giraffes and elephants and llamas and lizards and snakes and insects and eagles and toads and all the varied peoples that make up the population of the Regent's Park houses, not forgetting the apes and monkeys, which alone could be studied day after day for months without losing their fascination. Mr. Boulenger is happy in his illustrator, Mr. Brightwell, whose thirty-four sketches are full of insight and uncanny vitality, and their book is one to read and read again, supplemented by frequent visits to the Zoo itself.

DORA GREENWELL.

By CONSTANCE L. MAYNARD. 7s. 6d. (Allenson.)

It is with feelings of emotion and gratitude that the present reviewer, who chanced to be brought up among Miss Greenwell's books, has turned to this new life of a spiritual genius who was too little known to her own generation, who is too unfamiliar to students of the present day. It has seemed imperative to Miss Maynard (first Principal of Westfield College) to revive a name likely to be altogether forgotten. It is pathetic to note that eight of Miss Greenwell's books are out of print; though, thanks to Miss Maynard's pious care, we can still obtain a new edition of "Two Friends" and "Carmina Crucis." We warmly welcome this biography. It is carefully



From **Kaiser William II**
By Emil Ludwig
Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne
(Putnam).

THE EMPEROR AND EDWARD VII.

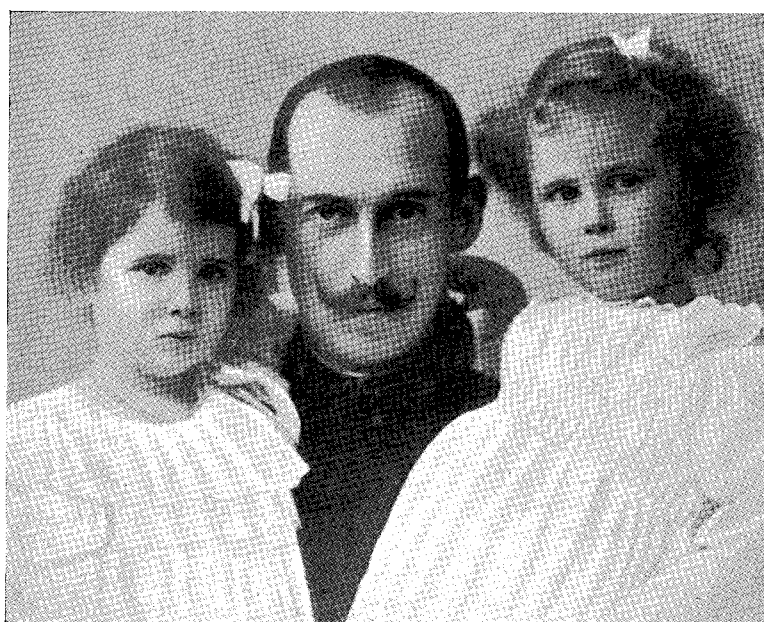
many people will be mystified by the sight of this pleasantly got-up book in the shops, for many parents we fear have not heard of Ramen Muntaner, the valiant Spanish knight who fought in more than thirty battles by land and sea, and bore the scars of many wounds. The book is all about very, very old days, when in 1303 the Turks were driven from the gates of Constantinople.

When Muntaner was old and weary of many wars he wrote his diary at his country home in Valencia. It is a vigorous, quaint record of fighting and strategy, and will go straight to the heart of the boy whose passion is for ancient chivalry and romance.

CAMPING IN THE SAHARA.

By E. M. HULL.
10s. 6d.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

One of the best travel books we have read for long past. The author clearly had the keenest interest in her experiences, and has known how to communicate that interest to her readers. The book is well illustrated.



MY DAUGHTER ELIZABETH.
From **My Fifty Years**
By H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece
(Hutchinson).

MYSELF.

MY DAUGHTER OLGA.
(Photo: E.N.A.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

CONQUERING THE AIR.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. 6s. (Jack.)

This very engrossing, non-technical account of the progress of aviation since the earliest times will have a very wide appeal. The early efforts of the Montgolfier brothers, two French paper manufacturers, who actually ascended in a balloon that was kept afloat by means of a fire of wool and straw make very interesting reading. The accounts of the work of the pioneers of aviation leave one amazed at the tremendous risks they took, and, although fatal accidents did frequently occur, the fact that so many experimental flights were safely accomplished with the crude machines then in use gave great encouragement to the intrepid men whose devotion to flying over-shadowed all else in their lives. In the latter parts of the book are epic tales of modern flying, the transatlantic flight of Alcock and Brown, Cobham's Cairo to the Cape expedition, and the marvellous work of aeroplanes in war time. Interesting chapters on the Future of Aviation and the Uses for Aircraft complete a most enthralling and instructive book.



From "Master" and Men—
Pink 'Un Yesterdays
By J. B. Booth
(Werner Laurie).

JIMMY DAVIS,
GEORGE EDWARDES
AND
SIDNEY JONES.

side to this enviable lot in life ; and those of us with most imagination will realise that from the time that early childhood ended, freedom for the Prince ended also. To use his

own words : " As a kid, it was the very devil." And we see him, a normal child, with normal likes and dislikes, normal temper and spirit, learning self-control, the sacrifice of inclinations, and an unnatural courtesy, which would be a handicap to any child. From the school-room at home the Prince went to Osborne to begin his naval training. He always loved the sea, and would have liked a far longer experience as a sailor, but the heir to the throne must not be one-sided. The death of King Edward and the accession of King George thrust new conditions on the Prince, and after all the ceremonial of the Coronation of the King and Queen there came the great strain of publicity and responsibility in his own Investiture as Prince of Wales. It was after this however that a delightful, though strenuous, three months followed when, free from many a restriction except the discipline of his calling, he enjoyed his life as a midshipman on board the *Hindustan*. It is very tempting to linger over the younger years of H.R.H., but this book goes on to his young manhood and gains, even, in interest as it

goes. Oxford came next and then—the Great War, and the diffident youth returned to his own land a man of action and experience, with his place in public life and his World Tours before him. What those journeys to the ends of our Empire have meant we may read in these pages. Major Verney's book is a real addition to biographical writing ; it avoids any trace of fulsome or priggish-

ness ; it is a sane " character study " of a live human, told in a clear, lively style and interspersed with anecdote and story. It is certainly an excellent book and one which, we know now, we needed.

H.R.H.: A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By MAJOR F. E. VERNEY, M.C. Illustrated. 20s. net.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

" If you come to think of it, the Prince of Wales attracts more universal interest than any living person. If I were not anxious to avoid the note of sloppy enthusiasm which is common to most that is written of him, I might almost claim that he is the object of wider attention than any individual of modern times." In this opening sentence we have the key to the great value of this book: (1) The universal interest of its subject; (2) the manly and natural manner in which the book is written. Major Verney has avoided " sloppy enthusiasm " and (I will not say " yet ") has left with us the picture of " a very great gentleman." It is a fine thing to be heir to a vast empire, but there is another



From A Playgoer's Wanderings
By H. M. Walbrock
(Leonard Parsons).

THE CAST OF H. J. BYRON'S COMEDY,
" DEARER THAN LIFE."

from the closing years of the century before last down to our own days. Whether you go in for sport or not, you will find plenty in these pages to interest and amuse you.

CHIT CHAT.

By LADY
AUGUSTA FANE.
Illustrated.
21s. (Thornton
Butterworth.)

A lightly written, entertaining volume which blends history with personal reminiscence of sport and social life in England



From *A Hunting Diary*
By the late Captain N. W. Apperley
(Nisbet).

A MEET OF THE HOUNDS.

HENRY CHAPLIN: A MEMOIR.

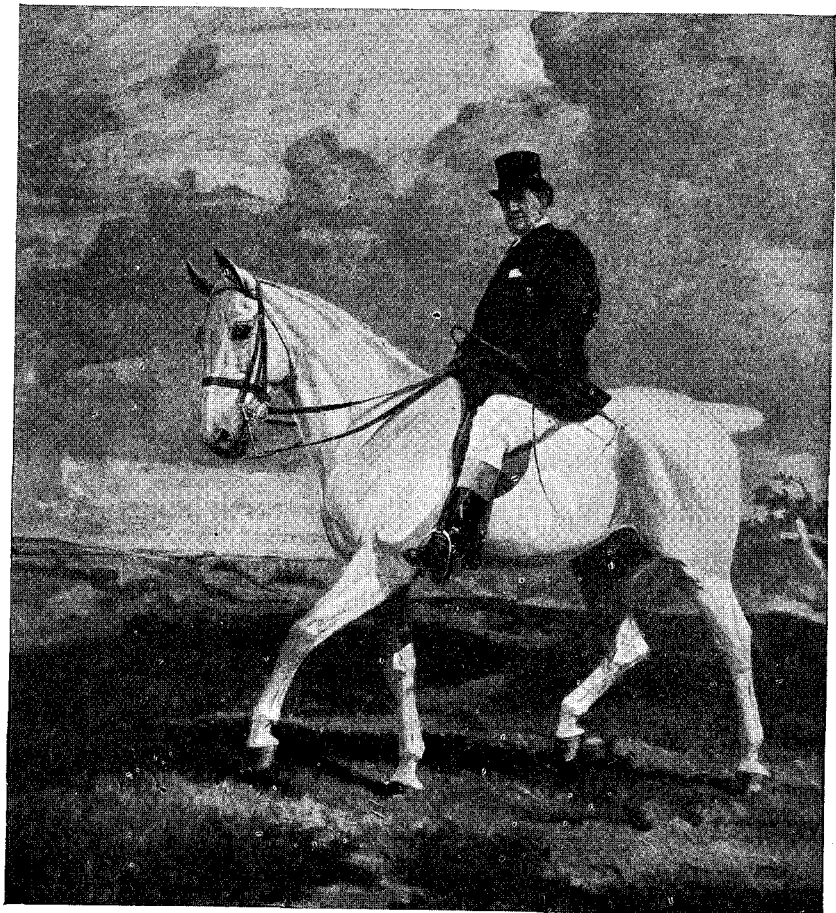
By the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.
21s. (Macmillan.)

In the later Victorian era there were four wearers of the monocle who made it an indispensable part of their being. Whistler in art, Chamberlain in politics, Squire Bancroft in the theatre, and Henry Chaplin in sport. The first two used it as if to air their perspicacity; the second pair, to lend a kind of lustre to mediocrity. But if Whistler and Chamberlain shone by reason of their undoubted powers, the other two bore away the palm in point of sterling character. Chaplin, in fact, had only one colleague worth comparing with him in this respect, the late Duke of Devonshire, and curiously enough, they were both compounded in equal degree of aristocrat, sportsman and patriot. But whereas Devonshire might have excelled in many things if he had not been cursed with a somnolent habit, Chaplin strove for supremacy over and over again, only to find that destiny or something like it, was playing cross-purposes with him at nearly every turn. If only he had lived a generation sooner, Meredith might have made him one of his romantics, or Mr. Hardy the central figure of a satire on life.

Nor need the novelist have gone outside the region of fact, for Chaplin's life had in it a thread of romance running through and through. The early death of his parents left him the master of a fortune which he proceeded to squander like the proverbial gamester, on old-fashioned hospitality and a passion for the turf. As a result, by the time he reached a pinnacle of popularity in the circles where he most desired it, his patrimony and estates were gone, and "the Squire of Blankney" was a label of the past. But before this, in the middle sixties he had gone through one of the most crucial ordeals a man of dignity and sensibility could be called on to endure.

His fiancée, for no reason but wanton folly, jilted him on the very eve of their wedding. Lady Florence Paget, while shopping for their honeymoon, left him in a carriage at the front door of Marshall and Snelgrove's while she slipped out at the back and eloped with a titled "waster." The letter she sent the victim was a testimonial for life, but it was poor satisfaction for a deeply injured man. Fate so contrived that the winner in this wretched business, the Marquis of Hastings, was to encounter Chaplin at more than one crisis of their lives, but here the honours lay with the better man. Three years after the jilt he won the Derby with

Hermit, and Hastings lost £120,000 on that race alone. The correspondence which Chaplin's daughter and biographer gives us here shows how magnanimous he could be with a rival who had treated him so ill. Generous treatment was wasted, perhaps, on a spendthrift



From *Henry Chaplin: A Memoir* by
his daughter, the Marchioness
of Londonderry
(Macmillan).

HENRY CHAPLIN.
(Presented by his constituents of Wimbledon, 1913.
By Linwood-Palmer and A. Talmadge.)



From An Asian Arcady
By R. le May
(Heffer).

TWO LAO WOMEN—OLD AND YOUNG.

who died at twentysix a bankrupt and a wreck; but at least it shows the fine stuff of which Chaplin was made. He went on from strength to strength, and achieved a certain fame and position in public life. He was no orator and his record as a Cabinet Minister was tolerable, nothing more. But he was loyal to his party and his colleagues, he married happily, and he had a serene philosophy that carried him through the break in his fortunes. His friend, the Duke of Westminster, was probably right when he said that if the monarchs of Europe gave Chaplin an endowment of a hundred thousand a year, not a penny of it would ever be saved. It was enough, perhaps, that he never lost his popularity, and in the days of comparative poverty, he could have spent the rest of his life as a

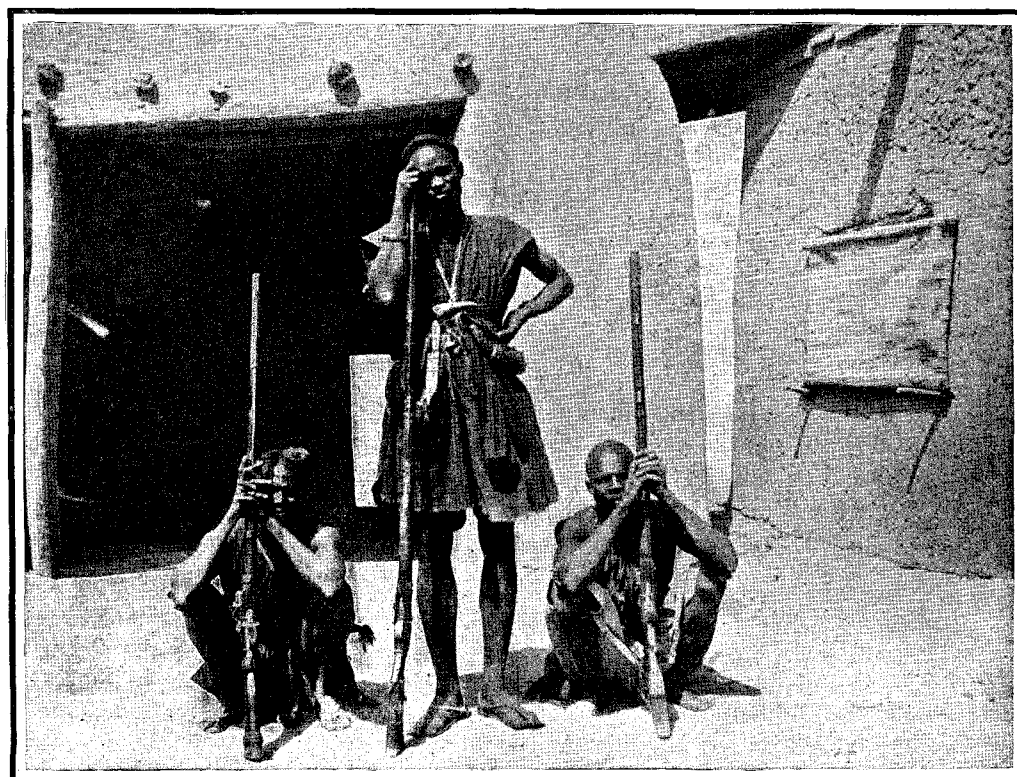
welcome guest in a perpetual round of the best houses in the land. Without straining the facts or suppressing any details, his daughter has here made him the centre of a book which has never a dull page. It leaves one with the confirmed impression of a first-class Briton of the older school, and Chaplin is likely to be remembered for his perfect sportsmanship when cleverer men, perhaps, have been long forgotten.

J. P. C.

MY UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

By GILBERT FRANKAU. 7s. 6d.
(Hutchinson.)

To portray many of the essential features of American life in less than three hundred pages is a feat upon which Mr. Gilbert Frankau may be warmly congratulated, and the more so as he has not allowed his robust Toryism to make him indifferent to the good qualities of the great Republic. Indeed, he enjoyed his visit more than Dickens, and far more than Matthew Arnold. Partly that may have been due to the America he saw being different from the America of the Victorian novelist and critic, and partly to his deep conviction that unless Great Britain and Great America join forces in the event of another war there will supervene the reign of the Bolshevik "and the death of all that great comfort we now know." His book should help towards that better understanding which must be the basis of such an alliance, for he declares that nowadays "America has almost done with improvisation" and that the outstanding trait of the country is "a spirit of hard work and hard thinking."



From Sport and Service in Africa
By Lieut.-Colonel A. H. W. Haywood
(Seeley, Service).

BAMBARRA HUNTERS IN THE
"BEND" OF THE NIGER.

THE AMATEUR SETTLERS.

By LORD and LADY APSLEY. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

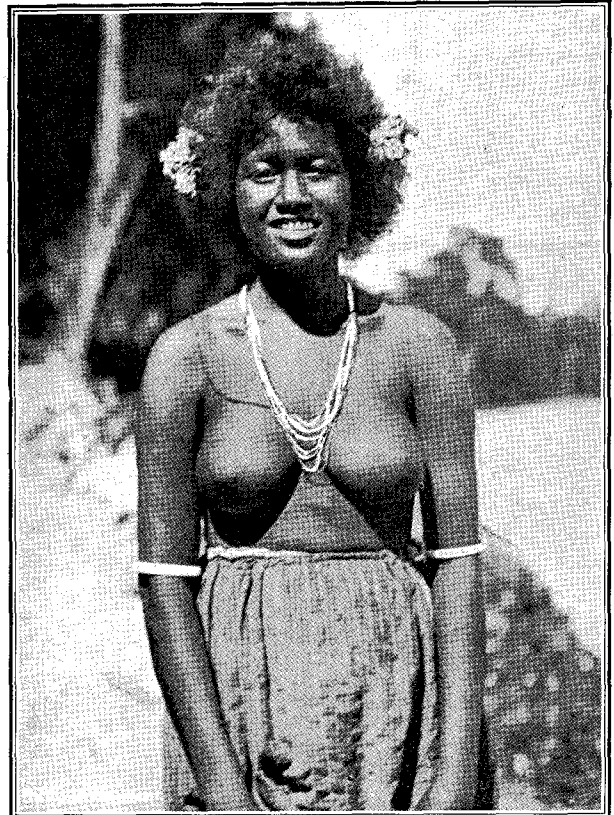
Tasmania and parts of Australia are full of Apsleys and Bathursts, as names of towns, rivers or islands. It was the third Lord Bathurst, an ancestor of the present Lord Apsley, who was responsible for "the initial settlement, by State assistance, of Australia." This fact, Lord Apsley thinks, subconsciously moved him to the adventure described in this book, though a further incentive was forthcoming when in 1923 the author, then working under Sir William Joynson-Hicks, who was Parliamentary Secretary



From *Indians of the Enchanted Desert*
By Leo Crane
(Leonard Parsons).

**YONKEOMA ANTELOPE
PRIEST AND PROPHET.**

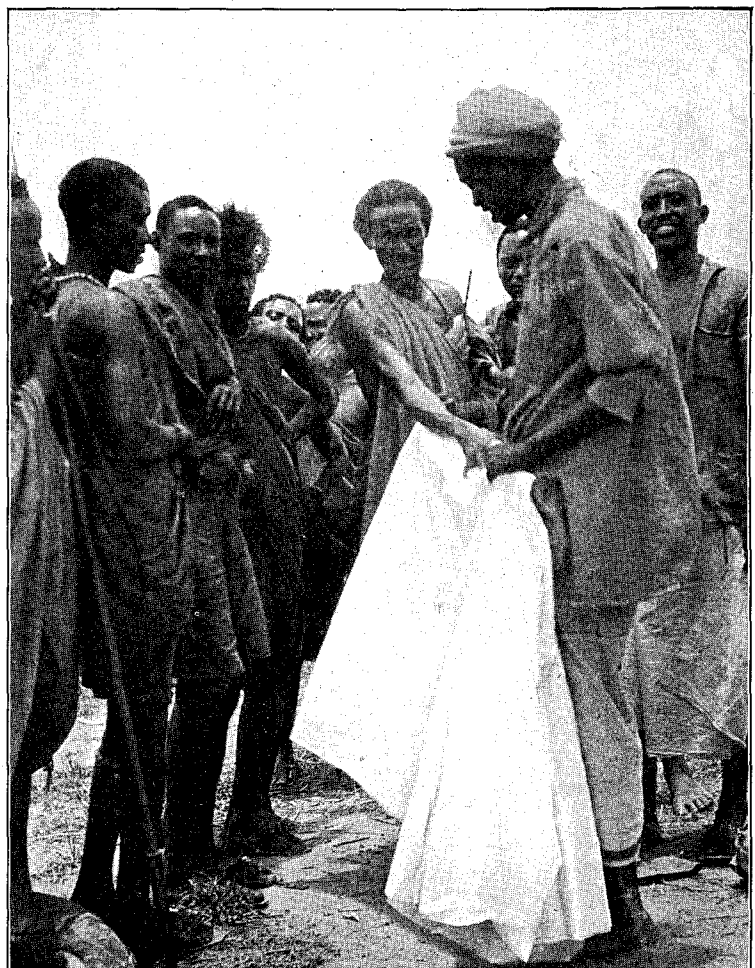
to the Department of Overseas Trade, some awkward questions arose in the House about the alleged ill-treatment of two "assisted" emigrants to Australia. Sir William told Lord Apsley that it would be a good idea to investigate the conditions of emigration at first-hand, and the scheme at once commended itself to his lieutenant. Successfully overcoming the difficulties of secrecy and disguise, Lord Apsley, though married, travelled to Australia as a "single" emigrant under the name of "George Bott," and in due course became a farm-hand in the Mallee country. Leaving his first "job" after a time, he was given an excellent "character" by his employer, who on being let into the secret of his labourer's identity, said to Lord Apsley: "Well, you are the best liar I have ever met." The second part of the book, which describes a motor-car tour of the lesser known regions of Northern



From *Life and Laughter Midst the Cannibals*
By C. W. Collinson
(Hurst & Blackett).

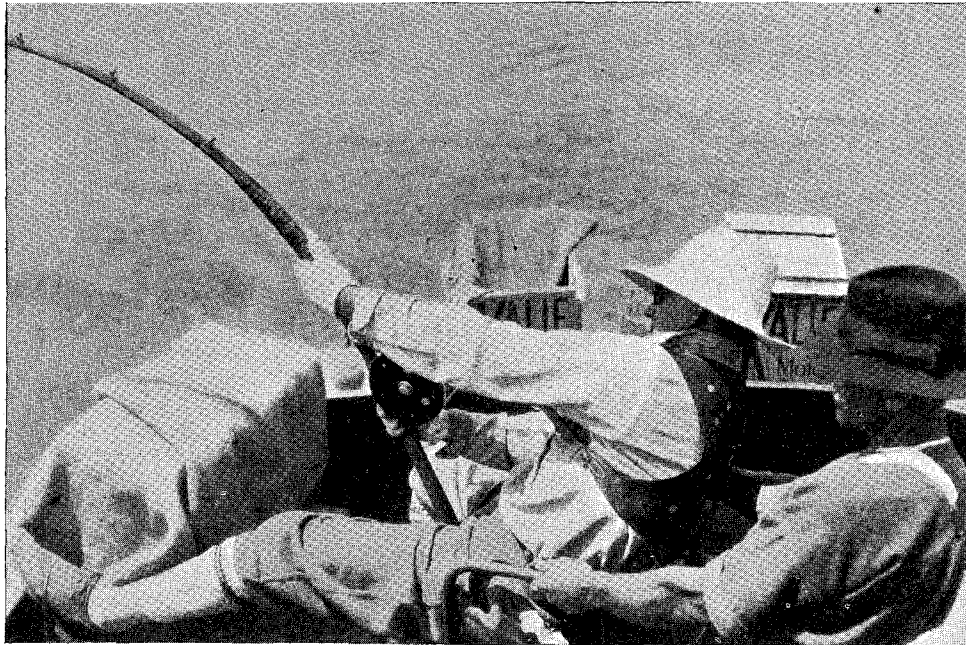
**A SOLOMON ISLAND
BELLE.**

Australia, is written by Lady Apsley, who had travelled independently from England; while the final section contains



From *K.A.R.*
By Major W. Lloyd Jones, D.S.O.
(Arrowsmith).

**TRADERS MEASURING "AMERICAN"
TO PAY FOR GRAIN AND MILK.**



From *Tales of the Angler's Eldorado*,
New Zealand
(Hodder & Stoughton).

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PICTURES
WHICH TELL THE STORY OF ZANE
GREY'S 704-POUND BLACK MARLIN.

the impressions of both writers of their later experience as married settlers, under the *alias* of "Mr. and Mrs. James," in South-Western Australia. Altogether Lord and Lady Apsley spent six months in the "new continent," and they have written a book that is not wholly delightfully pleasant and humorous, but is full of shrewd observation and practical counsel.

TALES OF THE ANGLER'S ELDORADO: NEW ZEALAND.

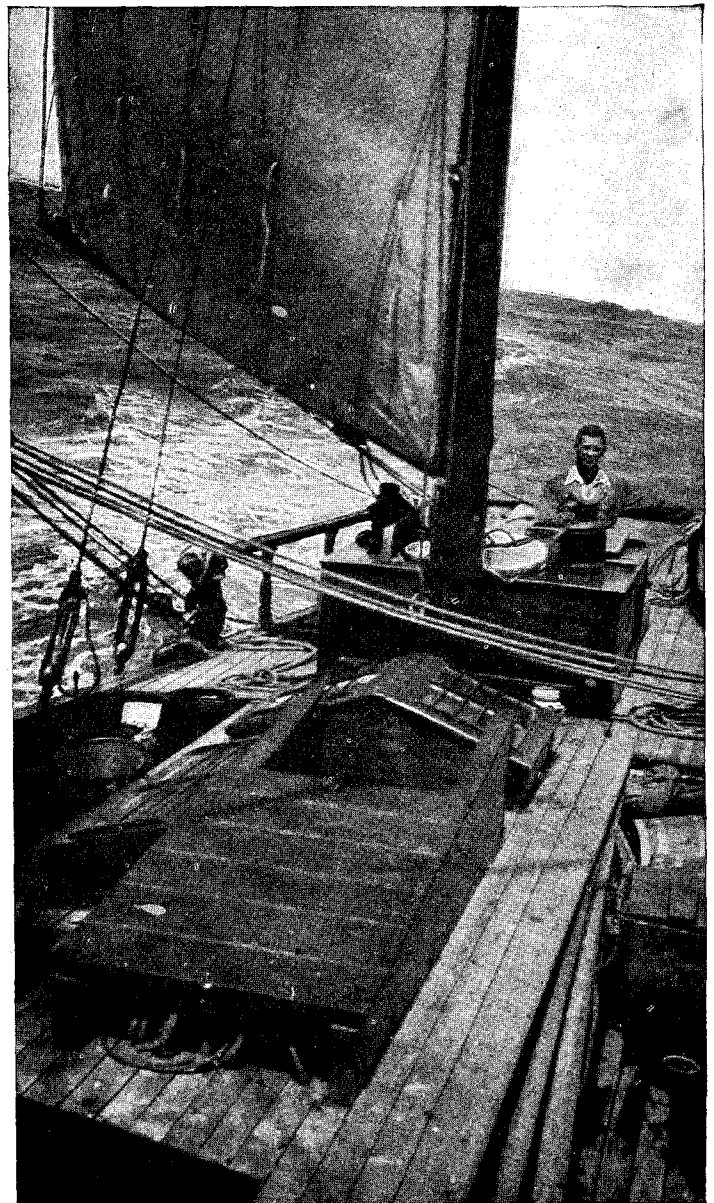
By ZANE GREY. 21s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"There is always something so wonderful about a new fishing adventure trip. For a single day, or for a week, or for months! The enchantment never palls! Years on end I have been trying to tell why, but that has been futile. Fishing is like Jason's quest for the Golden Fleece." Thus Mr. Zane Grey introduces his new book, describing a recent period of salt and fresh water fishing in New Zealand; and however uninterested he may be in angling at the start, no reader will turn many of the pages of this volume without becoming infected with the author's own enthusiasm. Whether he is writing of a gigantic swordfish with which he had what might be called almost a prolonged stand-up fight, or is describing the rainbow trout of the New Zealand rivers, Mr. Grey makes the creatures actually live before our eyes, and we seem almost literally to share the angler's own struggles, disappointments and triumphs. Merely as an essay in natural history the book is delightful and valuable, and for anglers it offers a unique feast of anecdote and "shop." But Mr. Grey is much more than a fisherman. Like many of the angling fraternity, he is a philosopher. Nor does that exhaust his virtues, for he is something also of an artist and a poet. He has an eye for everything—the beauty of sea and sky and landscape no less than the characteristics of cities and peoples. He is a shrewd judge of human nature, and is brimful of humour. Finally he is a stylist. To the economy, precision and vividness of his prose let the following paragraph, chosen at random, bear witness:

"The albatross had a white body and brown wings that spread ten feet from tip to tip. They were a lighter colour underneath. The breast, back and head were pure white;

the body appeared to be as large as that of a goose; the head had something of an eagle shape, seen at such a distance. From head to tail there was a slight bow, sometimes seen in seagulls. But it was the wing spread, the vast bow-shaped, marvellous wings that so fascinated me. I had watched condors, eagles, vultures, falcons, hawks, kites, frigate birds, terns, boobies, all the great performers of the air, but I doubted that I had ever seen the equal of the albatross. What sailing! What a swoop! What splendid poise and ease, and then incredible speed!"

Altogether this is a book of rare distinction, and it has been produced in a sumptuous format worthy of it. The hundred illustrations from photographs and sketches, showing an amazing variety of scenes in this wonderful fishing saga, must be seen in order to be appreciated at their proper worth.



From *Across Three Oceans: a Colonial Voyage in the Yacht "Saoirse"*
By CONOR O'BRIEN
(Arnold).

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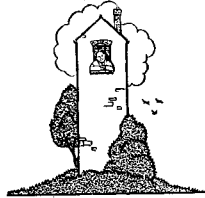
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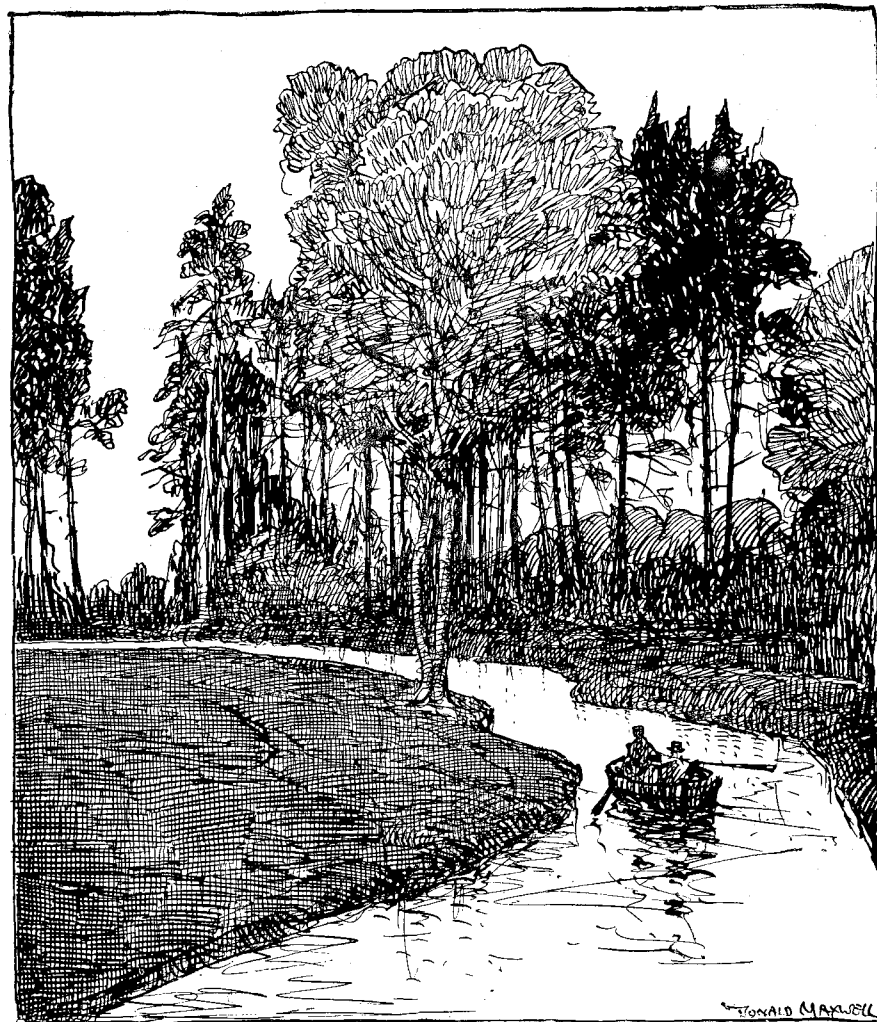
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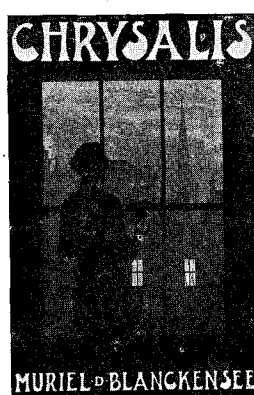
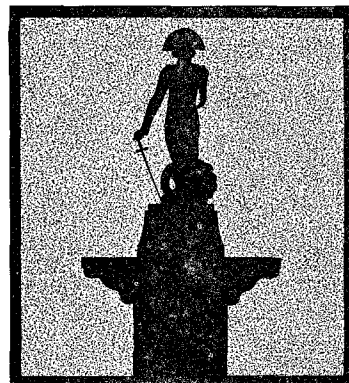
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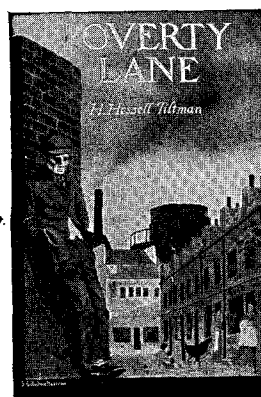
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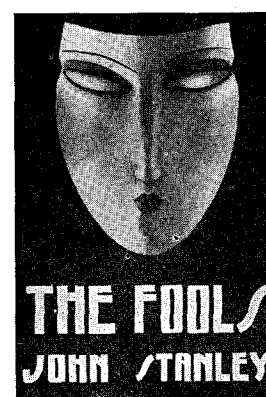


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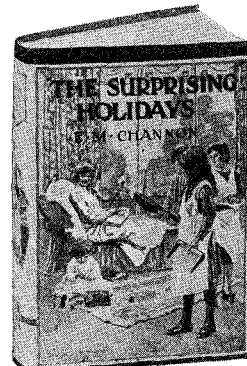
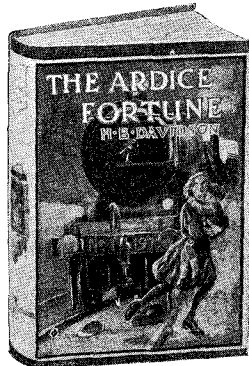
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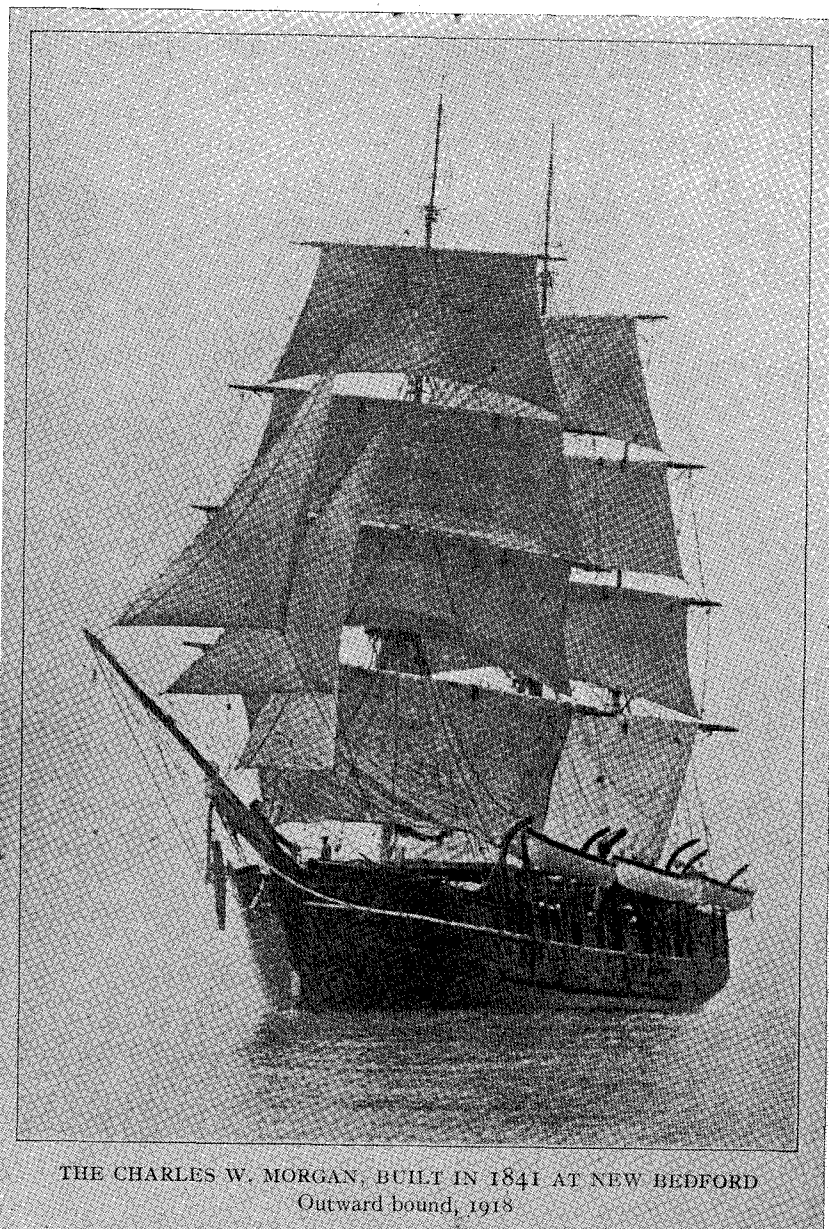
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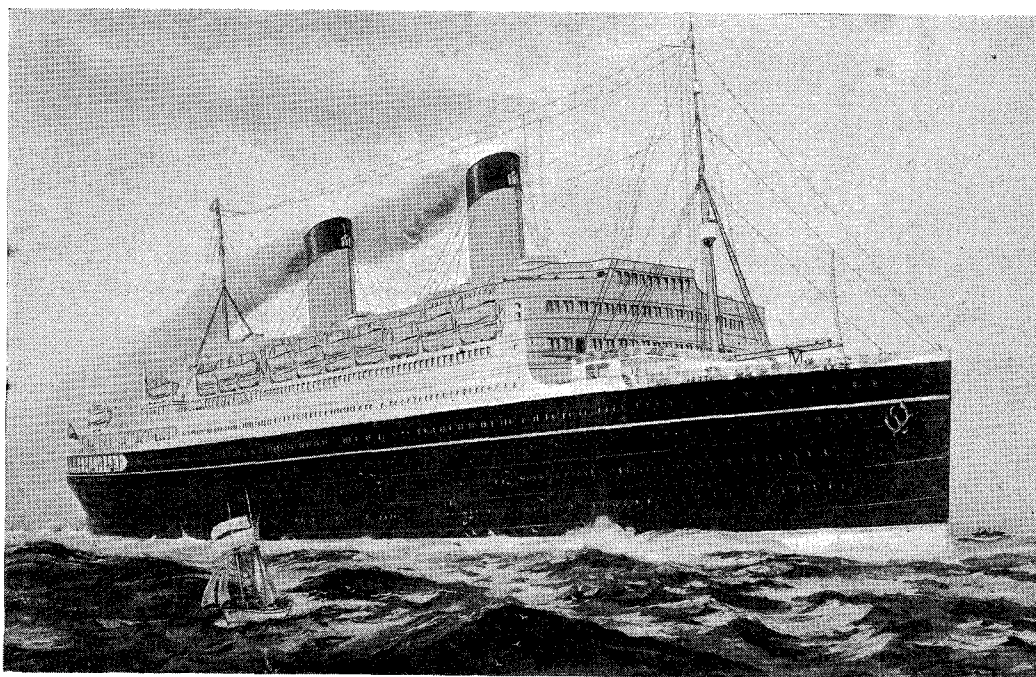
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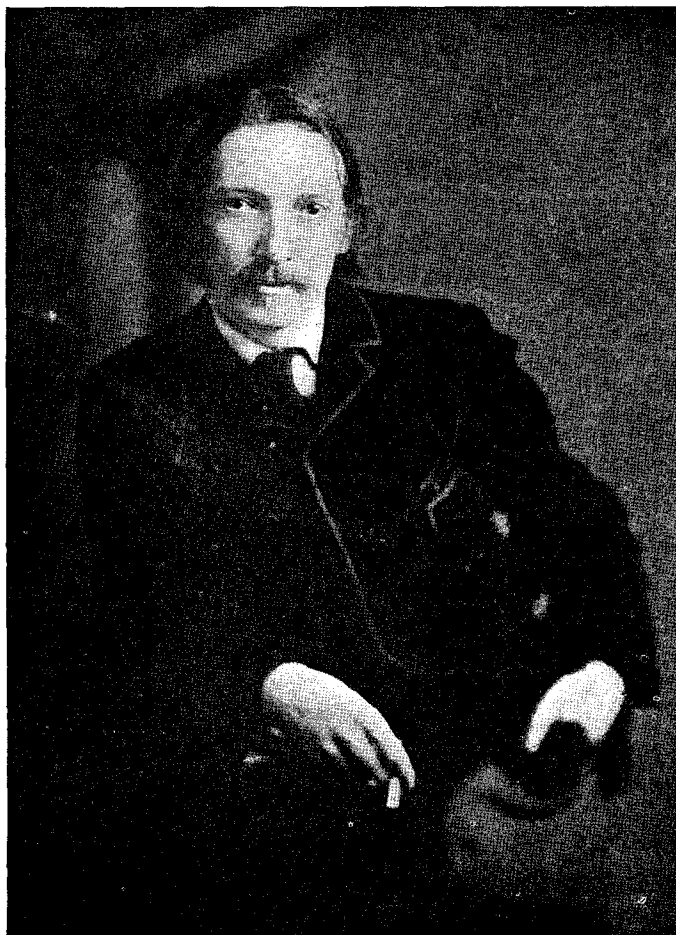
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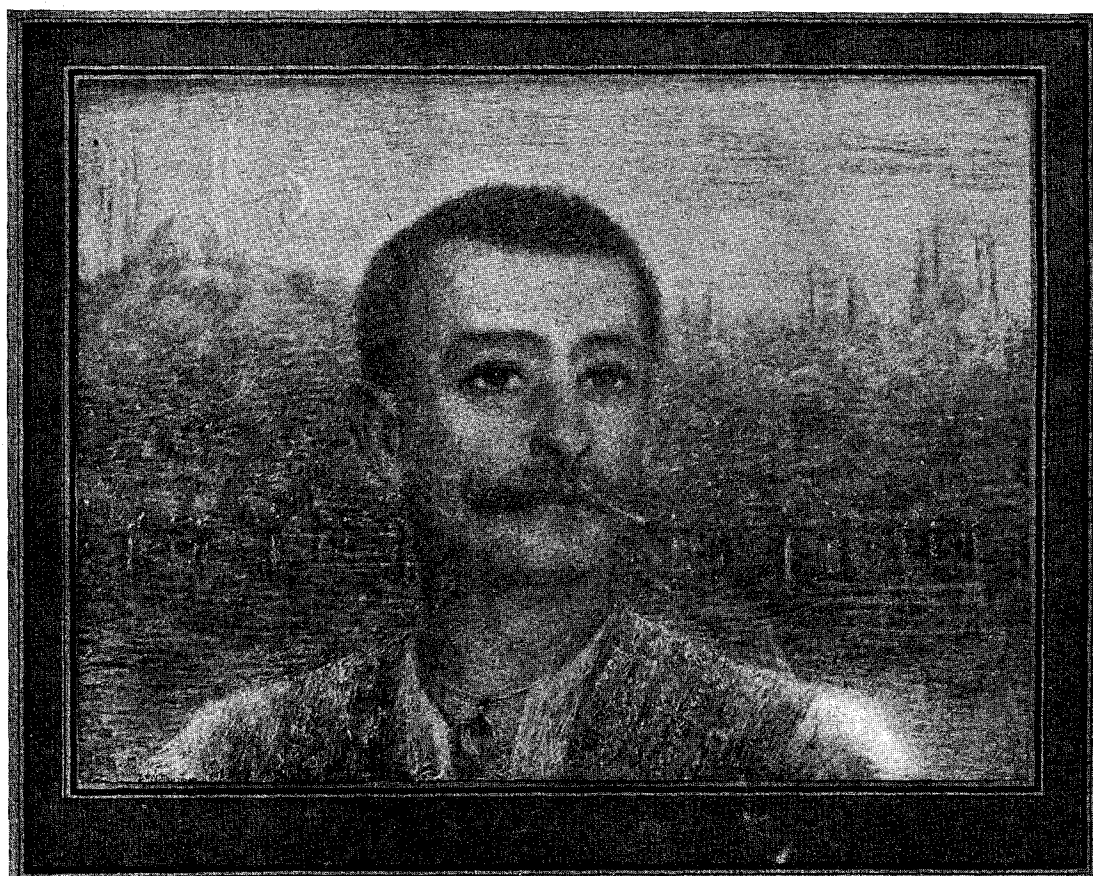
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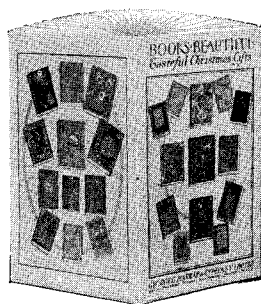
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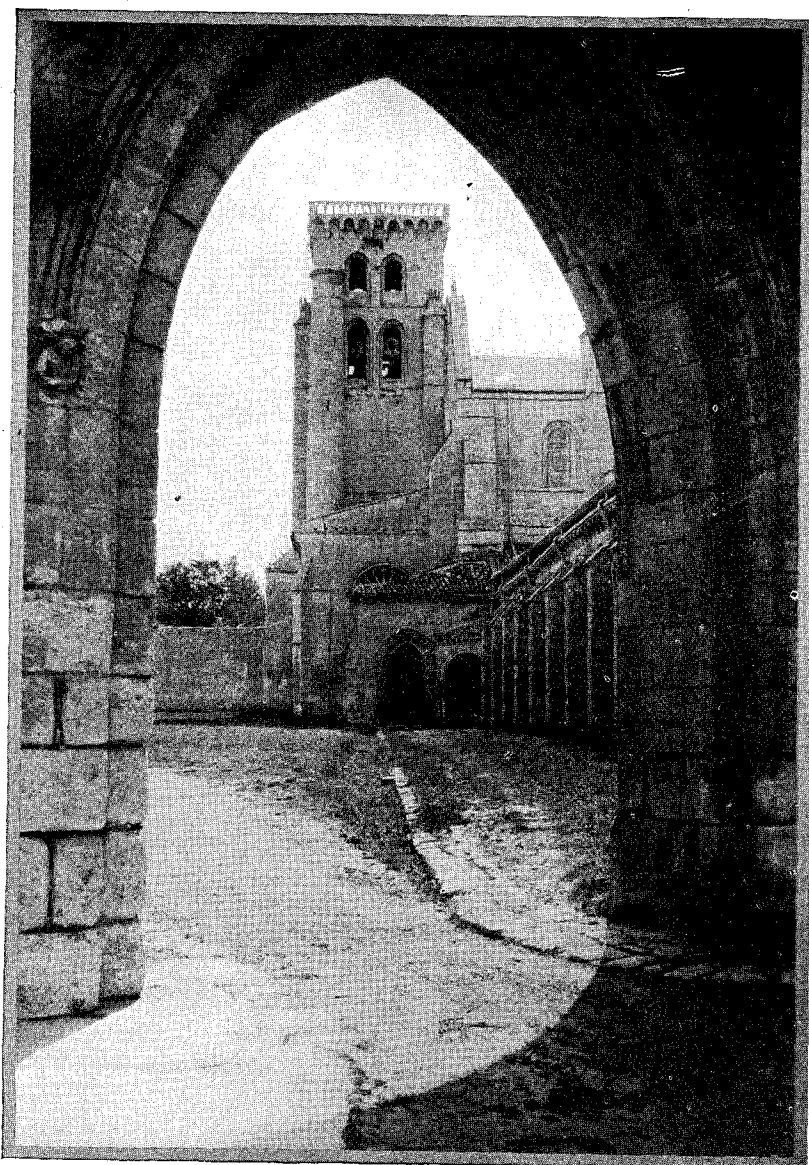
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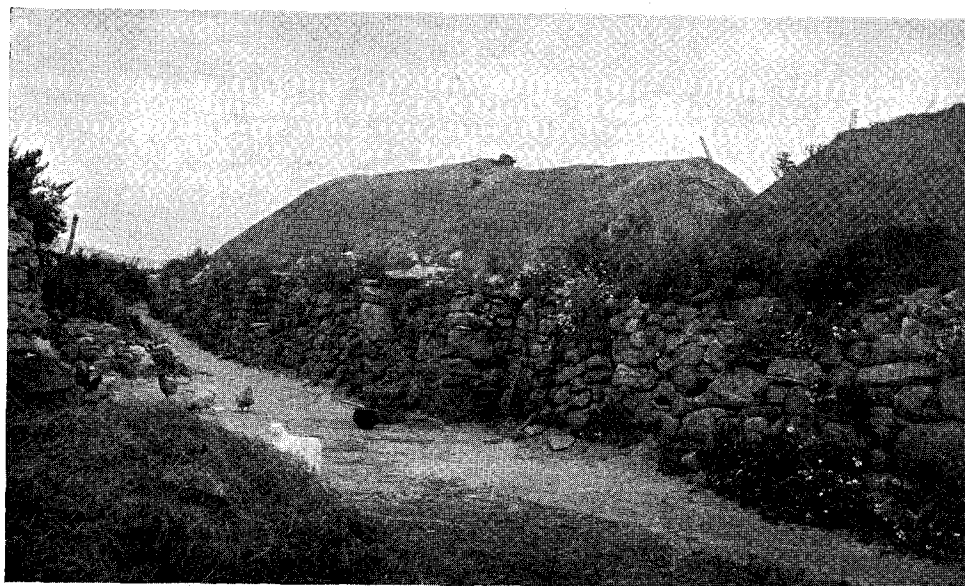
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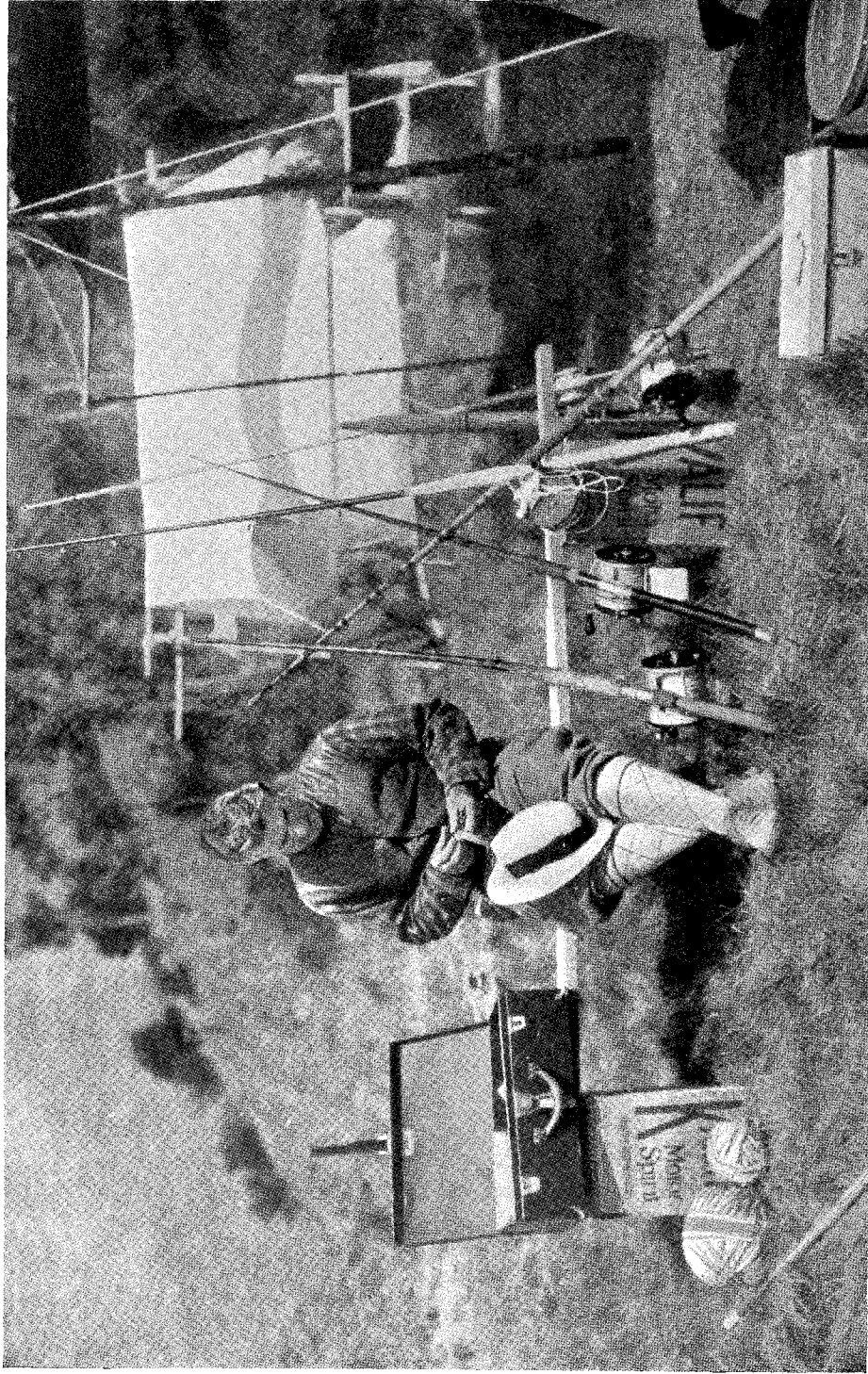
Almost exactly a hundred years had passed from the investment of Antwerp in 1814, where Major Austin lost his leg, to the opening days of the Great War; but a soldier of 1914, reading through these pages, is amazed to find that what seemed new and strange to him twelve years ago had been paralleled almost to the insignificant detail by an "expeditionary" force in the dim perspective of Napoleonic days. "Diplomacy and the weather are our greatest enemies" is a soldier's epigram that will serve for all time. Here is a record of the same heroic stupidity, the same marching to untenable positions, counter-marching and marching again. The same inefficiency in high places when there is genius among the young officers, and heroism in the ranks. The same hardships, the same jokes—the same ineffectual, muddy, bloody business. Warfare would condemn itself even to the intelligence of an idiot. Major Thomas Austin—"Little Tommy" to his brother officers and "Old Stick-Leg" to the children of the family—stands out dramatically from these pages, a neglected hero, a scholar and gentleman; and General H. H. Austin, his grand-nephew, has accomplished what must have been a labour of love with effective modesty, and the result is a graphic picture of those dubious days in our island story when, split by political contention at home, we were financing Europe against Napoleon and doing a lion's share of the fighting. We all know to our cost how history in this matter has repeated itself!



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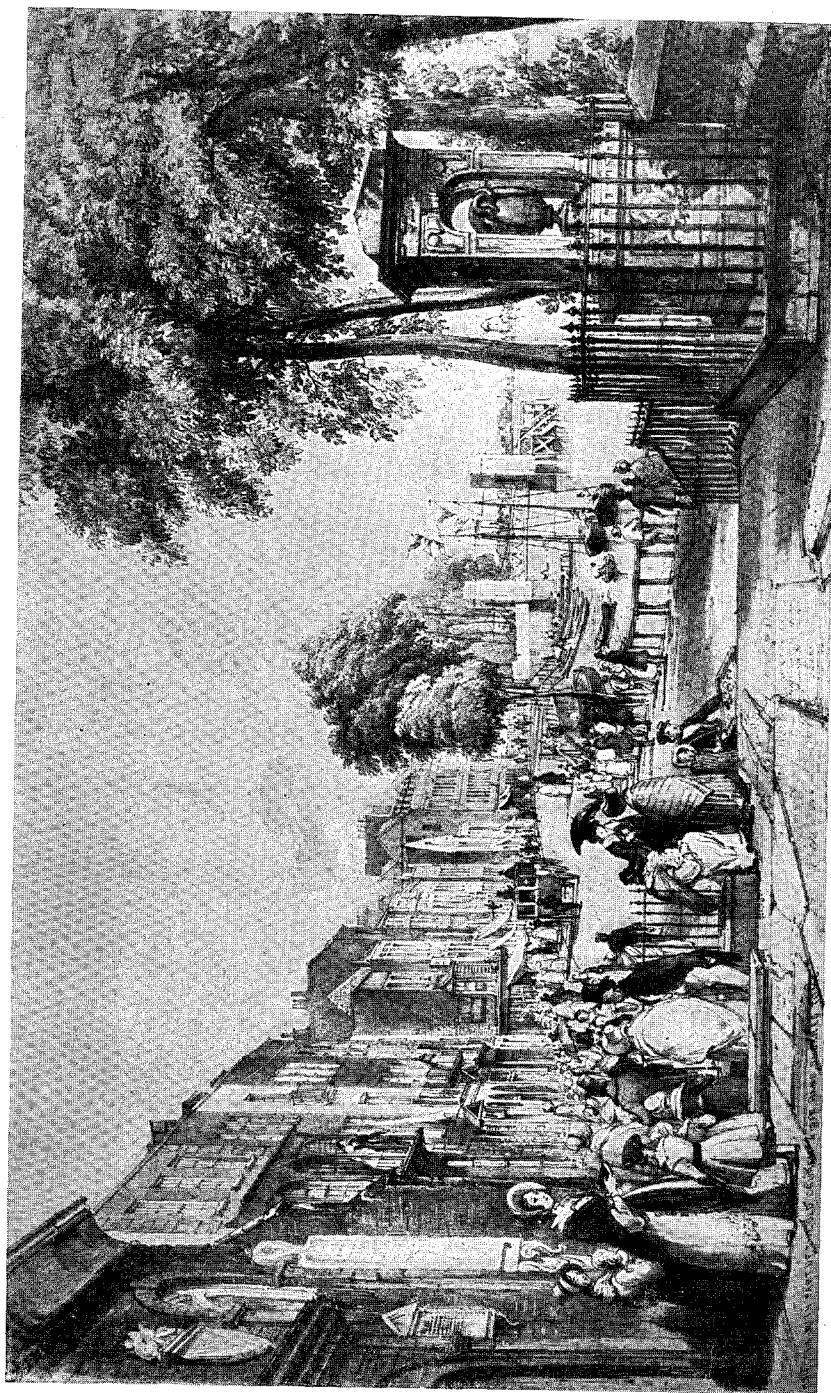
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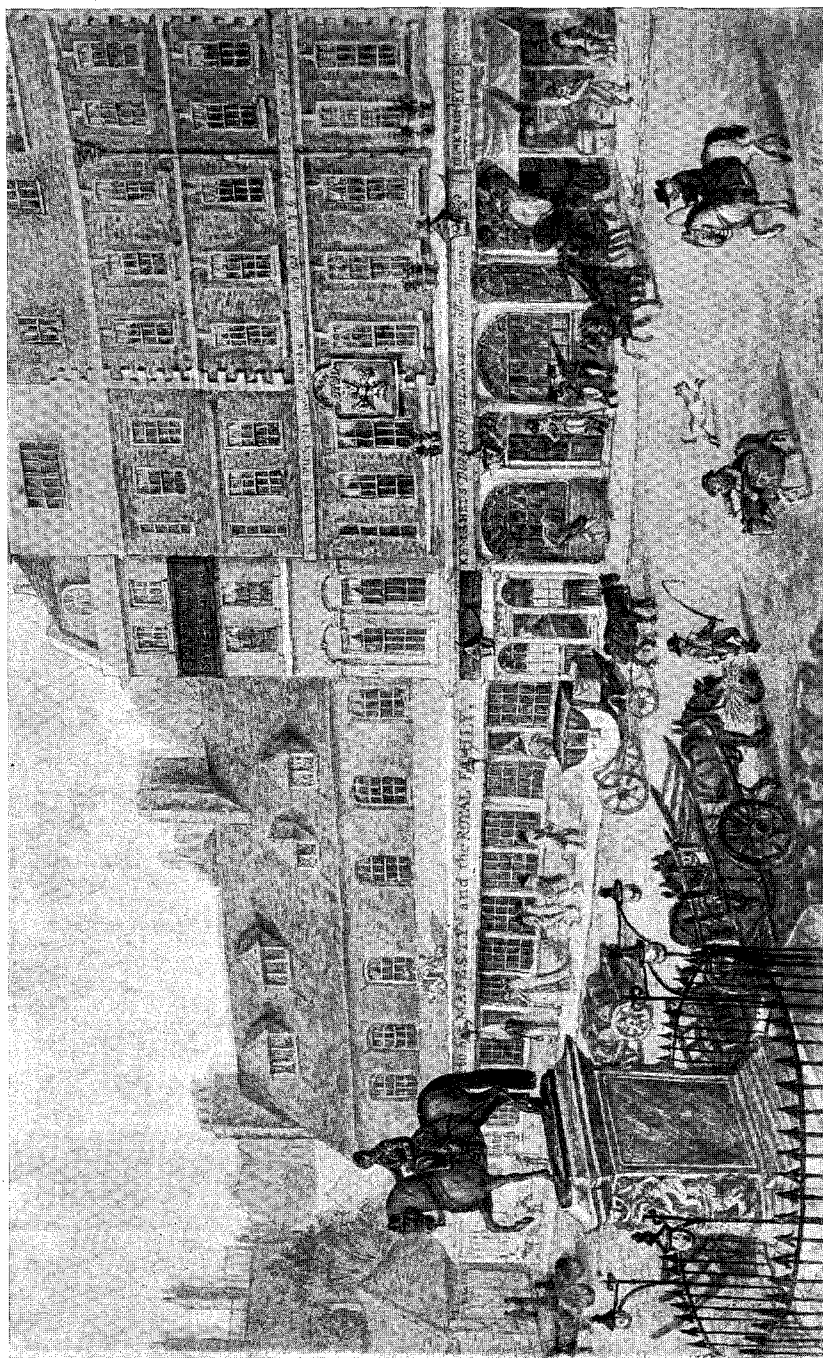
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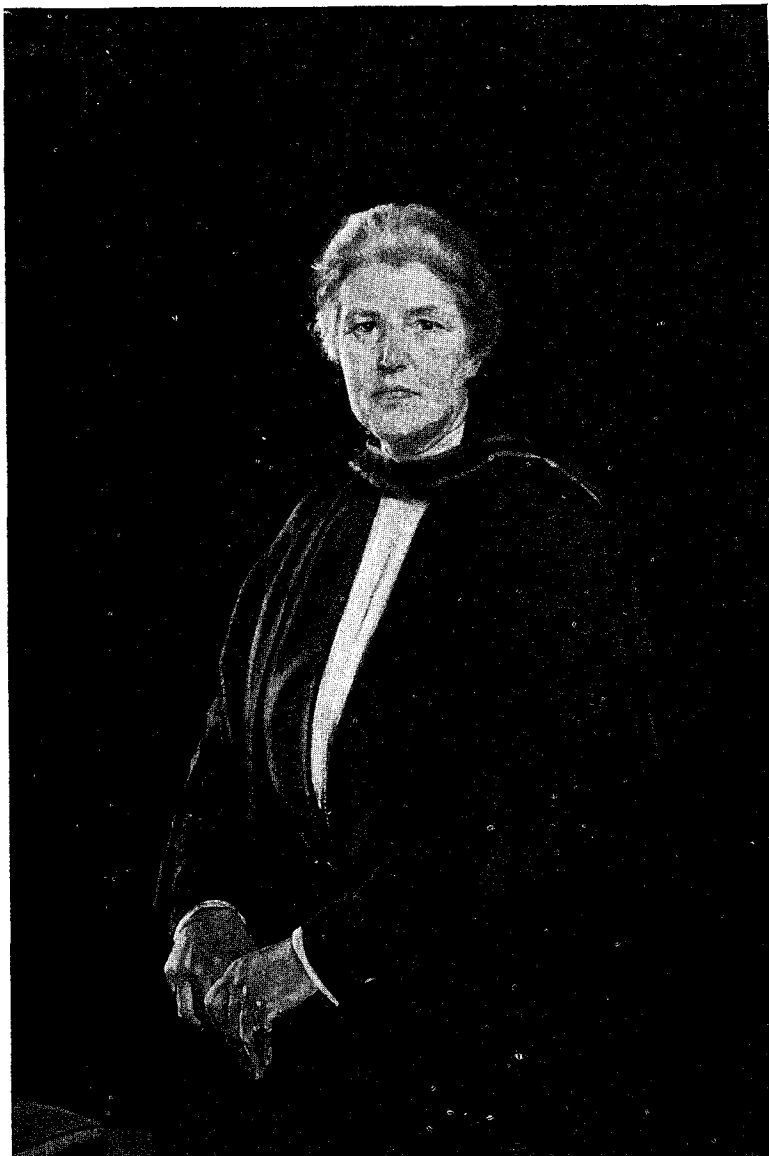
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MY REMINISCENCES.

By VICTOR SAMPSON. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

This narrative, which only runs to 163 pages—pages packed with wise comment and illuminating anecdote—is set forth in four sections, which are provided with neither chapter headings nor index. The result is that the reader is not allowed to pick and to choose, but must read steadily on and take the goods with which the author supplies him in the author's own order. This is perhaps the best way of reading "My Reminiscences" which, eminently quotable as they are of stories of Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Merriman, Hofmeyr and de Villiers, are mainly remarkable as affording a sixty years' retrospect of South African history taken by a public servant who has distinguished himself equally in the Civil Service, at the Bar, in the Cabinet and on the Bench, and who in all these capacities has recognised the bounden necessity of maintaining a concordat between the British and the Dutch. Appearing as it does concurrently with the assembling of the Dominions Prime Ministers in London, this book should command the attention of all who take long views of the sub-continent forwards as well as backwards. Mr. Sampson takes such long views. Of Cecil Rhodes the author tells several excellent stories. One of these is rather amazing. Determined to boom his Kimberley holding, Rhodes decided to lay out a first-rate cemetery, which was duly fenced in and planted with trees. Some time afterwards he was again in Kimberley, and sent his friend Captain Tyson to call on all the local veterans to ask them if they would kindly consent to be buried there, "so as to give tone to the place and make it popular." "Sampson," said the captain on his return from this strange errand, "I never had a colder reception in my life."



From Dame Louisa Aldrich-Blake
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was still that of an unskilled labourer, one can only marvel at his self-restraint and esprit de corps. Part II deals with modern organisation, training and methods, mainly in the detective branch. Some specific crimes are given—Crippen's, the Sidney Street affair, the Tottenham man-hunt—and the police procedure explained. There are also fascinating general passages on identification (by fingerprint and otherwise), on shadowing, on communications, and on the science of accurate description. A book of historical value and permanent interest.

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From *The Gordon Riots*
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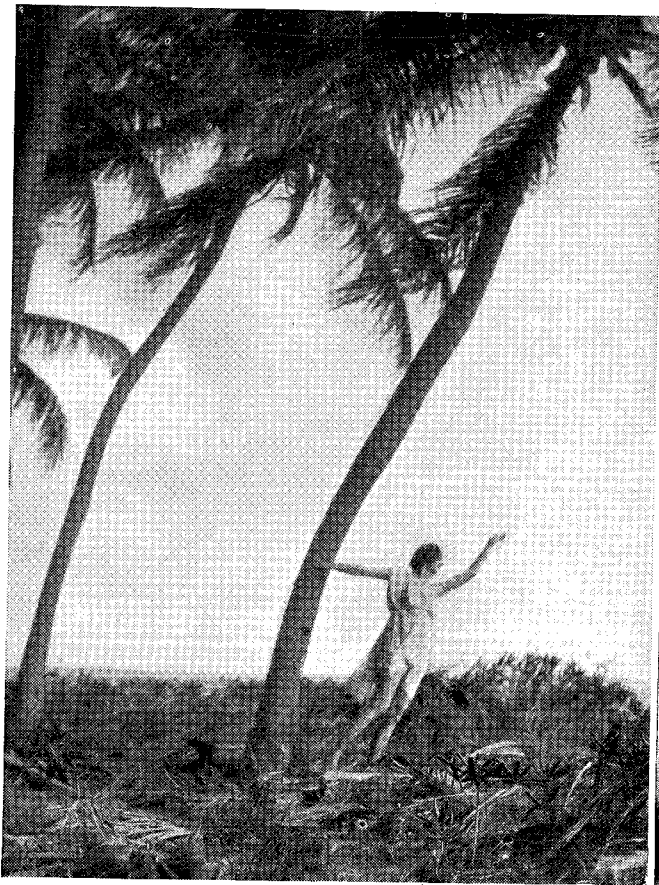
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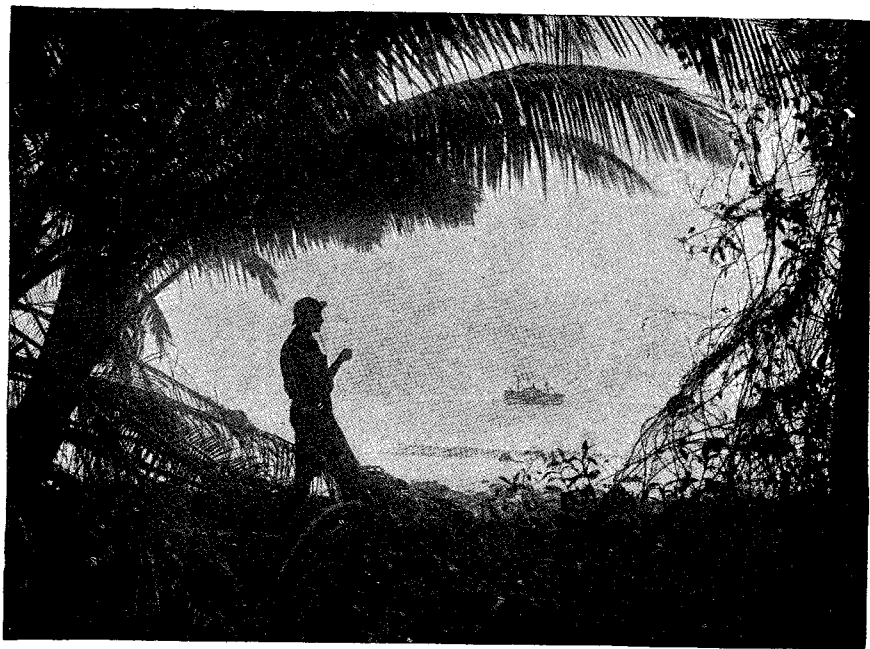


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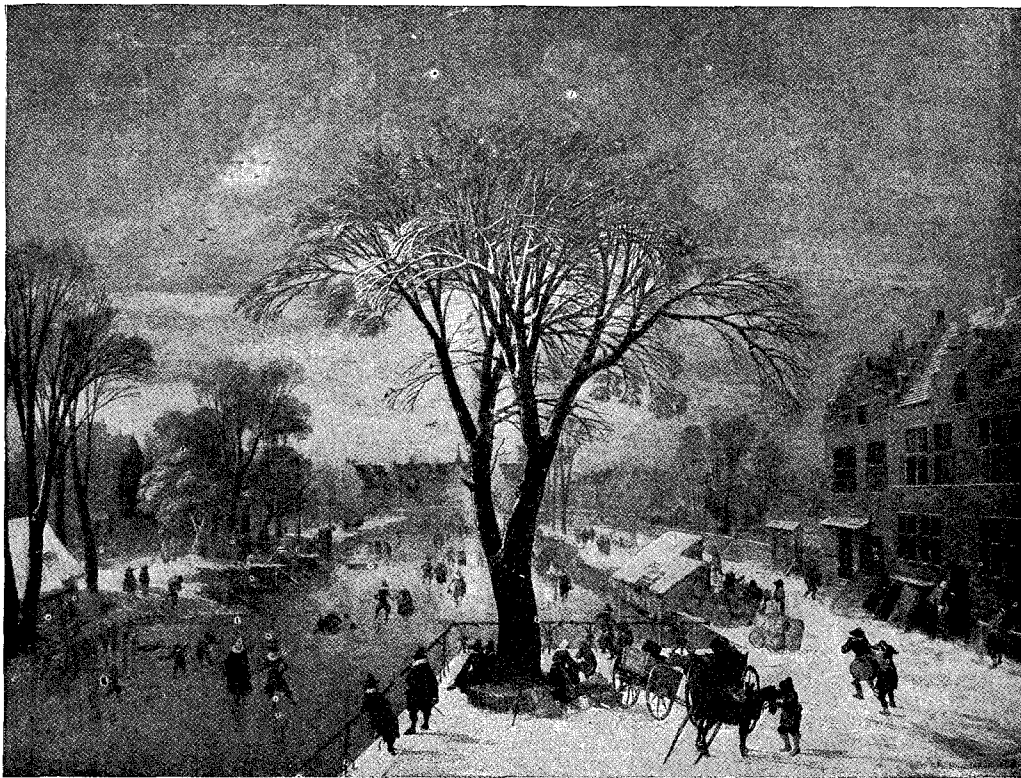
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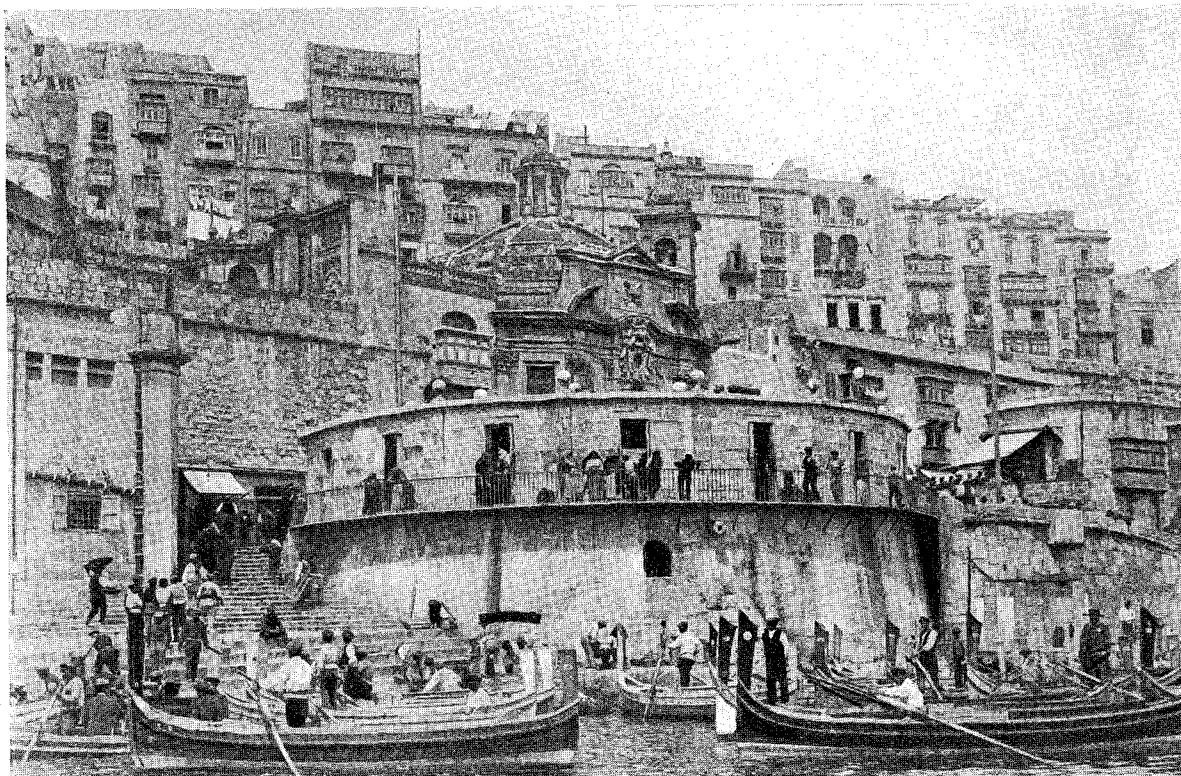
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ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN.

By ROY CHAPMAN
ANDREWS, Sc.D.
(Putnams.)

This is a preliminary narrative of the field work of the Central Asiatic Expeditions, which have been progressing with only one interruption since 1921. Naturally no official results are ready yet, the work being still in progress, as well as on so gigantic a scale and hundreds of the specimens are still encased in rock. But Mr. Andrews has written a very engrossing and human book, telling chiefly of the life in Mongolia, that intriguing land of mystery, paradox and promise. Into its pages creep all manner of adventures and difficulties, and discoveries of tremendous importance. If it is possible to give so much of vital interest at this stage, the results of the Expeditions which are due to end in 1928 should be of enormous significance. The homeland of Mammals and of Reptiles has been penetrated and before the Expeditions are concluded it is hoped to demonstrate that this is the homeland of the ancestors of man. This is a most absorbing and fascinating book.



From On the Trail of Ancient Man
By Roy Chapman Andrews
(Putnams).

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS.
(From the portrait study by S. J. Woolf.)

nearly a century of time. The struggle was not carried on with material weapons, for the Czechs did not believe in revolutionary methods, but was directed to making progress in economic and spiritual fields—obtaining better education, securing their rights under the constitution, broadening their democracy, emancipating themselves in every domain of culture. M. Nosek gives a spirited and adequate account of the various moves in their recent development of national consciousness, and shows how the new Bohemia was evolved and moulded from the old. As a bird's-eye view of the great though troubled past of Bohemia, this book deserves a close and attentive reading, and we are glad to find a useful bibliography, though the index is nothing but a list of proper names.

A HISTORY OF SIAM.

By W. A. R. WOOD,
C.I.E. 15s.
(Fisher, Unwin.)

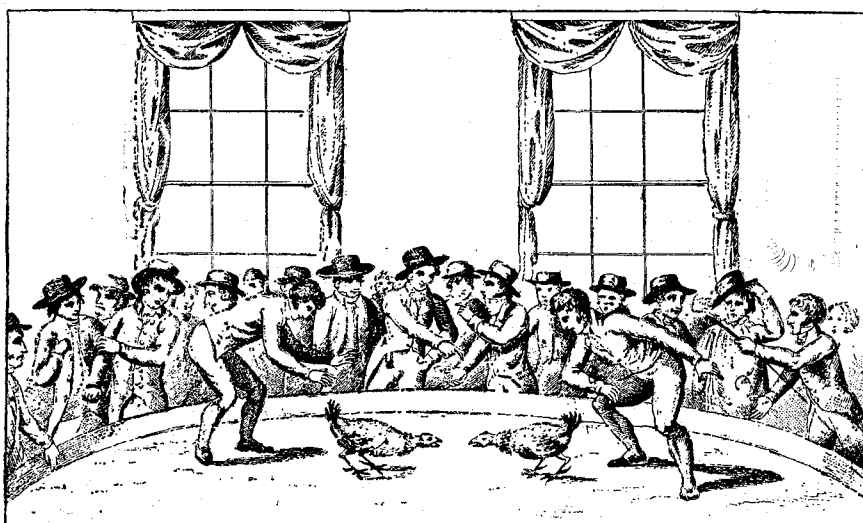
Mr. Wood, H.B.M. Consul General at Chiangmai, has given us the first real and authentic history of Siam. These are no passing traveller's impressions. This is a faithful record. The author can understand the difficult Siamese tongue; and has had access to original documents. "I am aware," writes Mr. Wood in his introduction, "that I shall be accused of showing a pro-Siamese bias in many parts of the book. I may as well therefore plead guilty to the charge." It

is a thrilling story. Again and again the immigrants from Southern China that came at the beginning to the island were chased and humbled, yet always wrestled their way to supremacy again. Siam is to-day the one independent state in South-Eastern Asia. There are some interesting photographs, notably one of Siamese ambassadors being received by Louis XIV. The author has little patience with

THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA.

By VLADIMIR NOSEK. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

The rebirth of Bohemia has been called the romance of Europe, of modern Europe. After centuries during which Bohemia, finally consolidated in 996, had borne a conspicuous and honourable part in European history, in war and in peace—did not a king of Bohemia fall at Crecy, and who does not know of the great rôle played by Hus and Ziska in the Reformation?—came the disastrous hour of the White Mountain, the battle that in 1620 laid the country under the heel of the Habsburgs and the domination of Austria. But the establishment of the Czechoslovak Republic in 1918 was no sudden, unexpected miracle—it was the culmination and harvest of intense and ardent efforts for liberation extending over



From Country Life and Sport
By J. Fairfax Blakeborough
(Philip Allan).

THE COCKPIT
(By William Sketchley.)

the legends of fairies and goblins rife on the island. His book is sound and authoritative from beginning to end, and has the twofold advantage of being as readable as it is reliable.

Fiction & Miscellaneous



E. Hasler.

From *Shen of the Sea*
By Arthur Bowie Chrisman
(Dent).

"PRINCE CHIN PA TRIED IN VAIN
TO HOLD HIS FOLLOWERS."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

SOME HEROINES.*

Jenny Brookfield was not so much what is known to the upper classes as a bad 'un as what is known to the bourgeoisie as a caution; that is to say, her amorality was the result less of animal feeling than of intellectual—ah, but highly intellectual—deliberation. She interrupts a philosophy class at a provincial university with animadversions on the supposed monogamous nature of woman. She spends a week-end in the country with one young man, and tells another all about it, preserving the while a hazy engagement to a third gentleman no longer young. Jenny Brookfield is, in fact, the kind of young woman without whom the daily press would barely earn its daily bread. Not that Mr. Carruthers's presentation of the modern girl (horrid phrase!) is lacking in distinction. He has indeed succeeded in conveying an impression of independence which is not achieved merely by reporting sexual curiosity in the nursery and biological discussion in the lecture-room. But his novel is weak in that, instead of relying on the bed-rock of character, he has preferred the factitious aid of unsavoury incident. Strip the book of its improprieties, and only a skeleton remains.

* "Adam's Daughter." By John Carruthers. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—"And Then Came Spring." By John Hargrave. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—"A Son of the House." By A. R. Weekes. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)—"Unquenchable Fire." By Joan Sutherland. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)



"OLD BILL"
From *A Naturalist at the Zoo*
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FEEDING-TIME EXPRESSIONS.
From *A Naturalist at the Zoo*
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(Duckworth).

all the things which money can buy. She is a person of strong vitality and atrophied principles; if she has brains, they are of the acquisitive type, and any further spark of intelligence she quenches with a cocktail.

The suggestion of individuality, however, in the person of Jenny leads one to hope that some day Mr. Carruthers really will give us a convincing presentation of feminine frankness.

If Jenny was calculating, unimpassioned by reason of her inquiring mind, Leeta, the harbinger of Spring in Mr. Hargrave's new book, is scheming and passive by reason of her lean purse. The daughter of a country parson, she has been left a war widow with no money and a clamouring desire for

"Teddy, shall we have just one li'le something to warm our tummy - tum - tums? What about an Adam-and - Eve - and - Pinch-Me with a nip of Uncle Dick? Or a Paradise Jerk?"

And Teddy, otherwise Mr. Birtwistle, fifty-five and a north country business man, assents absent-mindedly, meanwhile asking himself if he really did promise to take a flat for Leeta. It is the rejuvenescence of Mr. Birtwistle that constitutes the chief interest of the book. Mr. Birtwistle has been told for years that he is tired to-night and must take his Ovaltine before going to bed. The stages by which he breaks loose from the family bonds of consideration and egg sandwiches, only to shrink thankfully back into them at the



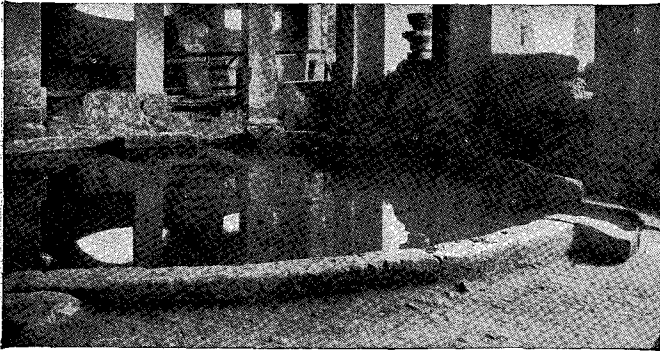
From *The Ferns*
By F. O. Bower
(Cambridge University Press).

ROYAL FERNS
(*Osmunda Regalis L.*)

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

last, are sketched by Mr. Hargrave with an agreeable and faintly malicious humour.

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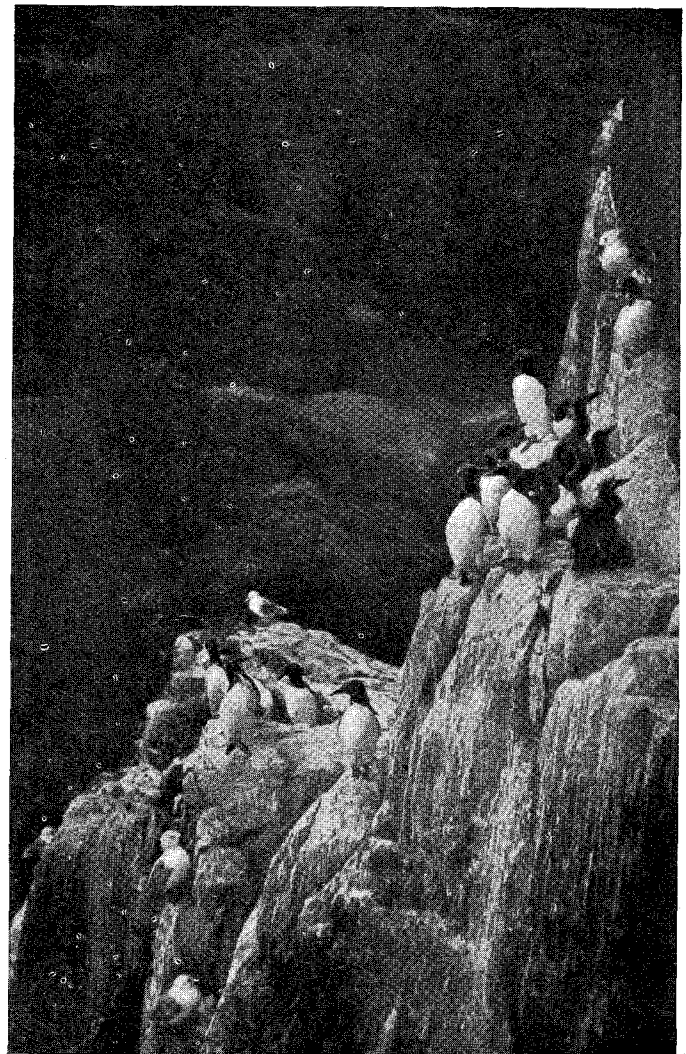


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AT BATH.

noble lord's eldest son, who returns from South America to claim the inheritance which his father, ignorant of his existence, has set apart for Martin, Olive might have died, not a maid, but at least unmarried. Denis and Miss Weekes, however, see that she does nothing of the kind; Denis with an ingenuous charm rare in seven-and-sixpenny heroes, Miss Weekes with the vigour familiar to her readers.

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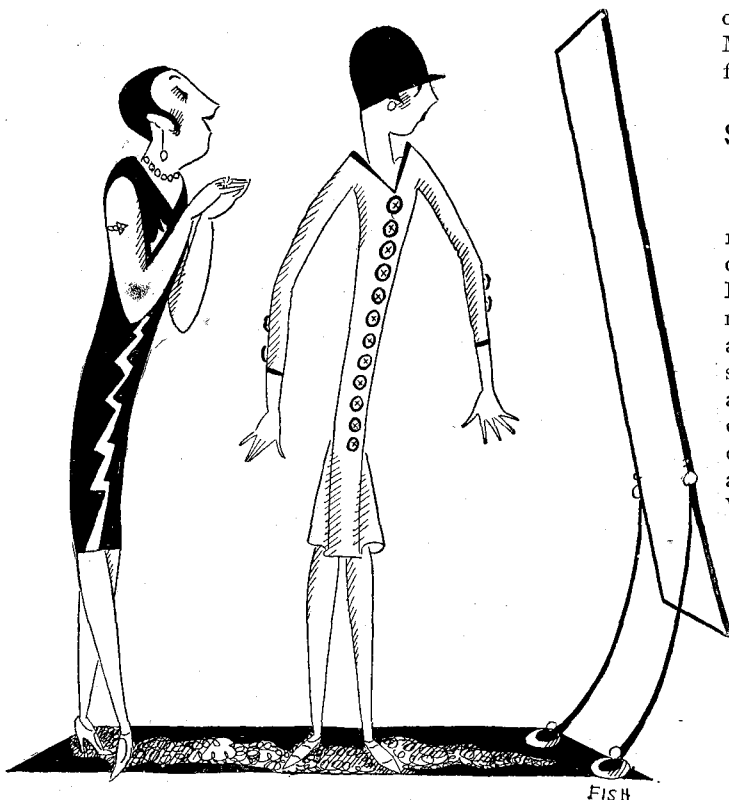
From *Everyland*
Edited by W. E. Cule
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then, what woman would not crave the honour of being jilted by such a Valentino as John Ingram? John Ingram is the husband of an insane wife, to whom, at her piteous request, he administers an overdose of morphia. And then, like Olive Charnwood, he suffers himself to be ridden by the ghost of the past, ridden for no less than three hundred and forty-three pages of Miss Sutherland's most luscious style. Throughout those pages the fire of his passion for Paula Hill burns, quenched neither by the icy water of Black Lake, from which he rescues two skaters, nor by the flood of the Grand Canyon, through which he rides in the exercise of his cinematographic duties. However, even the meekest of heroines get their due at last, and Paula Hill is no exception. And that is the kind of book "Unquenchable Fire" is.

DILYS POWELL.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926



From *Sugar and Spice*
By Lady Kitty Vincent
(John Lane).

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OF SPIRITUAL ECSTASY AT THE CHARM
OF MY APPEARANCE."

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cannot expect him to feel abandoned with a lump of suet. Man loves to pursue. How can he pursue what cannot flee?"

SHEN OF THE SEA.

By ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN. 5s. (Dent.)

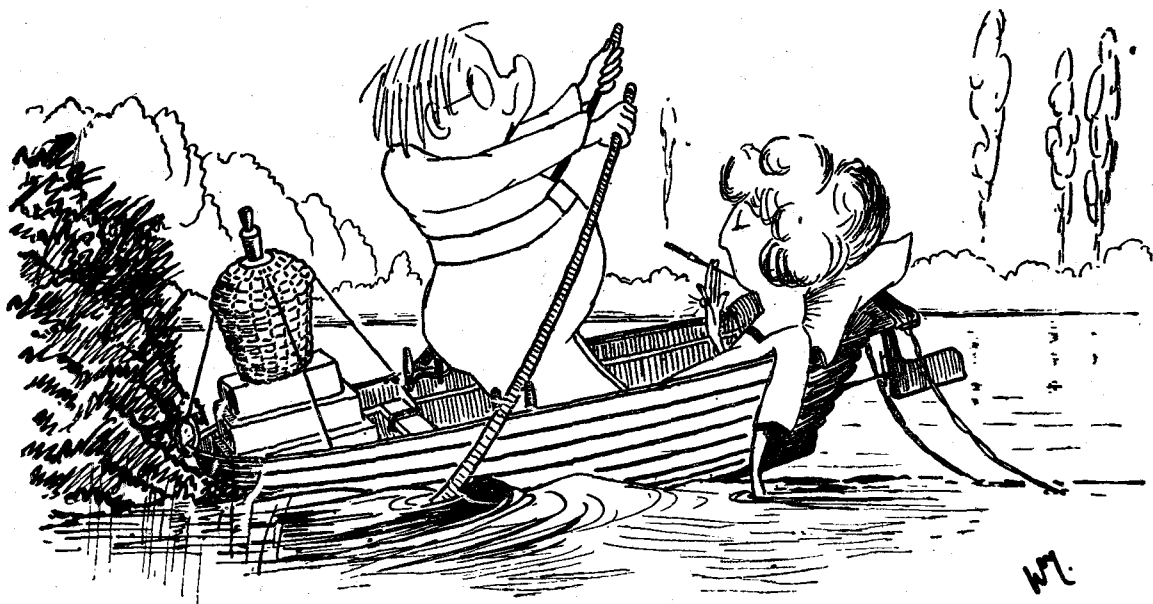
This book was awarded the Newbery Medal "for the most distinguished contribution to children's literature during this year." One cannot quarrel with the American Library Association for granting the award to Mr. Chrisman. He has an easy effortless method of story-telling, as well as a happy turn of romantic invention. The scenes are laid in China—a somewhat fantastic China, as is to be expected. Something of the magical quality of "The Arabian Nights" has been captured here. Children of all ages up to three-score-and-ten may enjoy the account of Ah Mee's invention of printing, the tale of Weng Fu who walked the Street of Wang's Broken Tea



From *Bed and Breakfast*
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From *Smoke Rings*
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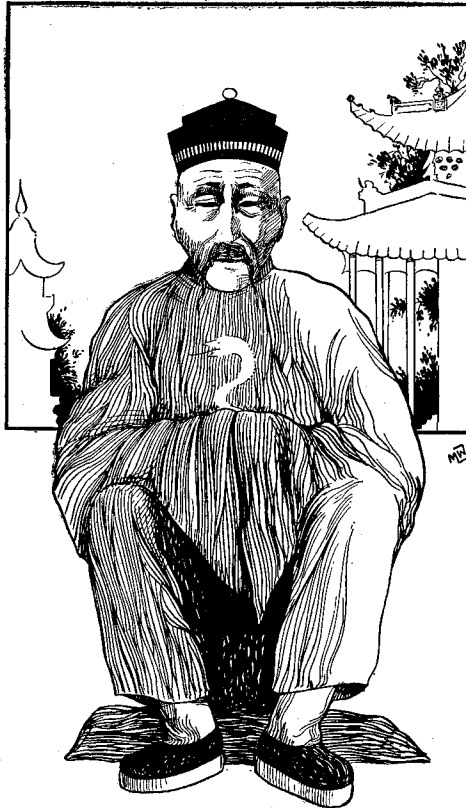
"WOMEN DON'T CARE HOW HEAVY A BOAT IS,
—MEN DO."

SMOKE RINGS.

Written and illustrated by WILLIAM CAINE. With a Foreword by MRS. WILLIAM CAINE. 3s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

Since the death of William Caine about a year ago, Messrs. Stanley Paul have reissued four of his most successful books—"Boom" (now in its sixth edition), "The Devil in Solution," "A Prisoner in Spain" and "The Revolt at Roskelly's," each with a charming little prefatory note by Mrs. William Caine telling something of interest concerning how, why or when the novel was written. And now, in "Smoke Rings," comes an entirely new book which (with several others, we understand) the author left among his papers, all complete except for some necessary arranging and editing, which has been done by

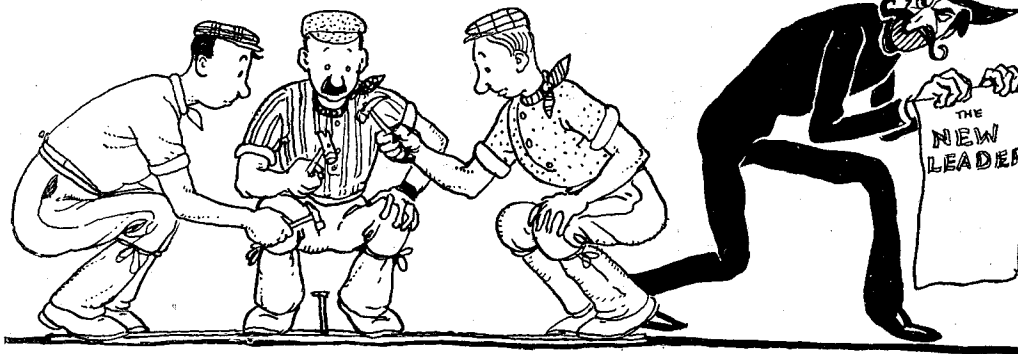
his wife. These are quaint, droll, whimsical essays on all manner of everyday subjects, such as picnics, punctuality, the advantage of being deaf, on walking tours, the selfishness of travellers—anything that would serve as a text on which the author could hang a dissertation on life at large and the ways of men, women and animals. Caine was a genuine humorist, not only with his pen but with his pencil, and his grotesque, Batemanlike illustrations



From The Dream Vendor
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THE MOPING MANDARIN.

are as clever in their burlesque extravagance as the tales and sketches they illustrate. As with most jesters, there is a lot of homely wisdom in his wit and a shrewd touch of satire occasionally, but in the main he is a laughing philosopher who frequently throws philosophy over and writes irresponsibly for sheer fun of the thing, and soon has his readers chuckling at his joyous absurdities. The spirit of Christmas, of any jolly holiday season, is in "Smoke Rings," and we recommend it to all who know, or would like to learn, how to laugh.



From Foiling the Reds
By Flambo
(Labour Publishing Co.).

THE SOCIALIST.



From Passion's Thrall
By May Strachan
(John Hamilton).

"SOMETIMES I HAVE KNOWN HIM TO KEEP THREE WORKS RUNNING SIMULTANEOUSLY LIKE A JUGGLER."

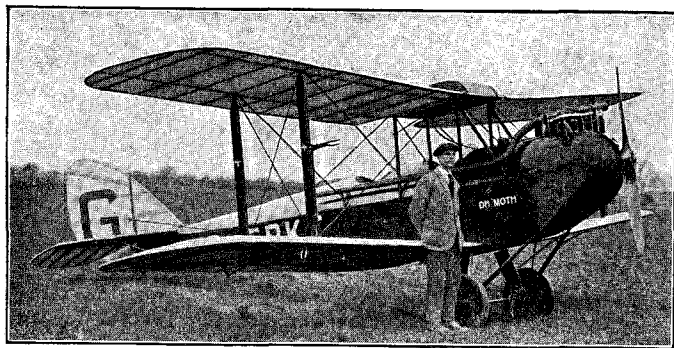
PASSION'S THRALL.

By MAY STRACHAN. (Hamilton.)

If you are not sure at the beginning of this novel whether you are to take it seriously or not, you are not left long in doubt. It is a delicious burlesque, increasing in absurdity as it progresses, and getting in sly digs at various types of characters to be found in fiction and out of it. It might have been shorter with advantage, but the fun does not pall, and the drawings by "Little" add to the merriment. Any-

one wanting to be "tickled to death," as Sadie Pep, the daughter of Pep's Powdered Pea Pods for Poor People would say, could fare further and fare worse! The Comic Muse is certainly allowed a good innings here.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926



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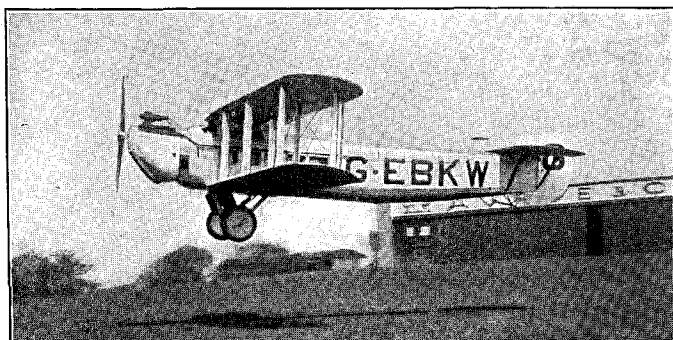
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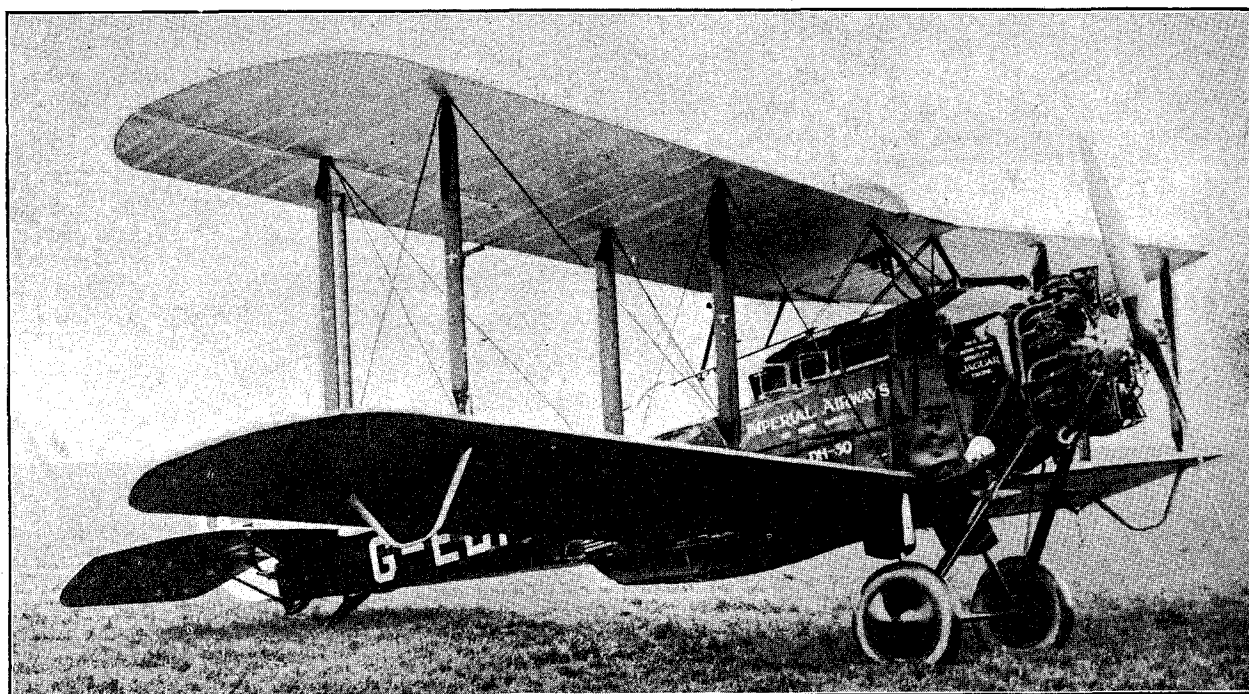
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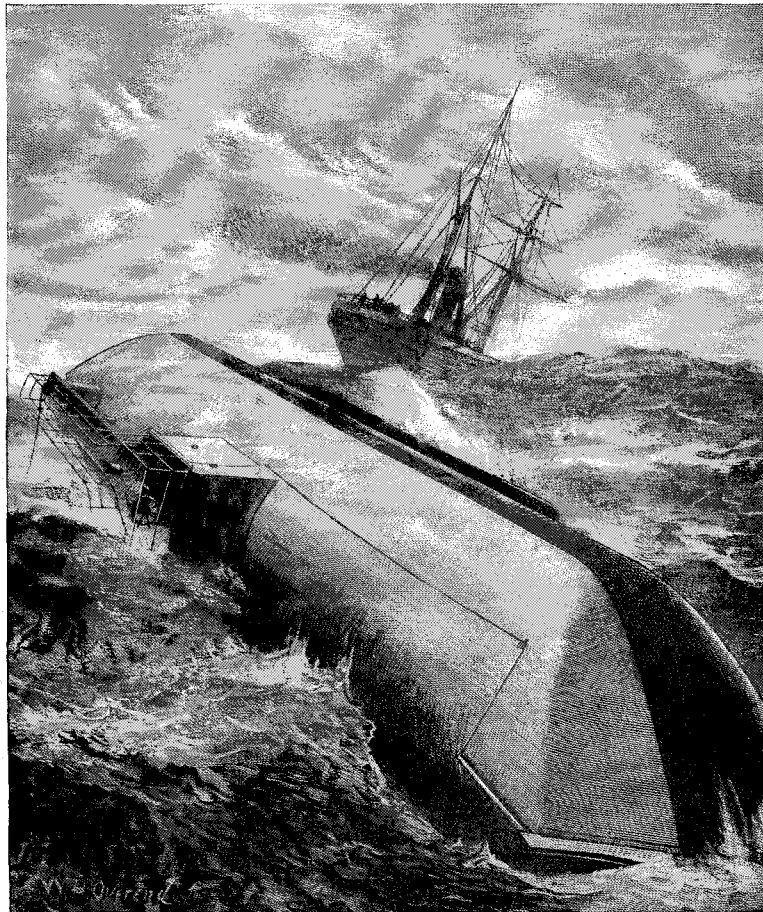
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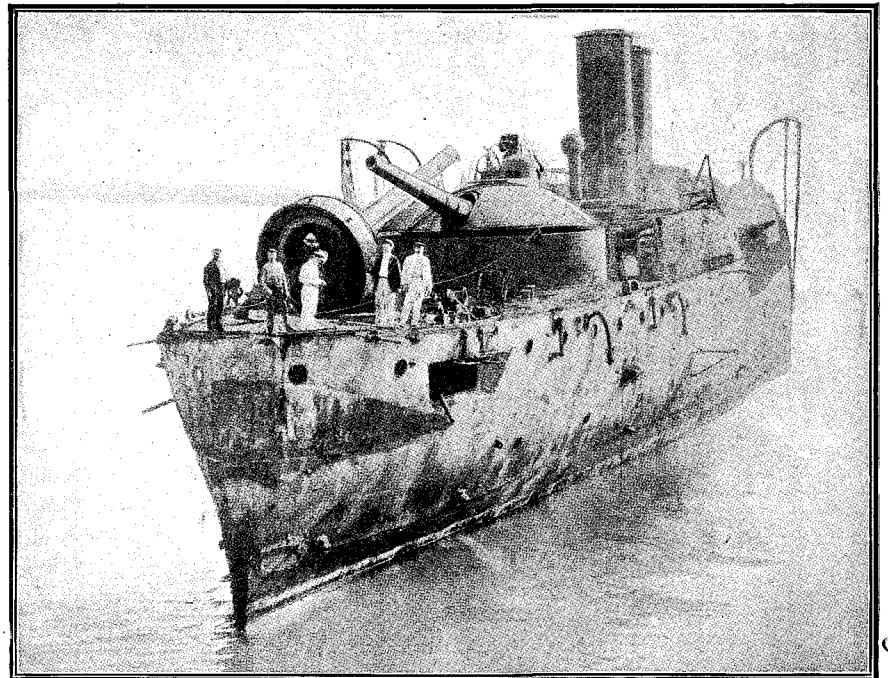
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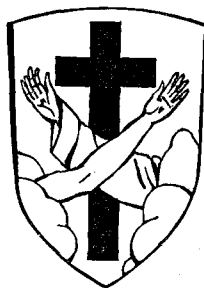
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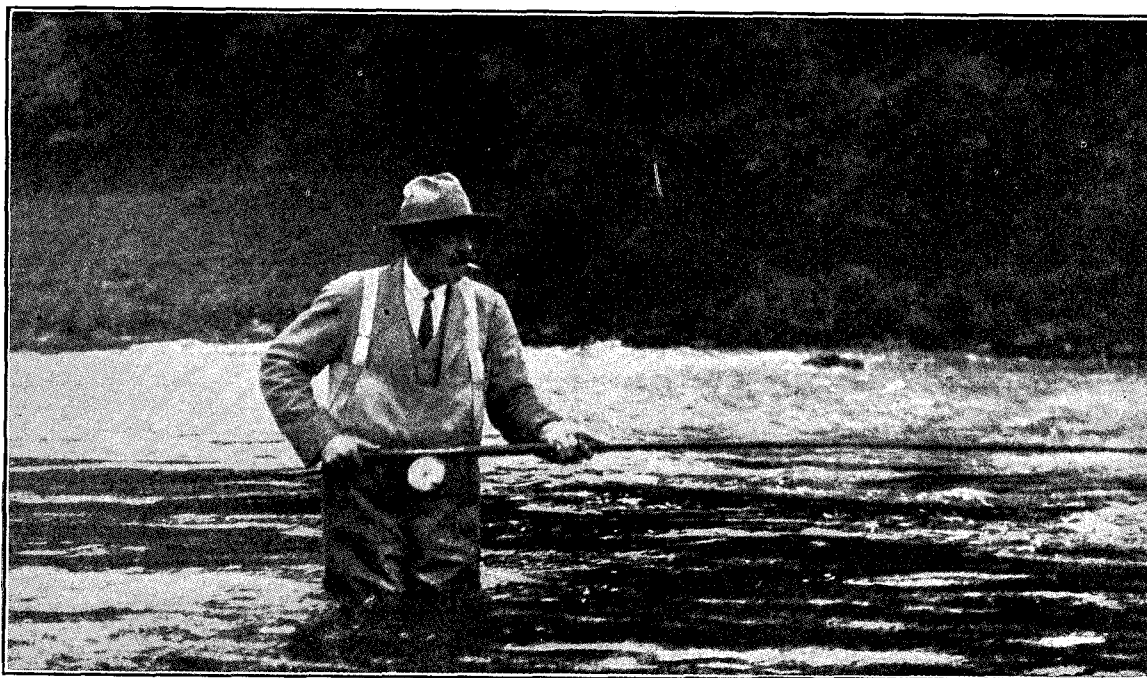
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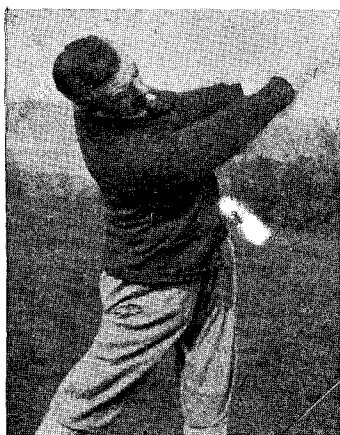
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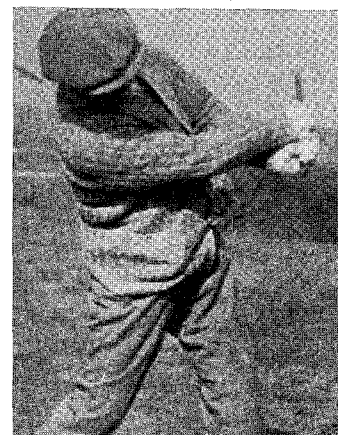
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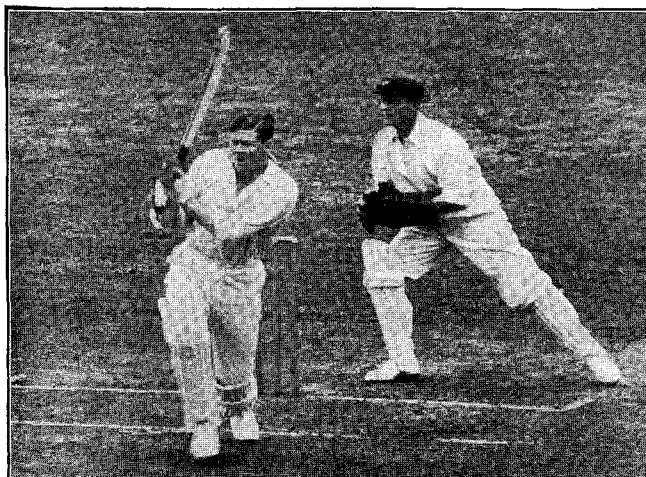
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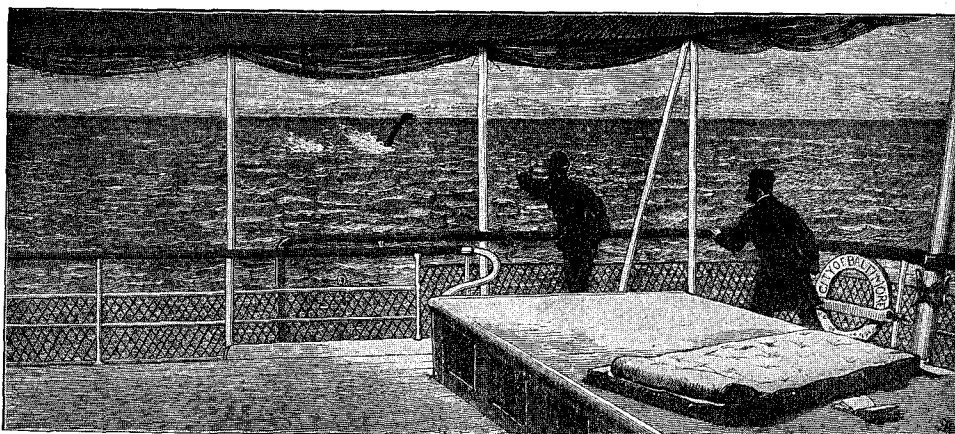
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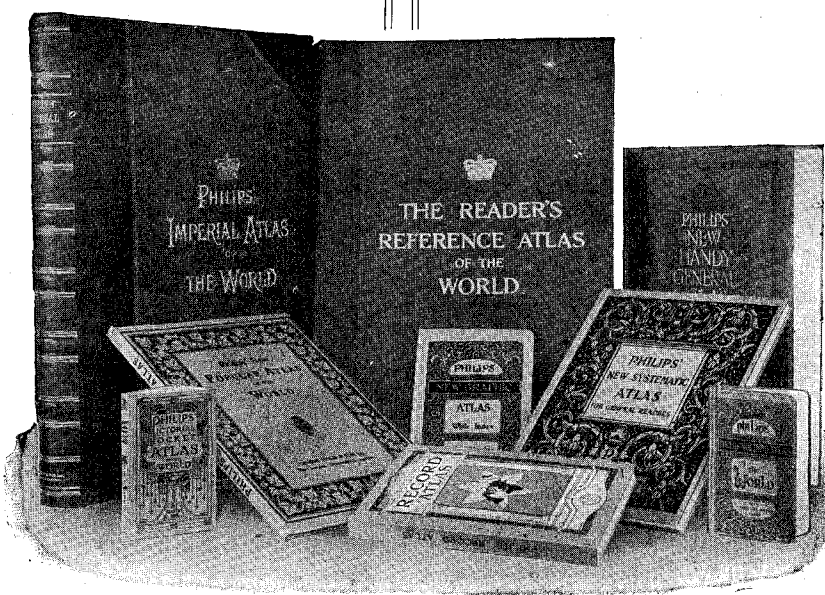
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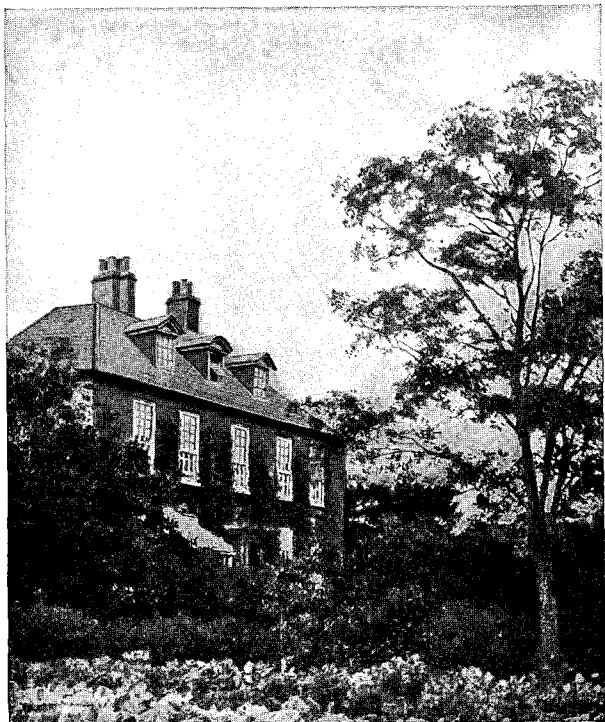
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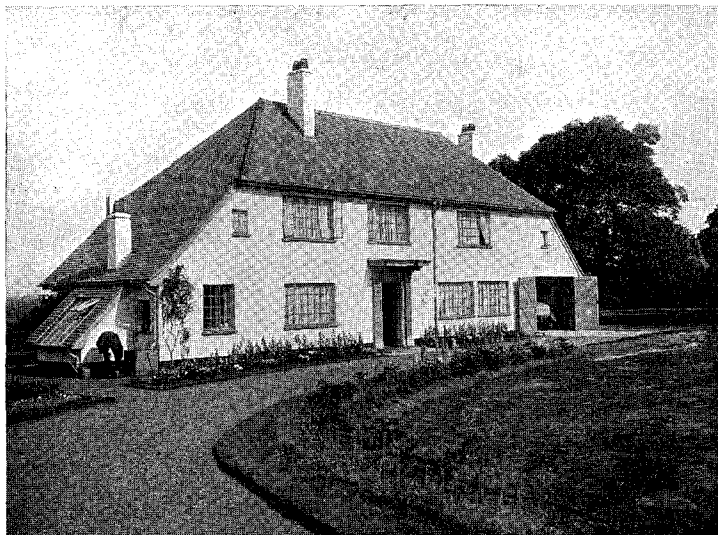
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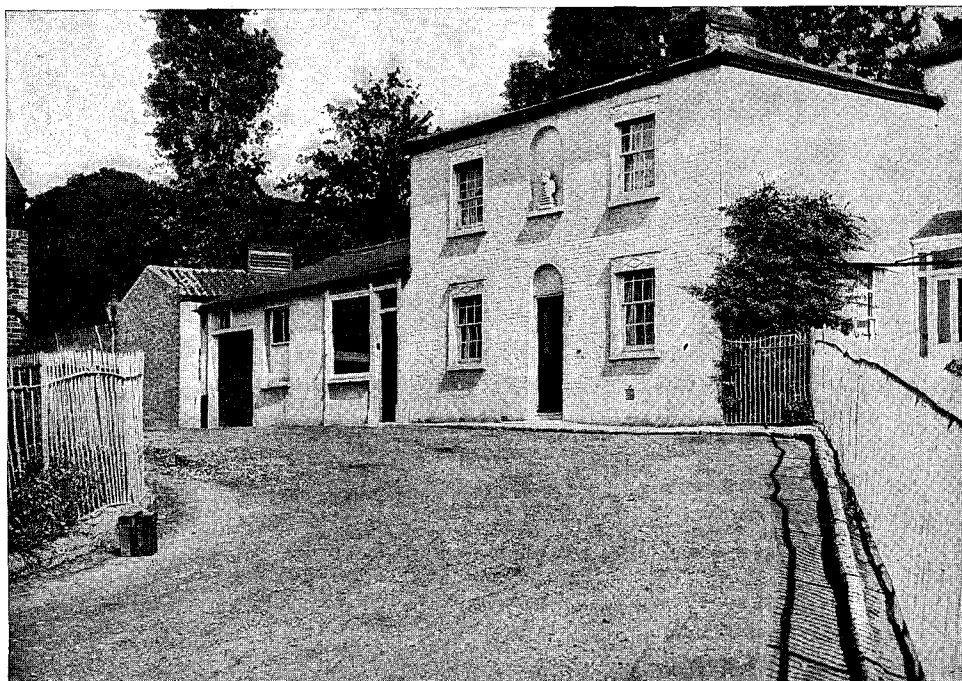
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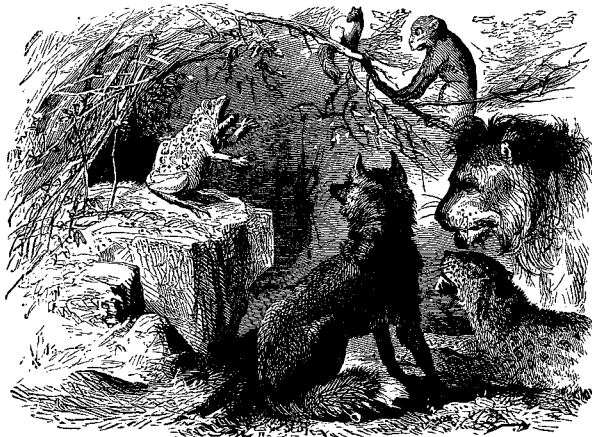
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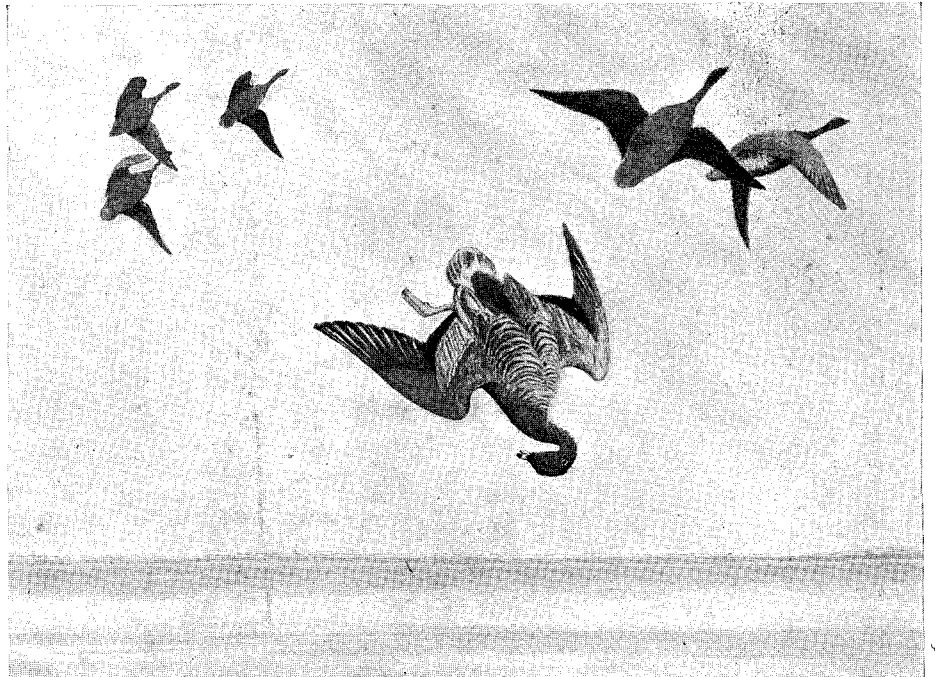


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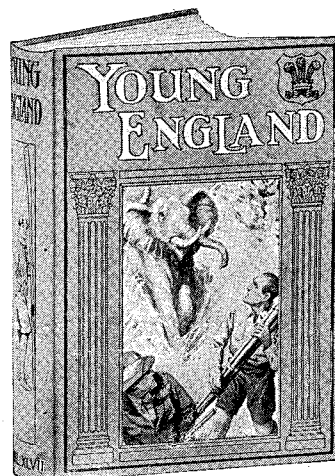
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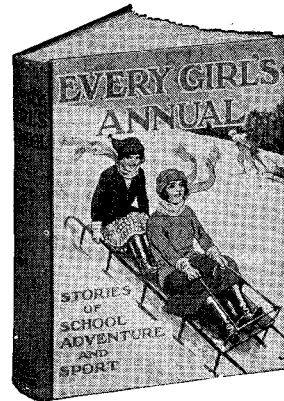
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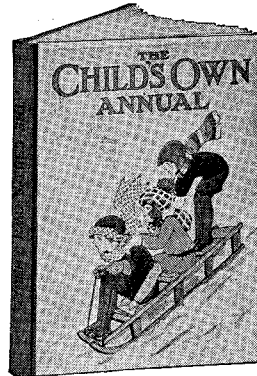
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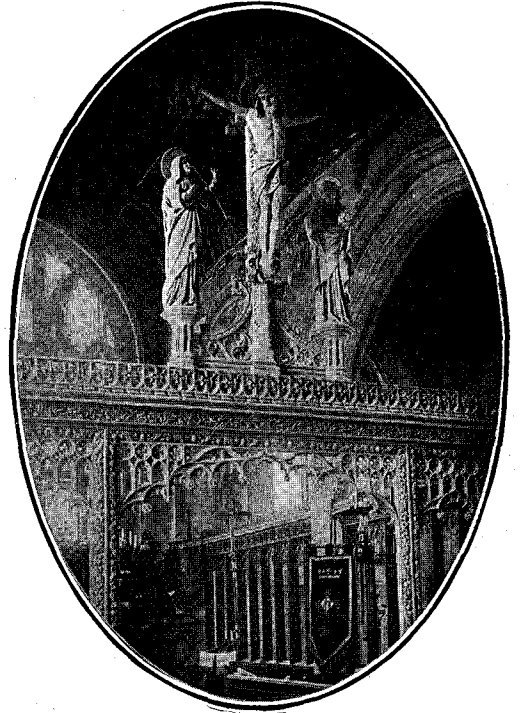
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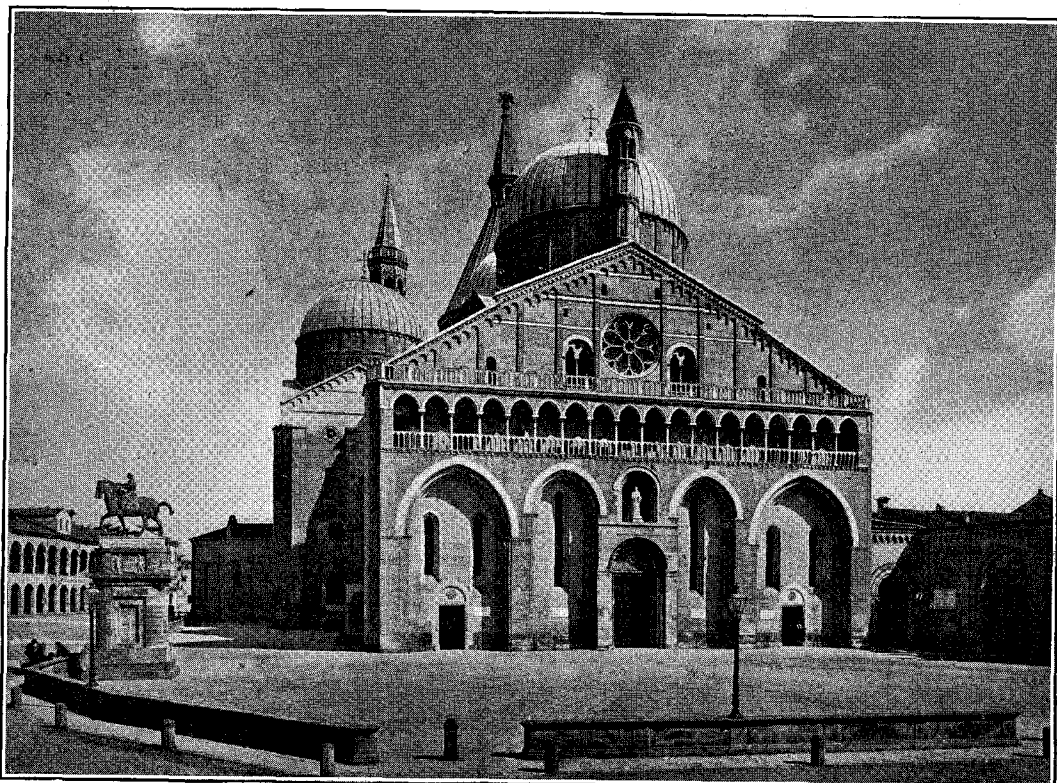
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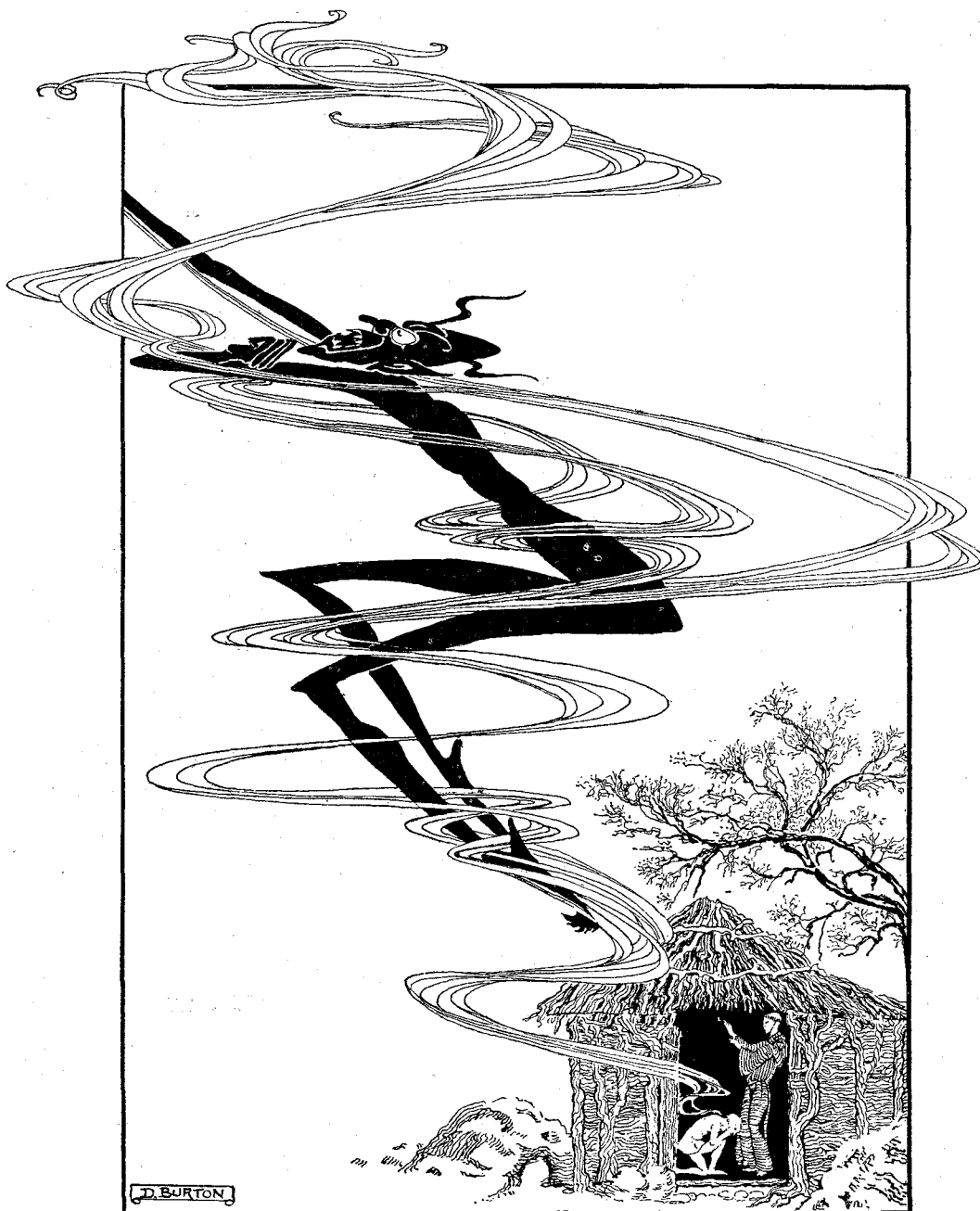
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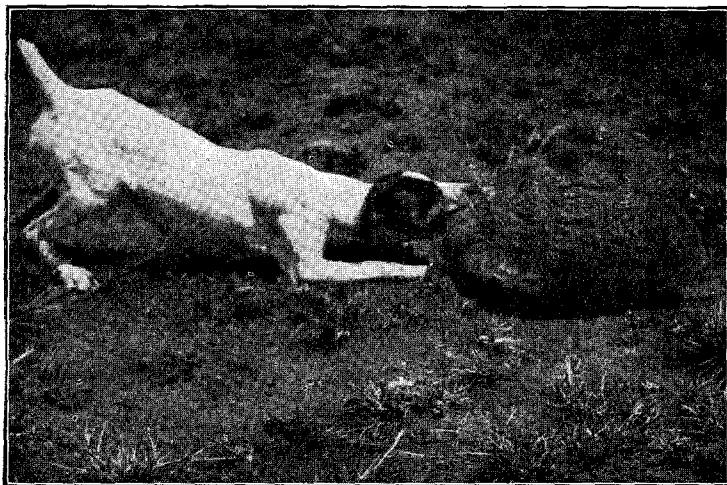
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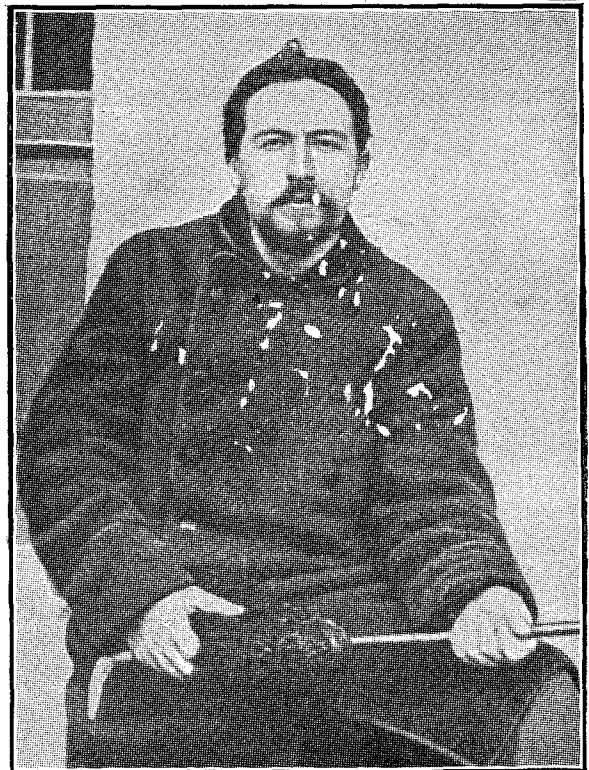
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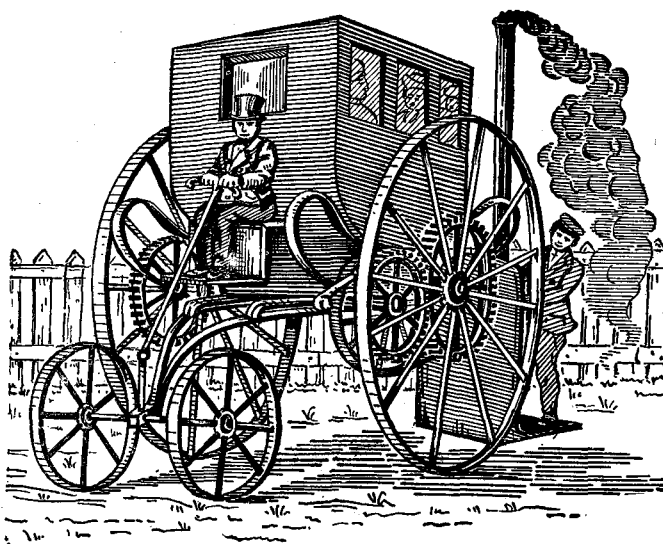
"Skiddle" is a small brown squirrel whose home is in the woods of South Africa. He has just reached the age of independence and as the book opens we find him, together with his brothers and sisters, receiving fatherly advice before setting off on the great adventure. Skiddle is however by no means an ordinary squirrel, for he can talk and, what is better still, he can hear his

furred and feathered friends and foes of the woods talk also. Moreover Skiddle is out for adventure; he is not satisfied to remain as close as may be to his old home, and to see just as much and no more than is necessary. He has curiosity, and has even developed the sense of wonder and the power to draw conclusions. Could anyone desire a better companion for a ramble in the woods? It is amazing how much we see and hear with Skiddle between the time of his leaving home and meeting Miss Skidaddle, after which naturally we must say good-bye to Skiddle.

EDUCATING A HUSBAND.

By JOHN L. CARTER. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

A well written sketch of an altogether likeable couple who, not content to leave well alone, attempt to make it better—and succeed. The characters are exceedingly well portrayed, and ring true. The tone is light and entertaining, and there are several effective hits at the enormity of certain existing marriage laws. There are two principal characters in the story, and it is perhaps remarkable how very much more real they are than any of the remainder. The reason may possibly be found in the fact that the story is written from the play of the same name, and in plays there is a tendency to make the minor characters merely background for the principals. In any case, the hero and heroine of the story are really well drawn. Of late we have not found too many likeable women characters in modern novels, and it is very refreshing to find one here.



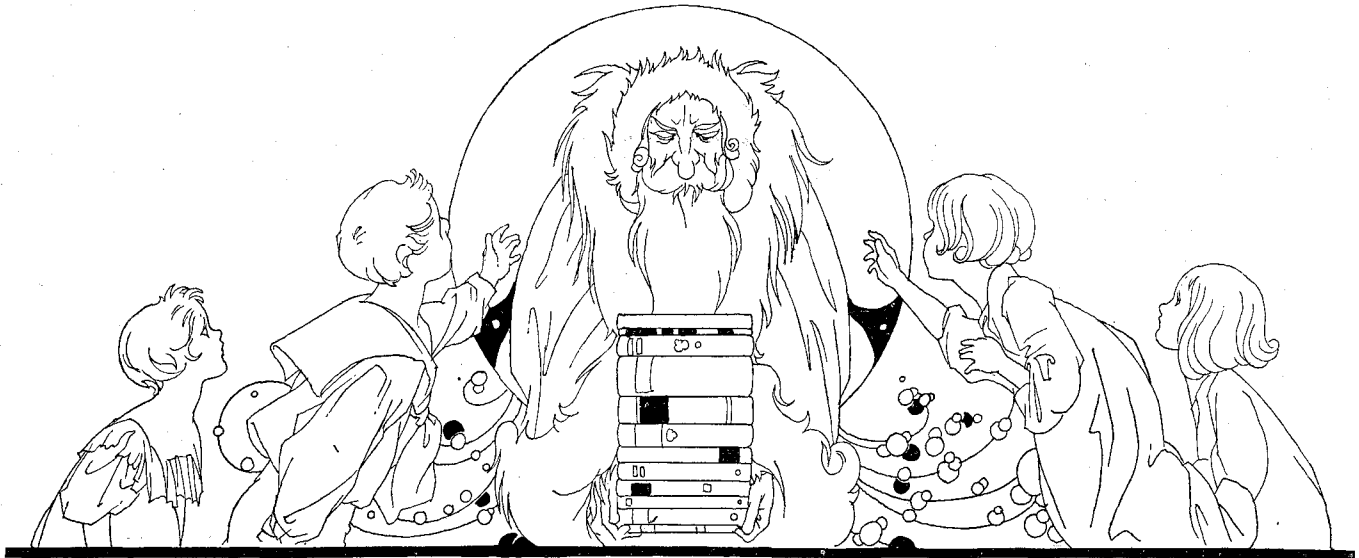
From Machines and How
They Work
By Charles R. Gibson
(Seeley, Service).

STEAM CARRIAGE, THE ANCESTOR
OF THE PRESENT DAY MOTOR-CAR.

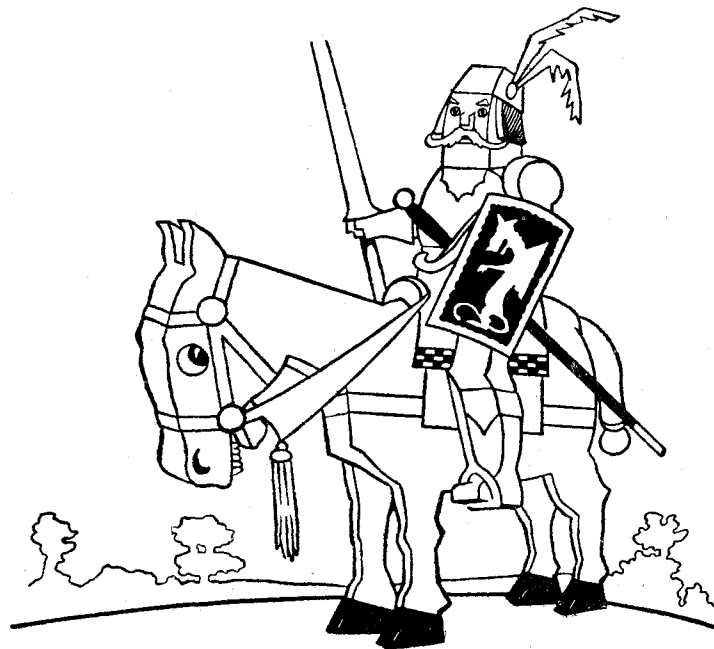


From "ANDERSEN'S FAIRY STORIES"
Profusely illustrated in colour and line by ANNE ANDERSON
(Collins).

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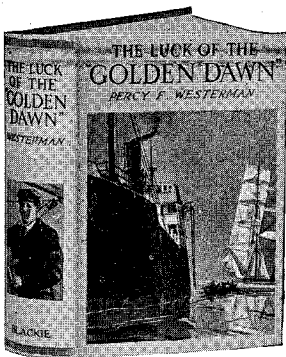
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SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.*

There was a child once who played at Christmas long before it came, gathering ivy and bright-berried holly in November to make a room Christmassy, drawing the curtains to shut out the rain and pretending that it was snow—the good, old-fashioned Christmas for which the child heart in all of us longs and hopes, forgetting all the years when it has rained or the sun has shone and there has been no snow. A good old-fashioned Christmas, it was the child in one of us that made the phrase, and the child looked back, not on the Christmases when there was no snow, not even frost. Those were forgotten for the one Christmas when there was both snow and frost, and the child drew the curtains and peered from the window at a white world.

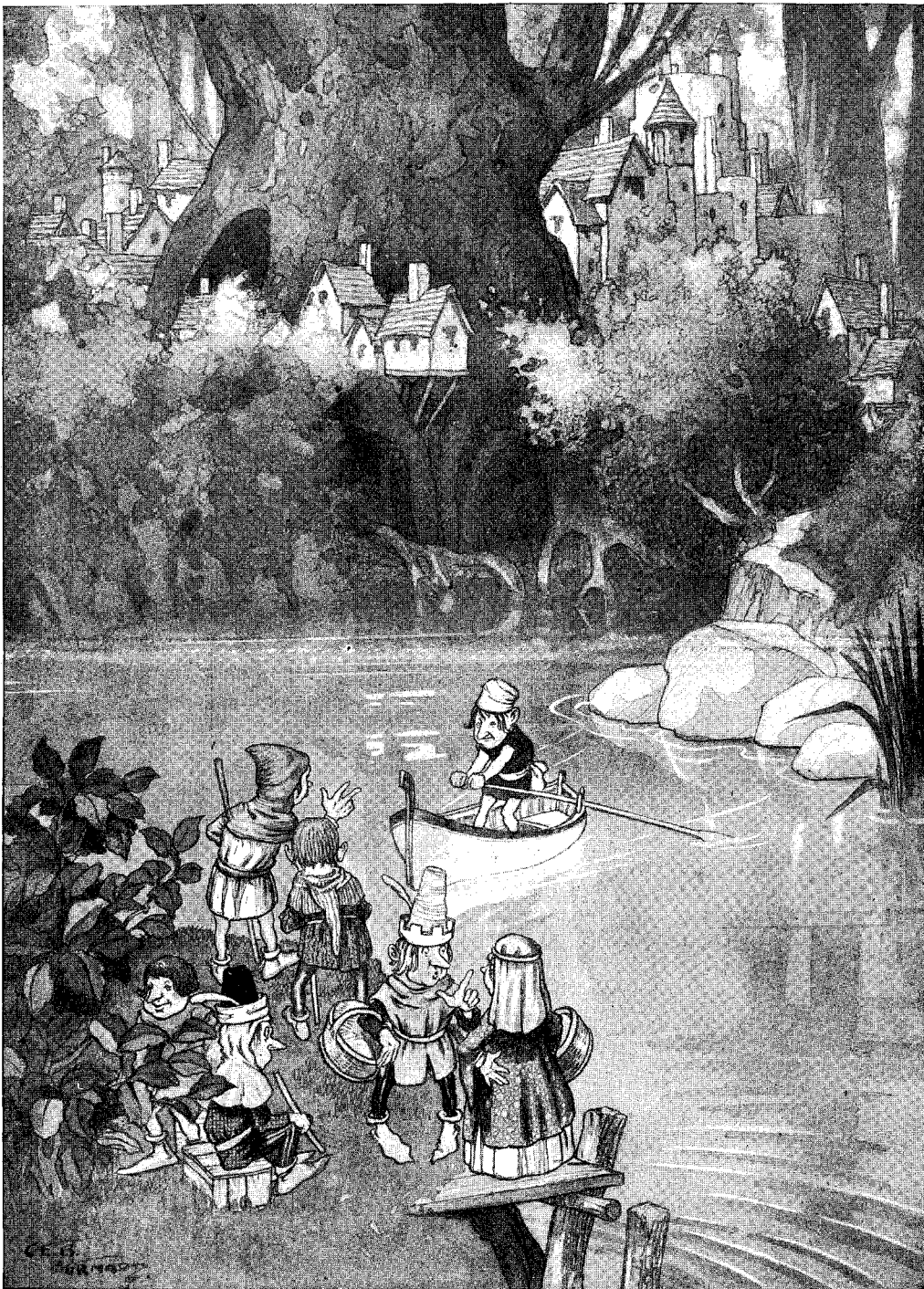
The child who played at Christmas had landmarks. She could have told the exact date of the first Christmas catalogue, when the first Christmas book might be seen in the bookseller's window. And she was even less fortunate than the children of to-day. For in this at least we need not look back. That other child might have envied these before whom such wealth is spread. Here are old favourites which need

* 1 "Blackie's Children's Annual." 5s. (Blackie.)—2 "Warne's Pleasure Book for Children." 2s. 6d. (Warne.)—3 "The Children's Treasury." 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)—4 "Everyland." Edited by W. E. Cule. 3s. 6d. net. (Carey Press.)—5 "A Ride on a Rocking Horse." By Ray Garnett. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—6 "Jason and the Princess." By Kathleen Colville. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—7 "My Story: by Bunny." By Alberta Heron. (Pilgrim Press.)—8 "Sunshine Stories." By Winnifred Smith. 2s. net. (Stockwell.)

not be recommended to the children who are conservative, but they will make new friends, while greeting old ones. How many happy afternoons will be spent over Blackie's "Children's Annual,"¹ how many entreaties there will be for just one more story before bed! Here are fairy stories as well as stories for the child who loves adventure. There are poems grave and gay, and prose and verse are illustrated in colour. It will be a happy girl or boy who gets this book as a Christmas present.

Here too is a "Pleasure Book,"² appropriately named, and here are fairy stories new and old, and stories of birds and beasts, such stories as children love, and some perhaps falling asleep after a last peep into the "Pleasure Book" will dream of Fairyland themselves, which is just what the compiler would want them to do. It may rain as it rained when Jean and Bobby stayed with their Great-aunt Pen, but there will still be some children who will not grumble at the weather if they have the "Pleasure Book."

There is instruction as well as amusement in "The Children's Treasury,"³ but instruction in such pleasant guise that it will be read as eagerly as the stories. "Common Objects of the Country"



From *Little Folks*
(Cassells).

TIMBER LEIGH.
"A FAMOUS FERRYMAN IS WILY JACK."

is the title of a series of articles which, for the country child, will enrich his daily walks and wanders. All children are nature lovers at heart, although for one reason or another they may never discover that themselves, or have it discovered for them. The child who reads these articles or has them read to him or her will be sure to want more knowledge, and the seeds will have been sown which will bear fruit later. They are obviously written by one who understands and loves all the creatures of which he

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

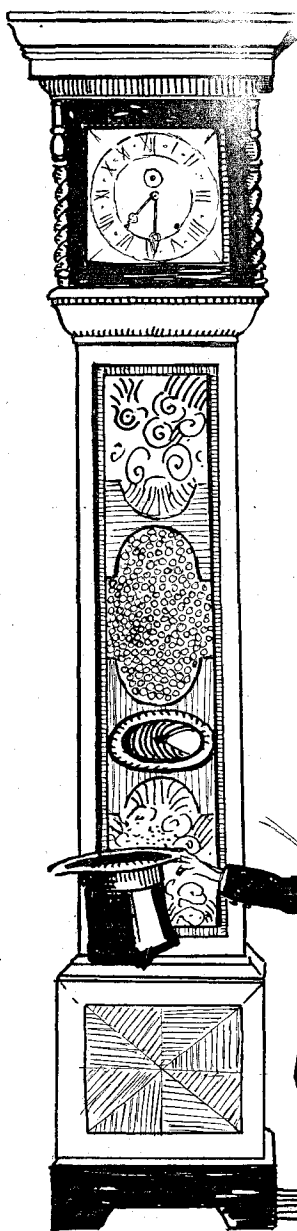
writes, even to the humble field-mouse, and he knows how to interest his readers. There are plenty of good stories too for the slightly older children as well as for younger readers.

In "Everyland,"⁴ as its title suggests, may be found stories of all countries. It is such a book as boys will love, and if it is primarily a book for boys it may be safely prophesied that many girls will borrow it from their brothers. Appropriately as the book is for British boys many of the tales concern the British Empire, and the boy or girl who reads this book will learn more of the real meaning of Empire, will learn too something of the cost at which that Empire has been won and held. There is a broader vision than one has found in similar books. It is not too English in the narrow sense.

"What should they know of England who only England know?" Well the boy who gets this book for Christmas will know a good deal more of other countries besides England, and he will discover that those countries are more interesting than any geography book or atlas made them appear to be. Incidentally

he will learn a good deal of history, and he will probably remember that history when he has forgotten the history he learnt without a background or a story to make the figures come alive. This is a book to be recommended.

We go back to the younger children again, but perhaps their seniors by a good many years may steal "A Ride On a Rocking-Horse,"⁵ when the beloved small owner is asleep and dreaming of the adventures of Ned and Dapple. It is the most delightful story, and



From Little People's Annual
(Raphael Tuck).

"WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS."



From Number Four Joy Street
(Blackwell).

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING,
QUILL THE DWARF?"

Dapple the most delightful horse. The illustrations are in keeping. We should like a sequel with the further adventures of Ned and Dapple another Midsummer Day.

From the same publisher comes another long story, "Jason and the Princess,"⁶ by Kathleen Colville. Most small children and some bigger ones will enjoy the adventures of Jason and the Princess who was after all only a little girl with the longings of an ordinary little girl. Other little girls as well as boys will follow the good ship *Seagull* from the Port of Queer Town up "The Wonderway River" with rapt interest. What adventures Jason had before he saw Queer Town again! And how well he was rewarded in the end!

The life story of a rabbit is told in "My Story: by Bunny"⁷ in such a way that the child who reads it will want to burrow into a rabbit hole and see the country where Bunny lives for himself! Since that is not possible he will only watch his opportunity to observe Bunny and his rabbits at quiet moments when the rabbit world comes into the open. This book will do good work in teaching the children the love of all living things.

"Sunshine Stories"⁸ is a collection of stories suitable for bedtime telling. Some we have not met before, and others are old favourites in a new form. They are prettily told, and old friends and new will be popular with the children who are so richly catered for this Christmas.

PAMELA HINKSON.

A CAT BOOK.

By E. V. LUCAS. 2s. 6d.
(Chatto & Windus.)

This really introduces an old friend—no less than Felix himself—and on this occasion he graces with his charming grotesqueness some quaint little lines published by Mr. E. V. Lucas in 1900, and now reissued in collaboration with Mr. Pat Sullivan. In the picture accompanying these lines :

“ There’s nothing by a cat
desired
So little as a tubbing;
Its tongue does every-
thing required
In scrubbing or in
rubbing.”

Felix is seen standing by a bath while his tongue works amazingly hard. The lines express a cat’s point of view in the most quaint manner, and Felix of course nobly illustrates them.

WARNE’S
PLEASURE BOOK
FOR BOYS.

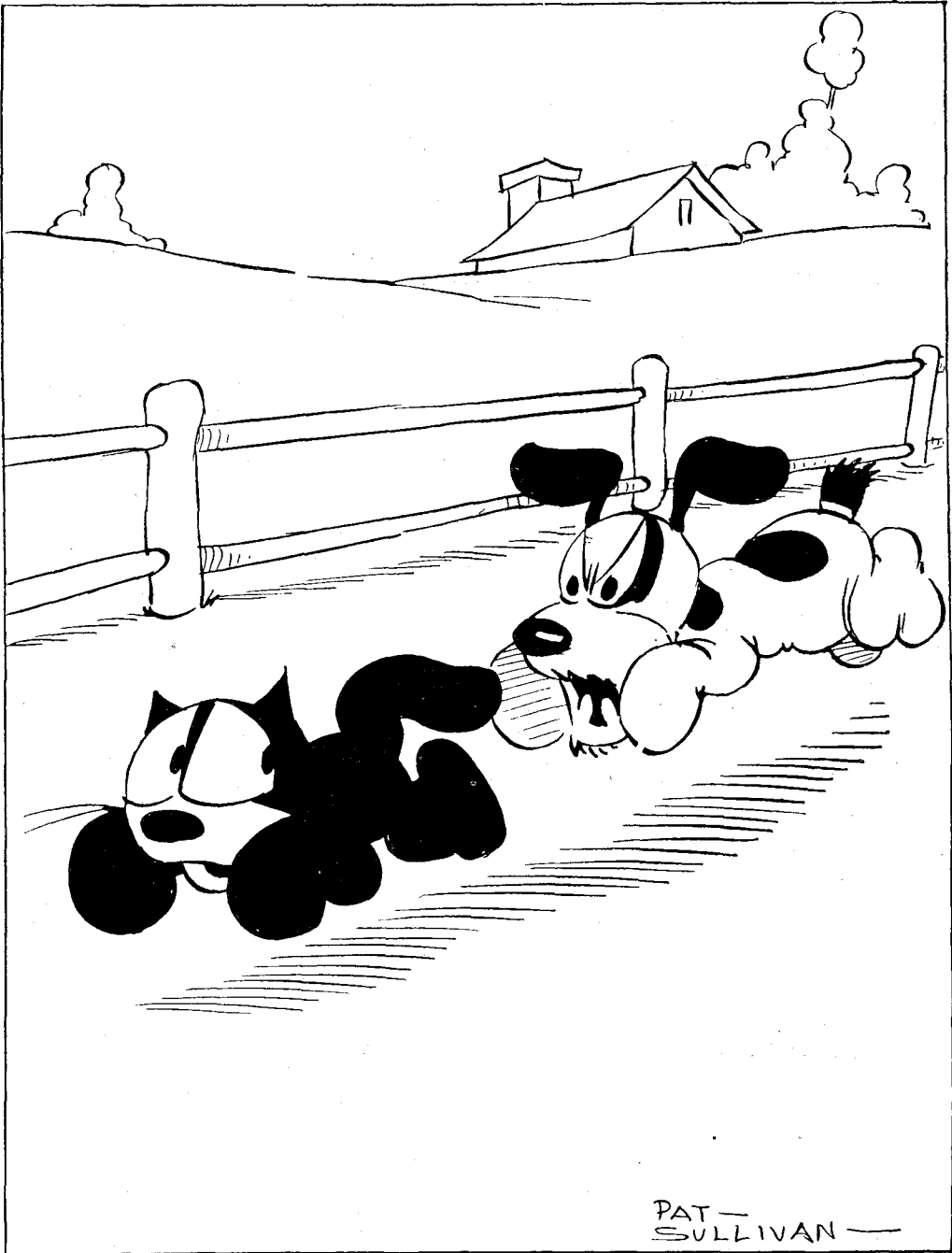
2s. 6d. (Warne.)

LITTLE PEOPLE’S
ANNUAL.

Made for you by Father
Tuck. 4s. (Raphael Tuck.)

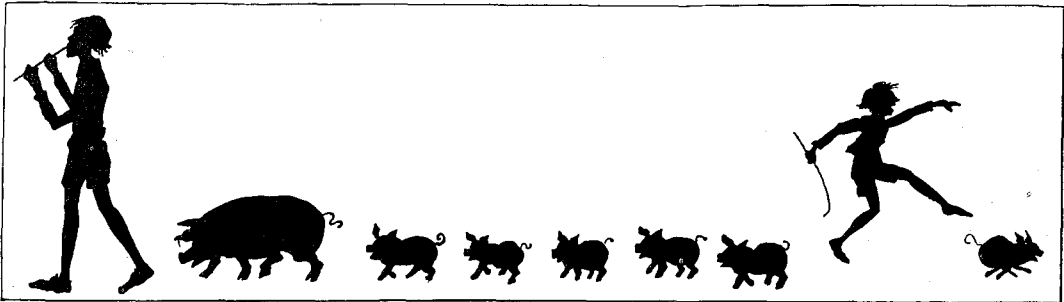
If there be a better half-crown annual for boys than Warne’s Pleasure Book we have yet to meet it. We simply fall back baffled after trying to imagine how it is done for the money. Brightly bound in delightful covers, clearly printed on agreeable paper, it is extraordinarily cheap. The stories are by competent people. “Challoner’s Chance,” by Ronald Lyons, is as good a school tale as one could possibly want, and very entertaining indeed is the article on Railway Myths and Marvels. We heartily congratulate the publishers and editor. The comfortable

name of Father Tuck is on the “Little People’s Annual.” One can depend on Tuck; one knows Tuck; one feels that the contents of this shiny blue book will be just right for the nursery contingent. Shouldn’t wonder if there are fairies here, one thinks, and things about animals. . . . Quite true! Lots of pictures and tales, and a charming



From A Cat Book
By E. V. Lucas
Illustrated by Pat Sullivan
(Chatto & Windus).

THE CAT’S ENEMIES.



From Little People’s Annual
(Raphael Tuck).

“ PIPING THE PIGS TO THEIR PIGSTY.”



From Cassell's Children's Annual
(Cassells).

"I WILL GIVE YOU TWO OF MY HENS FOR
YOUR PIGS," SAID DONN."

poem by that distinguished
writer, Norman Gale,
about a mouse in a cat-
less flat. The bachelor
meditates wisely:

"If I married, and the
noise
Made by silky girls and
boys
Fretted those from whom
I take
All I need of perfect
cake,
Each of them would cry,
'This flat
Can't be run without a
cat!'"

LUCIE ATTWELL'S CHILDREN'S BOOK.

5s. (Partridge.)

A delightful book for
very young children, full
of jolly pictures, stories,
and rhymes. It should
keep the nursery folk
amused for hours. All the
pictures are by Miss
Attwell and some of the
letterpress, but there are
verses and stories by John
Lea, Marjorie Joan
Earnshaw, Christine
Weatherly, Arthur Groom,
Agnes Grozier Herbert-
son, and others. Just the
right book for Father
Christmas to put in his
bag.

EASY PAINTING BOOK:

No. 5, Objects. No. 8, Wooden Figures.
(Dean.)

These are particularly pleasant painting books, and in
the one called "Objects" there are full directions for the
infant painter: To
get a shadow on
Red use Purple,
To get a shadow
on Yellow use
Orange, etc. We
can quite imagine
one of these
volumes, neatly
rolled round and
tied with a holly-
leaf ribbon peeping
out of Baby Betty's
stocking. There
could be no jollier
present on Christ-
mas morning. It is
a strange child that
is not fond of paint-
ing, and here are
pictures calling out
to be coloured. The
sort of book to
keep the youthful
painter happy for
hours.



From Lucie Attwell's Children's Book
(Partridge).

"MAY WE TAKE HER OUT FOR YOU,
MRS. BROWN P"



From Collins' Children's Annual
(Collins).

A SICILIAN BOY.

COLLINS' FAIRY FOLKS' ANNUAL.

5s. (Collins.)

It would need a giant's stocking to hold all that this delightful annual contains of poetry, prose and picture—to say nothing of jolly illustrations. Miss Rose Fyleman contributes some of her dainty verse, and then there is a complete play in rhyme (by Eleanor Farjeon) which is just the thing for little people to perform. Have you ever been to a Fairy Search Party? If not, you will find out all about it from Miss Violet Methley, and how to have a White Elephant Party, too. The illustrators include Anne Anderson, J. R. Monsell and Pauline Dunstan, and their work is of an uncommonly high standard, and Joyce Mercer has done some delicate designs that are both skilful and original. Altogether an excellent gift-book.

COLLINS' CHILDREN'S ANNUAL. 5s.

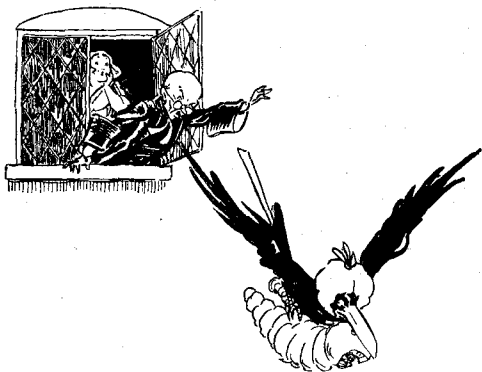
This is the book for the children's magic hour, brim full of the most delightful things. For charm and delicacy of colouring and design, we must mention the illustrations by Anne Anderson and Phyllis E. Paul, though there are many other charming ones besides. What fun there is in the "Apple-Pie Bed," both in the story and in the comical pictures that illustrate it. Elfin folk, folk out of fairy tales, as well as everyday boys and girls, flit through the pages and tell of all sorts of exciting adventures. Verses too are here by well-known writers and a charming little play called "Fairy Gold."



From Collins' Fairy Folks' Annual
(Collins).

"IT WAS A SIGNAL, AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE
CAME HURRYING TO THE BOG."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926



From Monsell : *The Hooded Crow*
(Blackwell).

THE MOOR FOLK.

By
WINIFRED
SIMMONS.
6s. (Faber
& Gwyer.)

This is one of the most delightful stories of what goes on in the animal world whilst the humans are asleep,

that we have read for a long time. On a hot summer's night, Donald was tossing restlessly, when he heard a squirrel calling to him to join in their nightly revels. Animals and insects of every description take the parts so well adapted to them and range themselves under the command of the Pine King. After the great Assembly and reception of Donald the immense crowd scatter in search of hidden treasure. Donald makes enormous strides, first becomes Transport Officer in Chief, when water has to be negotiated, then Field-Marshal when war is waged against the troublesome adder. Finally he is crowned King and takes the honoured place by the side of King Pine. In this bald outline no idea can possibly be given of the easy charm of the story, or of the skilful working out of many of the animals' habits, and adaptation of materials to hand. It is full of a quaint, rich humour and is sure to be very popular.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR BOYS.

5s. (Oxford Press.)

We see by the cover that this is the nineteenth year of this Annual, which speaks for itself and indicates for how long Herbert Strang has been a household name. Boys will be anxious to know what he has in store for them this year, so here are one or two names of people who have contributed to the feast : Gunby Hadath, P. Escott-North, Peter Blundell, Laurence Woodhouse, Major C. C. Turner, Percy Dent and others far too numerous to mention in

this small space. These however will be enough to whet the appetite and we can assure them that this is as excellent a number as any that have gone before.

LITTLE ABE LINCOLN.

By BERNIE BABCOCK. 7s. (Lippincott.)

This story of Abraham Lincoln's childhood is told by Mrs. Babcock in simple, direct language that should make a strong appeal to young people of both sexes. The early years of the future President were by no means a bed of roses. At an age when more fortunate children have scarcely left the nursery, he had to work in the fields and woods in all weathers. His father was a hard man, and did not approve of the son's tenderness for all living creatures, and his inborn hatred of destroying animal life ; neither could he understand the boy's burning desire to learn to read and write, and gave him no encouragement in this direction. The bright star of Abe's life was his mother, a woman of beautiful character and sincere piety who was devoted to her children, as they were to her. After her death at a comparatively early age, poor little



From *A Frolic Round the Zoo* "SEE, BLINK, I AM GOING TO
By J. A. Shepherd SWALLOW ALL THESE NUTS."
(John Lane).

Abe and his sister Sarah were often cold, hungry and ill-clad, but his father married again, and the stepmother, who was a woman of some means, was also a woman of understanding, and before the book closes little Abe's dream of school life has come true.



From *The Seven Voyages of
Sinbad the Sailor*
Retold by S. G. Hulme Beaman
(John Lane).

TAIL-PIECE.

KENYA KIDDIES.

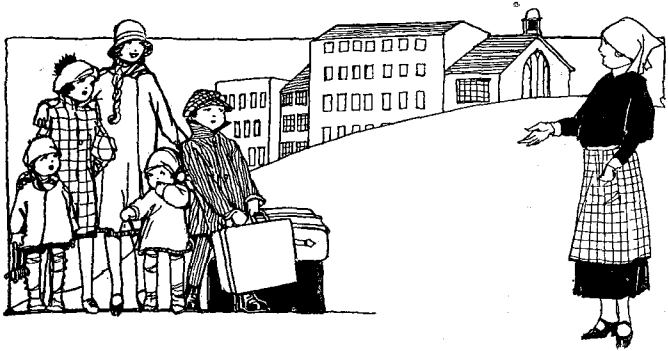
By MAY BALDWIN. 3s. 6d.
(Chambers.)

Last year this author published an unusual story for girls, a tale of school-days in the wilds of Kenya Colony. This tells of another set of Kenya kiddies—the children of Frobisher the planter and their friends, whose quick wits help to save the planter from disaster. The plot is simple, though adequate ; but the chief merits of the book are its vivid pictures of the children's life in an unfamiliar setting, and above all its observant study of the children themselves, who are individualised and remarkably true to nature. A well written tale, far better done than many a more ambitious book, and will make an acceptable Christmas gift.

ADELE IN SEARCH OF A HOUSE.

By DORA OLIVE THOMPSON. 3s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

Miss Thompson has achieved the difficult task of writing a book for girls, dealing with conditions outside their experience, which they can immediately appreciate. She has done this partly by making her orphan family and their adopted elder sister children of rare refinement and intelligence, partly by the delightful detail in which she describes their home, the Orphanage and their life with the different families who give them shelter. The Canadian setting is sufficiently unusual to be interesting. Occasionally the sentiment of the story is so sweet as to be sentimental; but it is good to see family affection and kindness restored tactfully to their place in the hierarchy of virtue. It is refreshing, too, to meet real people in a book of this kind, even if they all are seen through rosy spectacles, and to know that the only school is the public one, down in the village.



From Adele in Search of a Home
By Dora Olive Thompson
(R.T.S.).

"WE BELONG TO EACH
OTHER NOW."

being recognised as the very best in their class, and "The Secret of the Code" is bound to receive the warm welcome that always awaits this author's stories.

THE SECRET OF THE CODE.

By GUNBY HADATH. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Two John Andrew Smiths, both new boys on their way to different schools with similar names, meet in the train to Tidegate. Through a mistake each goes to the wrong

THE FLAMP.
THE AMELIORATOR.
THE SCHOOLBOY'S APPRENTICE.

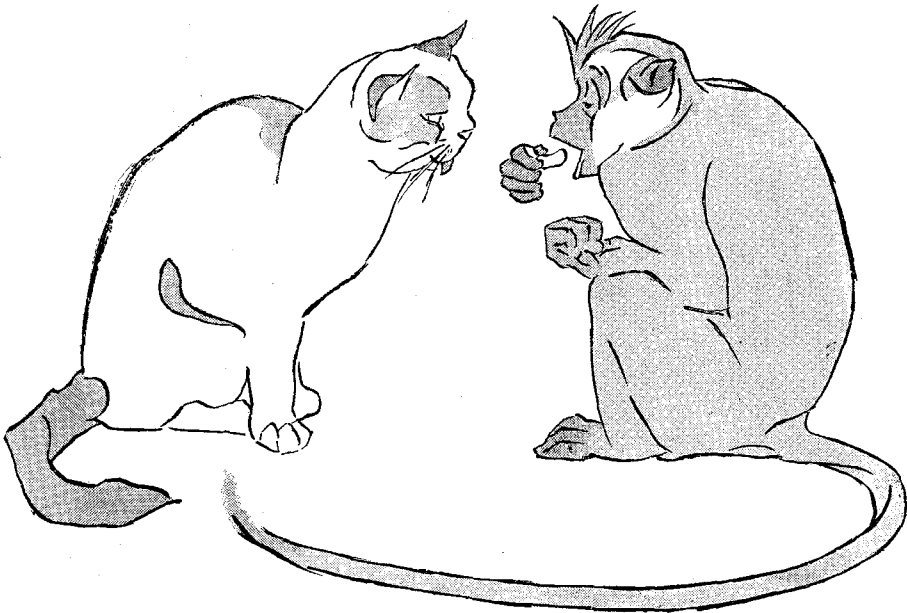
By E. V. LUCAS. Illustrated by OLIVE CRANE. 1s. 6d. each; or the three in a box, 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Originally, over thirty years ago, these three stories appeared in a single volume, and now, after being long out of print, they are reissued, each in a dainty little book to itself, printed in bold, clear type, tastefully bound and most delightfully illustrated in colour. They have the humour and charm of quaint fantasy that are distinctively Mr. E. V. Lucas's own. You will think "The Flamp" is the best of the three, if you read that first—it is so odd and whimsical in idea and has so much meaning underlying its whimsicality—but when you have read the other two you will think that for some things each is better than the other, and the wiser plan is to get all three in their dainty box and give them as a Christmas present to any child, girl or boy, between four and ten years old, for they are exactly what any child, with any love of reading, would be bound to enjoy.

CHRISTABEL'S
FAIRYLAND.

By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE.
12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Children who love Peter Pan should appreciate this book, with its quaint



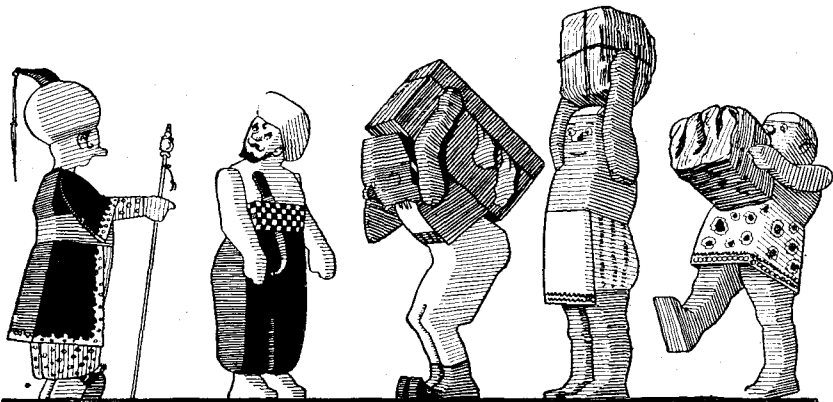
One—

From A Frolic Round the Zoo

By J. A. Shepherd
(John Lane).

school, and their subsequent amusing and thrilling adventures are cleverly told in Mr. Gunby Hadath's inimitable fashion. As the story proceeds the reader comes to know these boys, and understand them, for they are human and very likeable. The plot is original without being impossible, and the incidents follow each other in their natural sequence, without the jumble of time and place that is found in so many school stories. No prigs or cads appear in these pages, but normal boys who speak and act as the modern public schoolboy does; whilst the quiet humour of the morose John Andrew delights the reader from start to finish. Mr. Hadath thoroughly understands boys, and this fact enables him to write of them in a style that has led to his books

"ONE—"



From The Seven Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor
Retold by S. G. Hulme Beaman
(John Lane).

TAIL-PIECE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

half-fairy, half-real atmosphere. Mr. Whyte understands small girls, and Christabel is a very real and charming personality. Realities, dreams, and fairies—the story is a fragment from the lives of most children—and it is just this which will make it so absorbing to young readers. The illustrations by Pauline Gantier are very attractive and in keeping with the story.

THE CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE.

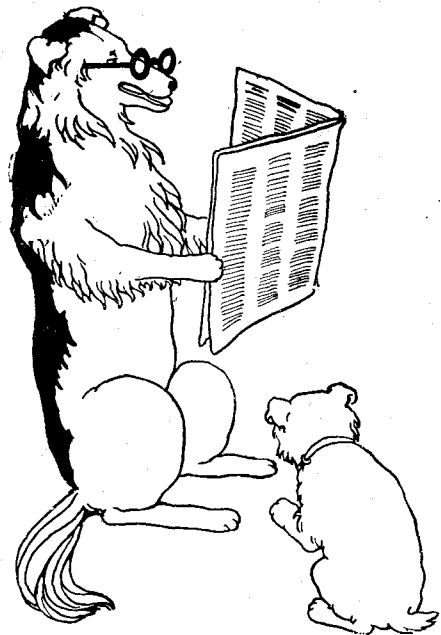
Arranged for Children in Shakespeare's own words by
ARTHUR MEE. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There are some books that once they come into our possession seem so much a part of our lives that we wonder



From *The Book for Boys*
(Raphael Tuck).

however we managed without them. Most girls and boys feel this way with regard to Mr. Mee's books, and they will certainly feel this way after they have looked into his "Shakespeare." He has done with Shakespeare's plays, or rather with a selection of them, as he did with the Bible; he has not altered a word, but has omitted passages which are unsuited to young readers. "The full plays," he says, are spoilt by things belonging to Shakespeare's age but not in keeping with ours." He has carefully gone through them, talking out the coarse and the gross, leaving all that is beautiful and easily understood. Children who are fortunate enough to possess it will without doubt find this handsome-looking volume, with its clear type and countless illustrations—reproductions of famous paintings—a source of endless joy. The plays dealt with are "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," "Henry the Fourth" (parts I and II), "Henry the Fifth," "Twelfth Night," "Macbeth," and "The Tempest." So it will be seen that Mr. Mee



From *Christabel's Fairyland*
By Adam Gowans Whyte
(Chapman & Hall).
**WOWSER READ THE
BOW-WOW NEWS.**

presents much of the best of Shakespeare in very varying moods. Each play has a brief foreword giving its story—not so much the story of the play itself as the story of how it came to be written—and the notes will add considerably to the interest of those approaching the plays for the first time. Schools in particular will appreciate the trouble Mr. Mee has taken to bring Shakespeare into closer touch with the youthful mind. The book is one that will be immensely popular in the class-room as well as in the home.

JUNE THE GIRL GUIDE.

By BRENDA GIRVIN. 2s. 6d. (Oxford Press.)

Girl Guides will love this story of June Redgrave and three of her Guide friends, who were anxious to solve the mystery of a lost snuff box, also some stolen money. Poor June herself eventually suffers suspicion, and is suspended from Guide meetings until the wretched business is finally cleared up. During the process, however, many things happen, the enjoyment of which we will not spoil by any hint on our part. It is a delightful story and bound to give much pleasure.



From *Warne's Pleasure Book for Children*
(Warne).

THE TRIO.

EVERYTHING EASY.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH. 6s. (Jarrolds.)

Lady Cynthia Asquith has been responsible for several very charming children's books, and here is one no whit less charming than the others. In this story of little Mark More we are afraid we see many little boys—and, alas! girls too, reflected. In fact how many of us, to be quite honest, could have withstood the offer of the kindly stranger, to take us to Getyourwish Land when we were at the tender age of eight. "Everything Easy" had always been Mark's great desire, especially in regard to sums, and this fascinating book, and the equally delightful full-page illustrations by A. H. Watson, of which there are no less than twenty-five, show us how he gained his desire and tell of his many experiences whilst in that remarkable land.

WHEN YOU'RE FIVE, TOLD BY DENYS.

By DOROTHY SUTTON. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Heath, Cranton.)



From Christabel's
Fairyland
By Adam Gowans Whyte
(Chapman & Hall).

SUNSET COTTAGE.

my ovieyall out, will the moon jump in it? " Of course it wouldn't, would it?

Nice little stories, very artlessly told. When the children hear that mummy would like for Christmas a gold-fish bowl . . . " We nearly bursted to say, ' We're going to buy it, mum-mie,' but you mustn't let out secrets." The " bursted " is very natural. We are sorry that Denys calls mother sometimes " Good old Mum," but we have no other fault to find with the charming little blue book. Once little brother Ralph cries for the moon, " Deny, if I hold

BLACKIE'S BOYS' ANNUAL.

5s. (Blackie.)

This is a big fat book that will delight the heart of any boy who revels in adventure, sport, excitement, and above all in stories of brave men and brave deeds. We must confess to having held our breath on gazing at several of the narrow escapes that are depicted. No less than thirty-one stories and nine articles on very varying topics by well-known writers make up this jolly volume, while the illustrations are almost endless.



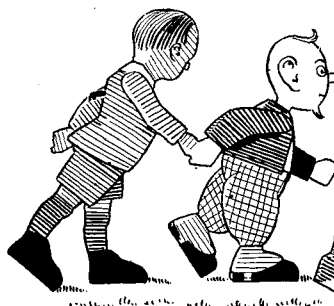
From My Playtime Book
(Ward, Lock).

THE THREE-LEGGED RACE.

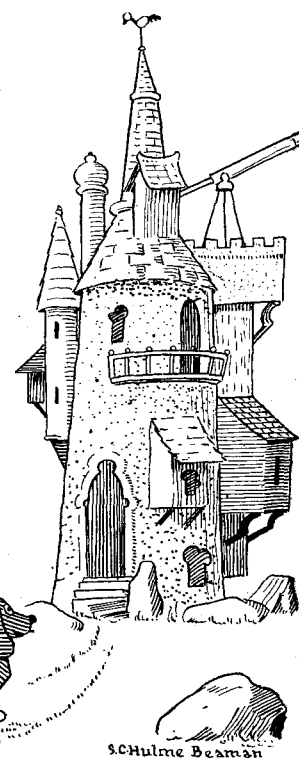
BUD AND ADVENTURE.

By ANNE MACDONALD. Illustrated. 2s. 6s. (Chambers.)

An exciting and well written school story that tells how a little girl's love of adventure led to the unravelling of a mystery connected with the house next door to the school. Like many adventures, it had a simple beginning—the little girl, Bud, walks along the balcony of the school house on to next-door's balcony and looks in a window—and the adventure has begun! The characters in the tale are very skilfully drawn, and the plot unfolded in a manner that keeps the reader's interest alert throughout.



From Tiny Tots
(Cassells).



"I'LL TAKE YOU TO SEE THE MAN
IN THE MOON."



From *The Wonder Book*
Edited by Harry Golding
(Ward, Lock).

"WHO GOES THERE?"
(Reproduced from coloured plate.)

WONDER
BOOK
ANNUAL.

6s. (Ward,
Lock.)

Looking through this book has made the years slip away as if by magic. Once more we are "playing at house" and all those wonderful games of make-believe. If it has such a vivid effect on old fogies, what must be its delight for the youngsters. Besides multitudes of black-and-white illustrations there



From *The Mouse That Ran*
By Helen Haywood
(Warne).

"CLEANING HIS WHISKERS."

are twelve coloured plates, of which we cannot help mentioning "The All-Blacks" and "An Odd Pair" as outstanding favourites. Stories too are here in abundance, on all kinds of subjects and suitable for all kinds of occasions, by many favourites among writers for children. It certainly represents its title.

THE TALE OF SAMUEL WHISKERS.

By BEATRIX POTTER. 2s. (Warne.)

THE MOUSE THAT RAN.

By HELEN HAYWOOD. 1s. 6d. (Warne.)

The great charm of both these little books is of course the coloured illustrations: those are very numerous and altogether delightful. The first is principally about cats, but lots of mice flit in and out and all are dressed in the quaintest of dresses, and look almost as wise as humans. The second is practically all about mice, which, while not being dressed up, are the most fascinating little creatures even though we do prefer them on paper to real life. They are into all kinds of mischief.



From *A Misfit at School*
By Elizabeth Walmsley
(S.S.U.).

"SHE FOUND HERSELF
OUT UPON THE HIGH
ROAD."

A MISFIT AT SCHOOL.

By ELIZABETH WALMSLEY. 1s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)

It was scarcely a surprising fact that Josephine Newlyn was a "misfit" at school. She had the spirit of adventure in her blood. Motherless, with her father an incurable traveller who penetrated into wild places and brought back strange creatures to the Zoo, with her brother a sailor by choice, she was not "the normal schoolgirl" by any means. Josephine however was frank, honest and good-hearted, and kindness could lead her. It was when the harshness of the deputy head mistress plunged her into despair over a matter of unconscious wrongdoing that Josephine ran away, and fell among wanderers who lived in tents, and performed in one too. It is a charming and a thrilling story, simple and uncommon, and just the book for a Christmas gift ending with happiness and forgiveness all round. It is well illustrated.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1926.



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

SECOND FIDDLE.

By DORIS A. POCKOCK. 3s. net. (Nelson.)

This excellent story for girls is written round a sensitive boy of fifteen whose artistic temperament and blue blood ill prepare him for a life with his somewhat common old grandfather. Grandfather Carfax however proves himself a sound mentor and, in the shabby little music shop which he runs, both the boy and his sister learn how to get to grips with the realities of life. The story is illustrated very agreeably by H. M. Brock.



From *School Rivals*
By Anna Best
(S.S.U.).

"MOLLY CAUGHT IT
EASILY."

SCHOOL RIVALS.

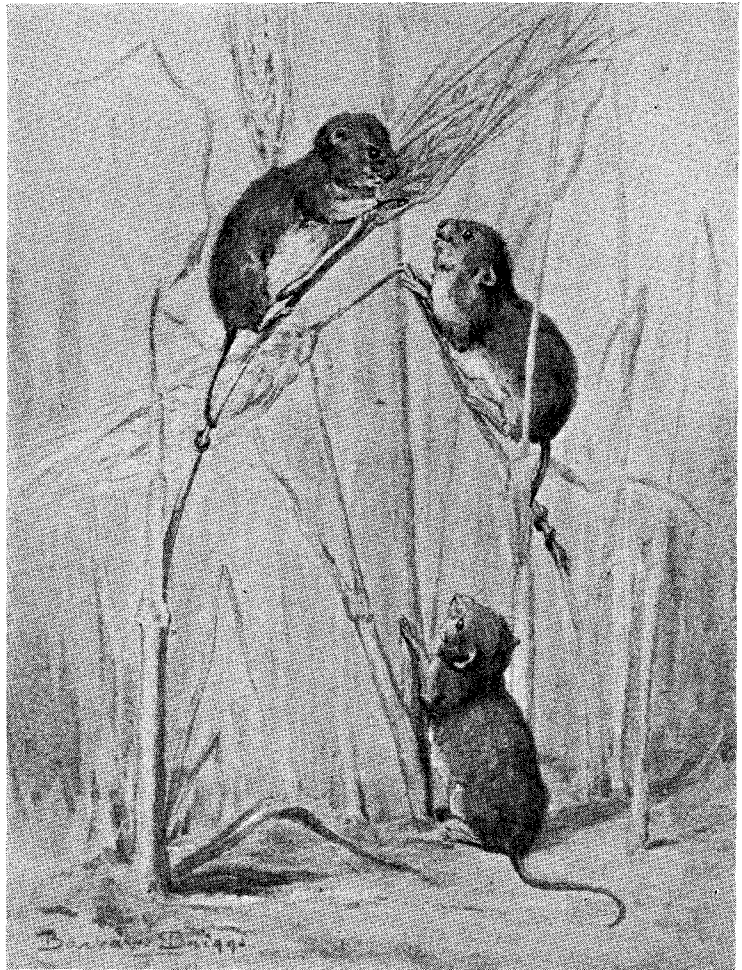
By ANNA BEST. With coloured illustration. 1s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)

The author of this story has undoubtedly a first-hand knowledge of sports, especially cricket, as well as of school-girls. At Bayview College, two among the many girls were serious rivals; the real truth being that Madeline Chatterton was very jealous of Molly Clifford, and Molly Clifford had her own reasons for wanting to be first. Madeline was rich, clever and not too honourable. Mollie was poor, clever, frank and brave. The story is very brightly told and is full of dramatic school incidents which hold the reader's attention all the time. It is a pleasing conclusion that instead of the admirable Molly gaining a victory over a humiliated rival, we are able to leave the rivals happily reconciled, each one realising the merits of the other, and neither of them a prig.

FRIENDS OF FIELD AND FOREST.

By ELEANOR E. HELME. With 16 coloured plates and numerous other illustrations by BARBARA BRIGGS, F.Z.S. 7s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

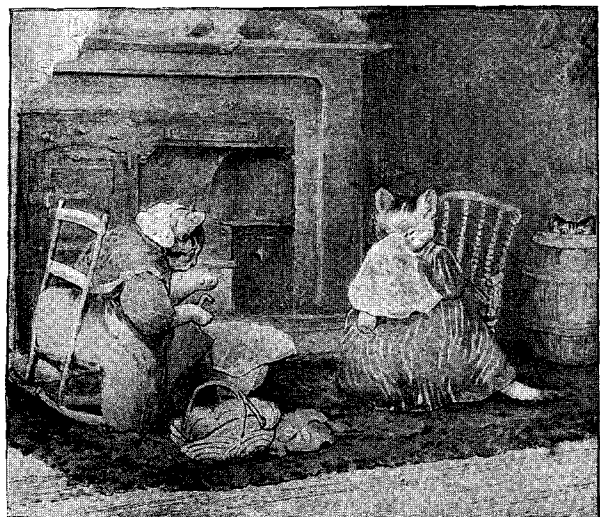
It is curious how children have an instinctive tenderness for and interest in animals; they may outgrow both in later life, but while they are young every bird and beast possesses an irresistible fascination. That is why Miss Helme's book is bound to be popular. To begin with, it has the never-failing charm of truth, and the author embodies her natural history facts in such a pleasing



From *Friends of Field
and Forest*
By Eleanor E. Helme
(R.T.S.).

A DWELLER IN THE CORN.
(Reproduced from one of the large
coloured plates.)

style, so full of quaint humour, that the creatures of field and woodland seem to come alive as she describes their various habits and modes of living. Miss Briggs's really beautiful pictures will bring endless delight, besides helping boys and girls to identify the animals with which the reading matter is concerned—dormouse, hare, rabbit, badger, stoat, hedgehog, and many others that one is likely to come across during a day's ramble in the country. Altogether it is a book for the intelligent, observant kiddie, and carries with it the fragrance and wholesome freshness of the open air.



From *The Tale of Samuel
Whiskers*
By Beatrix Potter
(Warne).

REPRODUCED
FROM COLOURED
FRONTISPIECE.



From *The School on the Steep*
By Alfred Judd
(Nelson).

"AHoy, there!" he cried
"Boat ahoy!"

EVERYDAY LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON, VIKING AND NORMAN TIMES.

Written and illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B.
QUENNELL. 5s. (Batsford.)

Many young students of history will tell you that the



From *Everyday Life in Anglo-Saxon, Viking and Norman Times*
By M. and C. H. B. Quennell
(Batsford).

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PARTIAL RECONSTRUCTION.
(The Cross is now inside Ruthwell
Church, Dumfriesshire.)

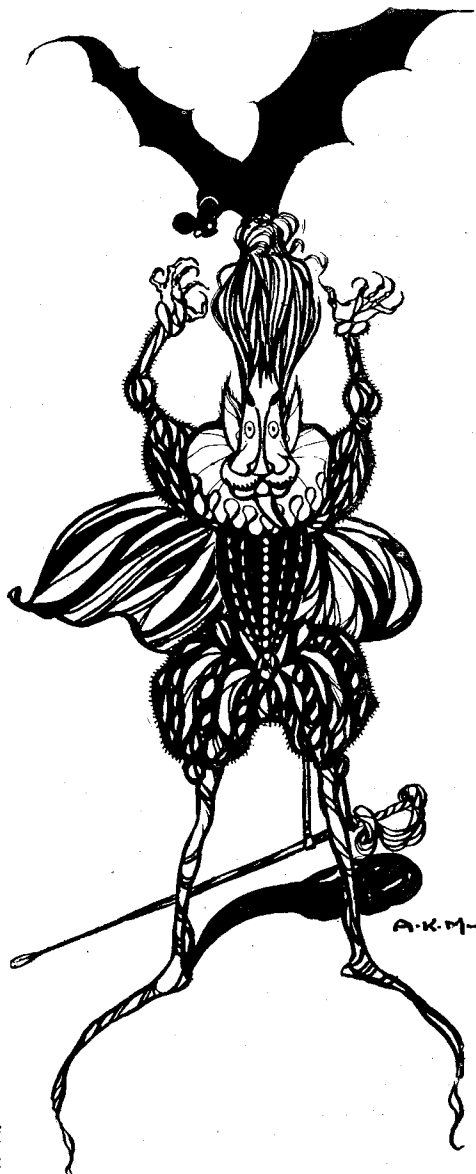
"Everyday Life" series helps them more than any of the duller, stodgier history books that come their way. It is not given to all historians to clothe dry bones with romance, and few have the power, possessed by the joint, authors and artists of these interesting works, of recreating the past before the eye of the reader. Their style of writing and extremely clever drawings combine to bring the past vividly before us, and their story of England as it was under the Saxons and in the times of the vikings and the Normans is as enthralling as were the previous volumes in the series. This book, we are told, "completes a cycle which started with the Norman Conquest in Part I of a 'History of Everyday Things in England.'"

"We have, endeavoured," say the authors, "to show man at work feeding, clothing and housing himself. We have tried to indicate the difficulties he had to overcome, and how he has harnessed the powers of nature to assist him." The book is profusely illustrated.

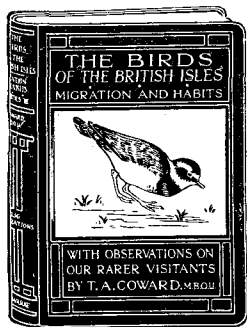
THE TREASURE SHIP.

Edited by
LADY
CYNTHIA
ASQUITH.
6s.
(Partridge.)

Many of the most eminent writers of the day have contributed to this handsome volume, uniform in style with "The Flying Carpet." To read the list of contributors fills one with a keen anticipation of joy to come—nor is one disappointed. Most of us will probably turn at once to Sir J. M. Barrie's "The Blot on Peter Pan." As poignant and whimsical as ever, Peter Pan's creator has a confession to make which everyone will be eager to read. "If you were entirely good," he says, "there would be no story in you." And he tells us how he put the story into Peter Pan. John Galsworthy, Hilaire Belloc, Walter de la Mare, Katharine Tynan, A. A. Milne, P. G. Wodehouse, Compton Mackenzie, are but a few of the famous names in the contents list. The book has been charmingly illustrated by a dozen artists.



"ONE GOT CAUGHT IN THE CURLED
HAIR OF THE MASTER OF ASYLUMS."
From *The Treasure Ship*
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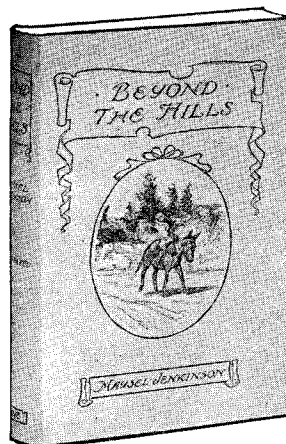
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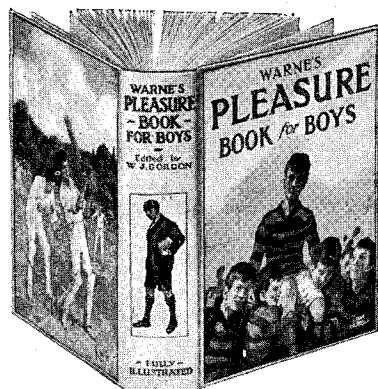
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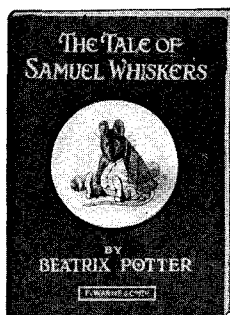
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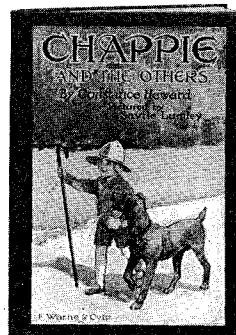
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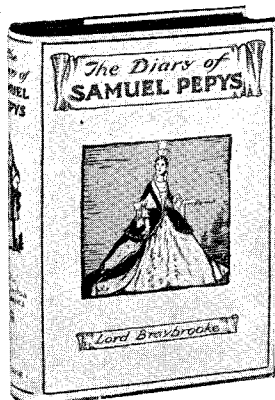
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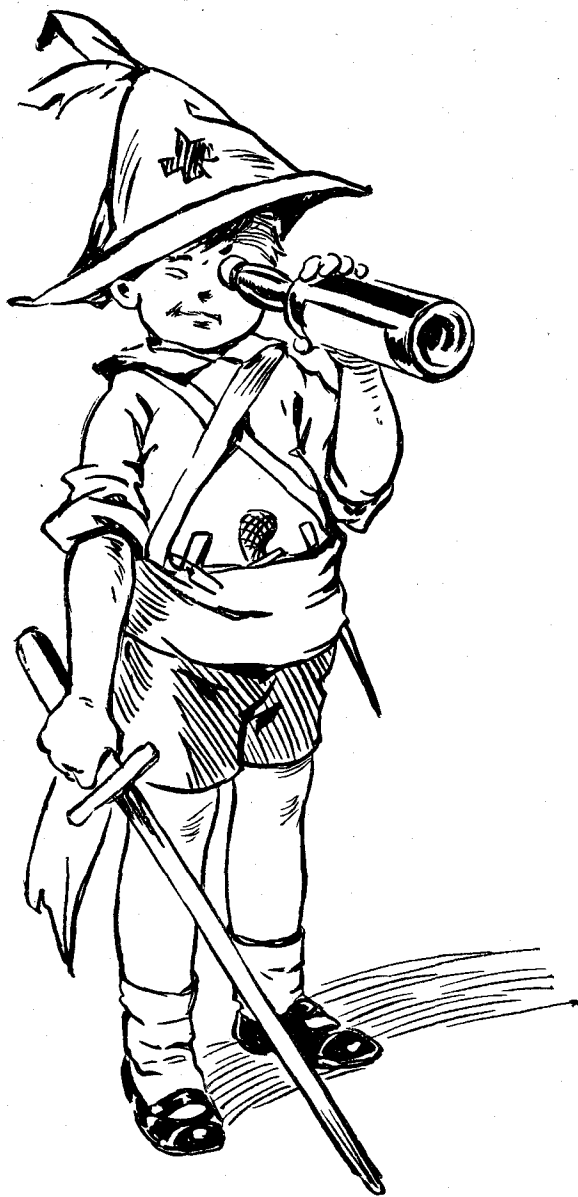
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COLLINS' PAINTING ANNUAL.

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HIGH JINKS.

By J. H. McNAIR. Pictures by
A. E. KENNEDY. 2s. (Dean.)

There's nothing like a paint-book, when all's said and done: whether quite blank or, better still (since we aren't all so clever as that) with the pictures drawn in outline, ready for our brush. Here are two of the latter kind, "*Wild Flowers*" and "*Garden Flowers*," with coloured copies on the opposite page; so that if someone has given you these books for Christmas, there is no need to wait till summer comes to know what the flowers look like. A larger and more ambitious book is "*Collins' Painting*

Annual." Here we need the outlines more than ever, for the drawings are very delicate and complicated indeed. (They are all interesting, but perhaps the cleverest are those of Winifred Ackroyd and Anne Anderson.) Most of these, again, have coloured copies; but now and then we find two outlines on opposite pages, whose colours we shall have to think out by ourselves, for a change; and there are even a few simple pictures where we must copy the outline too, before we start painting. "*High Jinks*," by J. H. McNair, with pictures by A. E. Kennedy, is not exactly a painting-book, for it has stories as well. But besides its coloured drawings it has many outline ones, and these are printed on a good rough paper which should take paint well. In the old days some nurseries used to have a rule that no printed books must be painted in; but that rule's dead, fortunately, and a book like this can be enjoyed twice over.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S OWN ANNUAL.

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FAVOURITE FAIRY TALES.

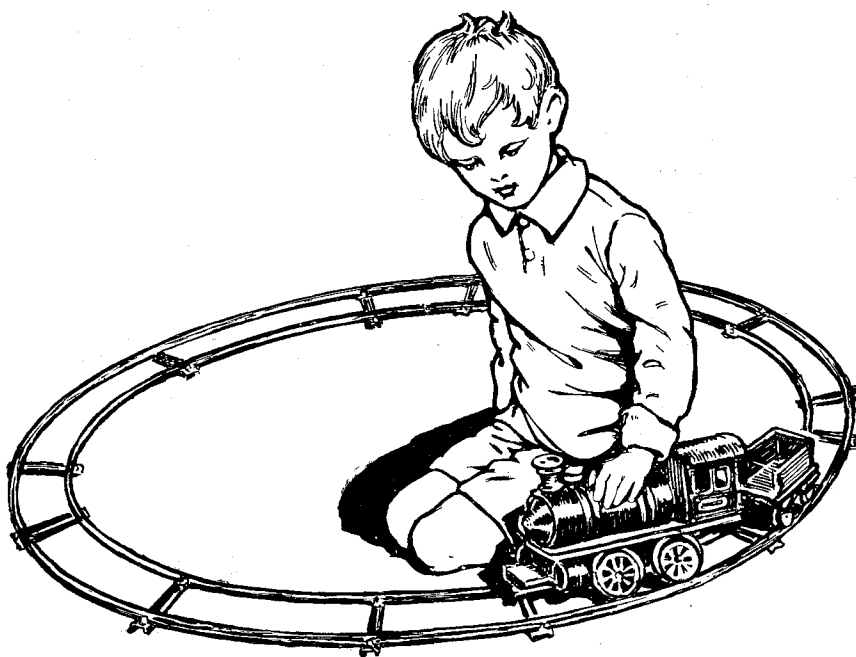
6s. (Raphael Tuck.)

The *Young People's Own Annual* may possibly suffer a little in its sales through the fact that it is just a shade old-fashioned in appearance and cover. But the contents are all up to date, and the paper and print entirely delightful. The editor does not believe in providing a diet that is too light; there are articles mixed up with the stories about birds, about rice fields, about royal residences. Plenty of hearty verses also:

"No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God give us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."

There are two jolly serials, one by so experienced a writer as Miss Ethel Talbot. The practical articles are ingenious, especially that on "*A Whirlwind in a Box*."

We fancy many mothers and fathers will pick out Tuck's "*Favourite Fairy Tales*" to give for a Christmas morning offering. Here is *Beauty and the Beast*, here once more the immortal *Rumpelstiltskin*. Gaily illustrated in colour. We had not read the cheery tale of *Professor Astronomouse* before.



From *The Blackbird Story Book*
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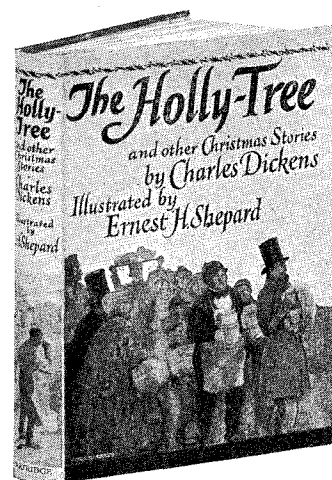
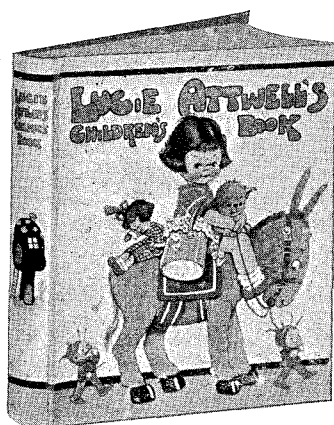
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"TO SKATE AND SLIDE AND
HAVE A GOOD TIME."



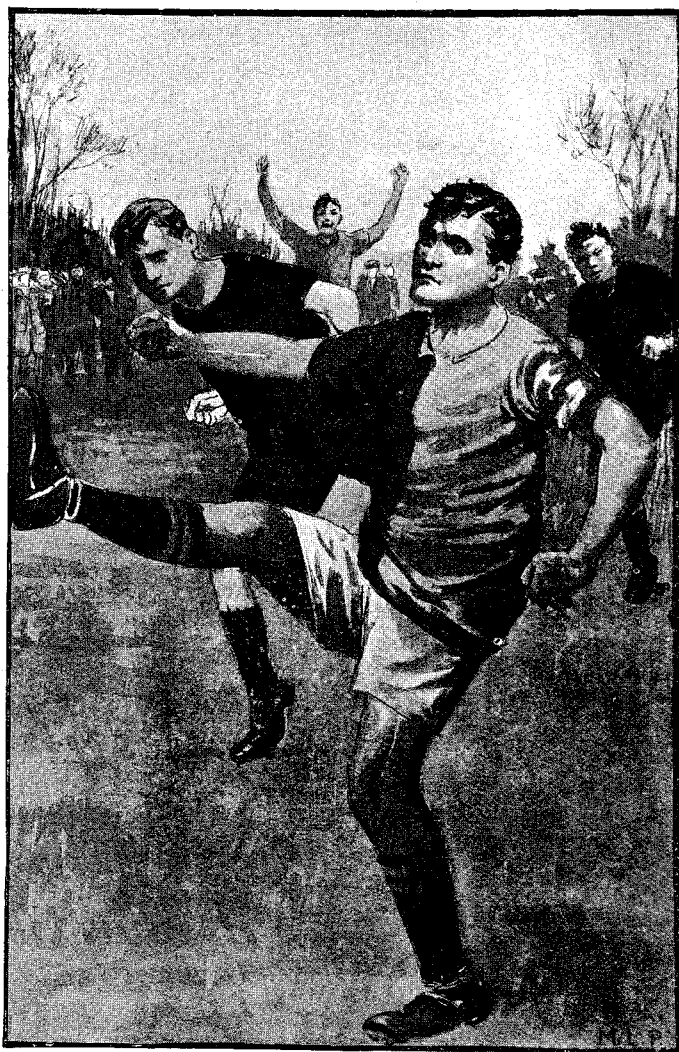
From *The Honour of a Guide*
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"THE TRAMP OF MARCHING
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By E. M. CHANNON. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

On the little island of Inishrhu, off the west of Ireland, lived Ethne O'Hea with her artist father. The place was indeed the back of beyond, and Ethne knew nothing of social conventions though she had imbibed deeply from her father of the best of poetry and folk lore. In a gale



From *Boys of the Mystery School*
By R. A. H. Goodyear
(Sampson Low).

"FLASHED IN A
CORKING SHOT."

her father was lost in a gallant attempt at life saving, and Ethne was sent for to England by her aunt Ursula, a severe elderly lady who lived alone with her maid, Sarah. A miserable time followed for the little Irish girl. Aunt Ursula had long outlived her understanding of children, and Sarah hated the child as a dangerous interloper. Her one joy in life was her intercourse with the rectory children who initiated her into the sisterhood of the Guides. The time came when Ethne fell under suspicion of theft on the accusation of Sarah, and it was only the intervention of the rector that proved her innocence and convinced Aunt Ursula, who died of the shock, that her trusted maid was a dangerous thief. Ethne's luck turned very completely. She became her aunt's heiress, and her joy was crowned by the return of her father from America, whither he had been carried by a rescue ship.



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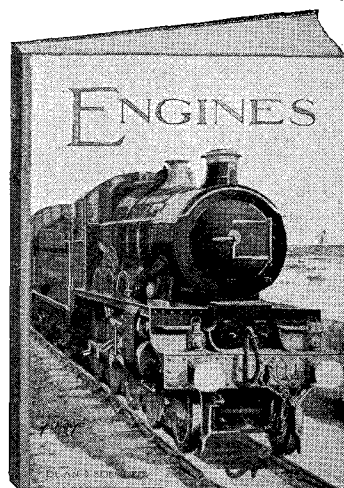
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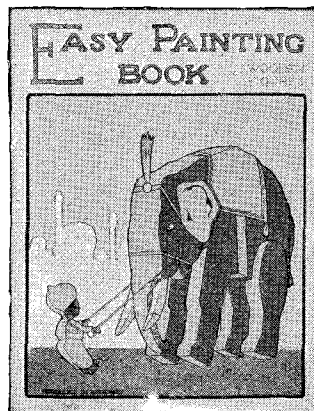


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CLEVER BILL.

By WILLIAM NICHOLSON. 5s. (Heinemann.)

There is surely no youngster living who does not love a story in pictures, and the one is not born who will not greet with delight R. Nicholson's original and amusing book. It is the story of a little girl who was invited to stay with her aunt, and in the excitement of packing left her toy soldier behind. But Bill was so clever he managed to remedy the mistake himself. All this is described, incident by incident, in full-page coloured drawings, with very

and sent the famous telegram to the Pope. The author shows us a picture of a fascinating, enthusiastic, lovable and tolerant soul. A saint—all parties must give him that title—often in prayer for most of the hours of the night.



A GREEK CLAY TOY.

From *The Boy Through the Ages*
By Dorothy Margaret Stuart
(Harrop).

BOYS AND GIRLS OF HISTORY.

By EILEEN and RHODA POWER.

7s. 6d.
(Cambridge University Press.)

If there be any subtler or more attractive way of teaching than this, we know it not. Miss Eileen Power (already famous for her excellent book on ancient convents) has, with her sister, made a set of historical studies in which the daily life of the children of old has been as faithfully portrayed as possible. There is a list of the authorities consulted at the end; and the book is as historically correct as loving care can make it. One of the most glowing tales (and they each and all glow with a warm, rich reality) is that of John, servant to Sir Francis Drake aboard the *Golden Hind*. John's life seemed one glorious adventure. To quote the authors: "He marked Drake's charts, guarded his cabin, and waited upon him as though he were a king. At night, when Drake and the gentlemen dined, John stood behind the Admiral's chair, filling the jewelled goblet. He it was who scattered the perfumes the Queen had sent her little pirate." "Boys and Girls of History" is of the same category as Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart's "Boys in All Ages." It is written with a vivid sense of the picturesque detail of olden days, and is a prize for child and grown-up alike.



From *Tales from Northern Sagas*
By Donald A. Mackenzie
(Blackie).

THE PUNISHMENT OF
KING ÆLLA.

little wording underneath, though quite sufficient to provide the clue. In the pictures you see Mary receiving her aunt's invitation, then trying to pack her luggage and accidentally leaving poor Bill in the corner, and Bill running after her so hard that he catches up to the train! Children will pore over it for hours.

FRANK, BISHOP OF ZANZIBAR.

By H. MAYNARD SMITH, D.D. 7s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

There is something lively, fearless, and particularly entertaining in the way Canon Maynard Smith tackles the hard task of writing this biography. It is a live book, and will delight the many thousands of fervent Anglo-Catholics who will buy, beg or borrow it. They will have to have it, for the late Bishop was and is their idol. It is impossible to give in a short notice of this kind any adequate idea of the man who led the Anglo-Catholic Congress in 1923,

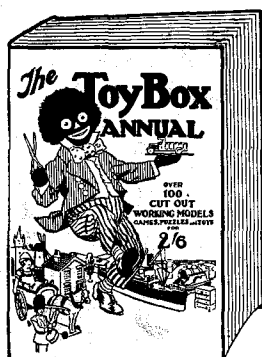
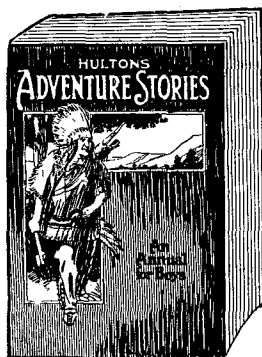
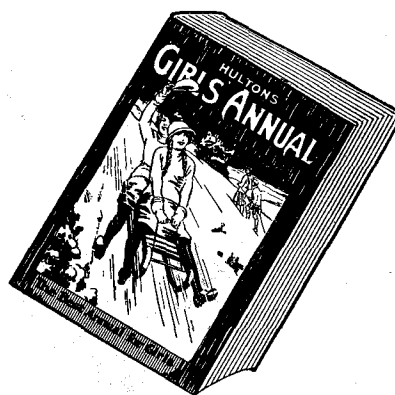
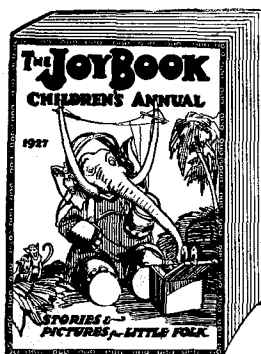
BABY BUNTING'S BYE-BYE BOOK.

By H. G. C. MARSH LAMBERT. 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

What wonderful pictures are here; showing the tiny tots getting ready for bed, the last little romp with the bunnies and teddy bears, the last story, the jolly tubbing time, and then the candle procession. All these rites make a very happy time, even though they come all too soon for most, and this is just the book for the occasion. It is very interesting to see at the end how the little tots of other countries also go to bed.



From *Frank, Bishop of Zanzibar* "1874."
By Dr. Mayn Smith
(S.P.C.K.)



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TOY BOX ANNUAL

All children love making things. Here is a volume that exactly meets their needs. Containing working models, games, toys, and puzzles which the kiddies can cut out themselves. The novelty of this Annual will give children hours of fun and amusement. Price 2/6; post free 3/-

The WORLD'S BEST BOYS' ANNUAL

Includes tales of every phase of school life, sport and adventure at home and abroad. Lavishly illustrated by the best artists, four splendid colour plates, 180 pages of thrilling tales, make this Annual the finest value of its kind on the market. Price 3/6; post free 4/-

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

ENGINES.

Dean's Play
Hour Series,
No. 3. 2s.
(Dean.)

Just the one word "Engines," but what a world of magic does it convey for most boys. The size and attractiveness of this book are out of all proportion to its small price. It is a large book with quite a lot of full-page illustrations, no less than six of which are coloured, while smaller ones, too, give peeps inside the various sections of the trains, types of signals, electric trains, etc. Besides all these fascinating pictures there are numerous stories, told by the engines themselves, all about their intricate works, then about the stations they visit, the luggage they carry, the signals they are controlled by and all sorts of other interesting items in their day's work.



From *Fairy Tales from India*
By Katherine Pyle
(Lippincott).

ON THE ROAD.

would best appreciate. But doubtless this has been the author's aim as she has dedicated the book to "All children between the ages of seven and seventy." We like specially the story about the old ivory carver, and the tale of the Centipede's Bedsocks. The book has a dainty frontispiece in colour by Arthur Rackham, which is reproduced as one of the colour plates in this number.

THE BIRD BOOK.

By ENID
BLYTON.
3s. 6d.
(Newnes.)

The child with a love of natural history will be fascinated by "The Bird Book," by Enid Blyton. In it he can learn about birds and their nests and eggs, and the wonders of

migration, and how to make friends with the birds. There are chapters on birds of the garden and shrubbery, birds of the field and hedgerow and of the woods and commons and moors; birds that love fresh water, and birds of the

sea and seashore. Miss Blyton writes in such an interesting, chatty way—just as if she were sitting talking to you about it all—that you go reading on, and on, and on, and never realise how much you have read, till suddenly you find yourself at the end of the book. There are eight fine colour plates; and many black-and-white drawings by Roland Green. It is altogether a capital book, and can be highly recommended to Father Christmas.

A ROAD TO FAIRYLAND.

By ERICA FAY.
5s. net. (Putnams.)

One reads these fairy tales with a thorough appreciation of the charming and literary style in which they are written, and with admiration of the delicate fancies behind them—even if at the end one feels that they are not so much fairy tales for children as fairy tales for grown-ups. There are subtle points in them which children would miss, and beautiful word-pictures which grown-ups



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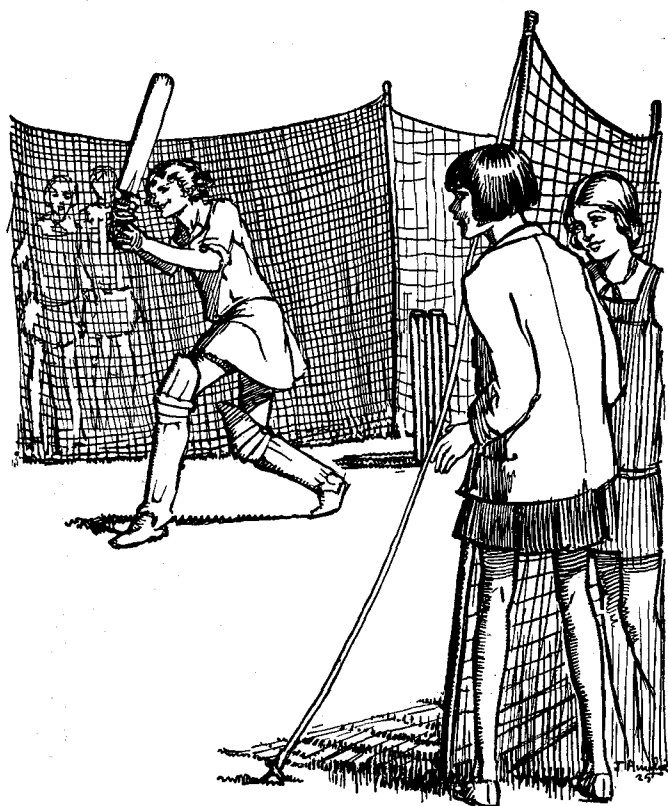
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From *Molly's Chance*
By J. H. Byron Lewis
(Nelson).

"GIPSY TOOK A PRANCING
SPRING FORWARD."



From *A Credit to Her House*
(Ward, Lock).

"IN STEALTHY SILENCE THE
FOUR OF THEM STOLE ALONG."

A CREDIT TO HER HOUSE.

By CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Chaundler is becoming very popular as a girl's school story writer and in "A Credit to Her House" she has presented another swift, rollicking story of school life, given us the usual heroine (who begins feebly and ends in triumph) and has concocted a plot by which the heroine is wrongfully accused of stealing jam tarts by night. "If there is some reason," says the schoolmistress, finding Daisy in the kitchen, "why you are here, other than for the purpose of pilfering food, I beg you most earnestly to make a frank confession of what it is." Daisy, who has come down for a candle in order to help her to get on with one of the big girls' mending, will not betray her reason. It is bright, mechanical work; but entirely without originality or charm. No hint of the personality of the author appears.



From *The Tower Rooms*
By Mary Grant Bruce
(Ward, Lock).

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU
A CUP OF TEA."

THE TOWER ROOMS.

By MARY GRANT BRUCE. 4s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Bruce has a sure hand for story-telling, and her latest story (set in Australia) contains much exciting incident, including two burglaries and one very strange adventure. All set down with vivacity and keenness. The Tower Rooms of the title unfold a mystery, and the secret is kept till we are more than half through the book.

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From Collins' Boy Scouts' Annual
(Collins).

"JACKY DECLARED HE COULD HEAR
SOMETHING WHINING."



From Number Four Joy Street
(Blackwell).

"SQUEEZING HIS MIDDLE AND RUNNING
TO AND FRO."

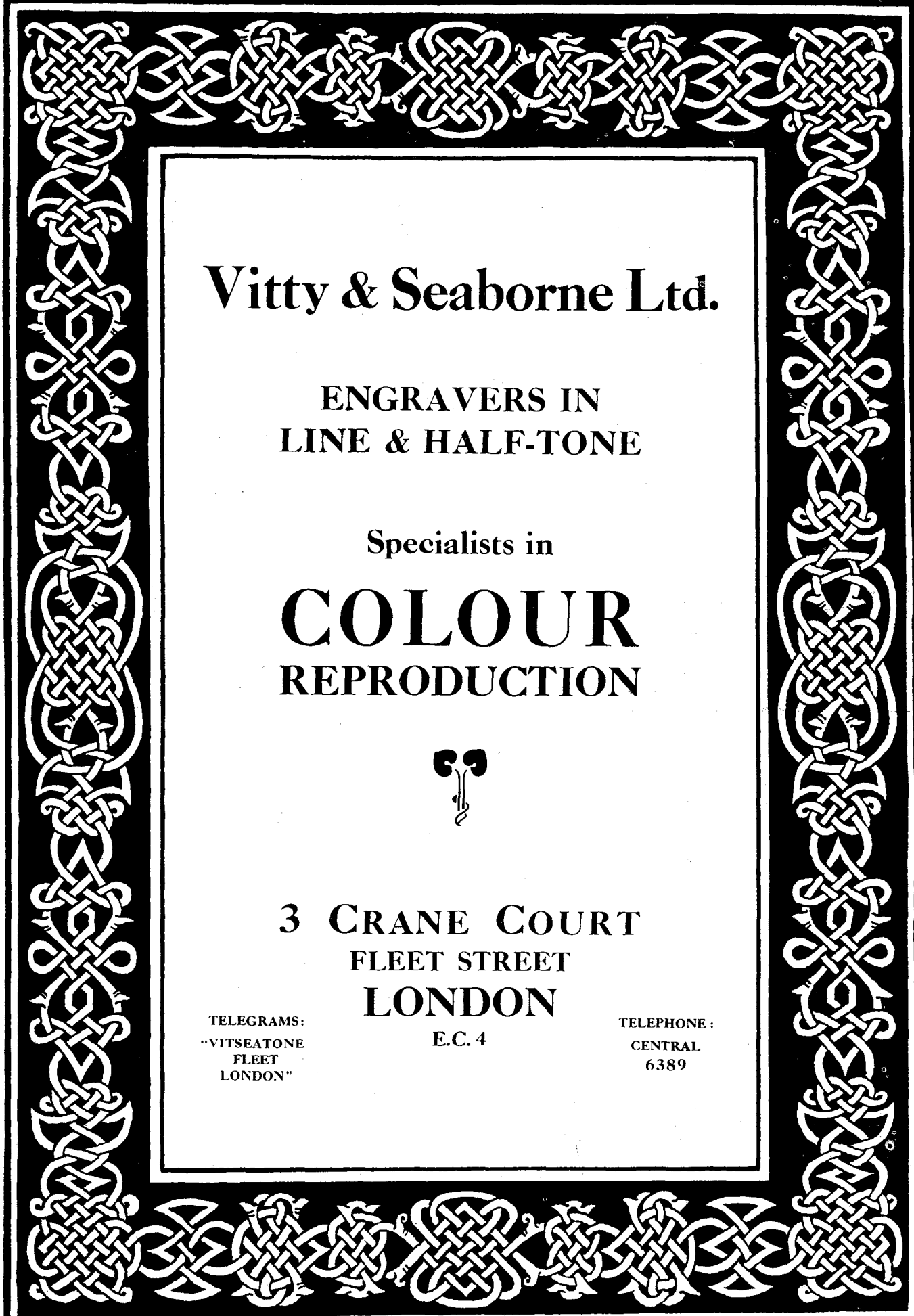
The happenings all arise out of the simple fact that Doris Earle, a delicate girl of eighteen, answers an advertisement which gets her a holiday job at the Towers. For a heroine her duties are multifarious. She has to act as buffer between her hostess (Mrs. McNab) a novelist, and the servants; to keep a wary eye on the two younger children, Judy and Jack—priceless "pickles" of twelve and thirteen—and their toilet; to play dance music for the house party; to cut sandwiches for their almost daily picnic luncheons and teas, and so on. The "pickles" have always considered the holiday-governess as their lawful prey, and they lose no

time in trying it on with Miss Earle. But she has a way with them, and her tactics are so clever that soon the three become warm pals. Your young nieces and nephews will love this story. The book is the more attractive for the admirable illustrations that very cleverly catch the spirit of it.

COLLINS' BOY SCOUTS' ANNUAL.

5s.

It is very evident on glancing through these pages that the editor has been keenly conscious of the excellent aims of the Boy Scout movement. Everything has been carefully chosen in order to encourage healthy activities, create world-wide sympathies, and increase their interest in the realm of Nature. All this has been done by those in the best position to do it, and the result is a most happy one. Two long complete tales have been contributed by writers well known to readers of the *Scout*, the *B.O.P.*, etc.; these and many other items are sure of a welcome, while stories of scouts in other countries will be keenly enjoyed.



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From Collins' Adventure Annual
(Collins).

ROUGHING IT IN GREECE.

ENID BLYTON'S BOOK OF BROWNIES.

3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

Imaginative children will revel in this book. Miss Blyton knows just the right ingredients to put into a fairy story, and the adventures of the three naughty brownies, Hop, Skip, and Jump, will keep small readers absorbed from beginning to end. They are delightful characters, full of mischief, full of vigour, and however naughty they are they cannot make us fail to like them. They accidentally bring great trouble upon the King and Queen of their land, and the story tells how they set out to mend matters and what they had to sacrifice in order

COLLINS' ADVENTURE ANNUAL.

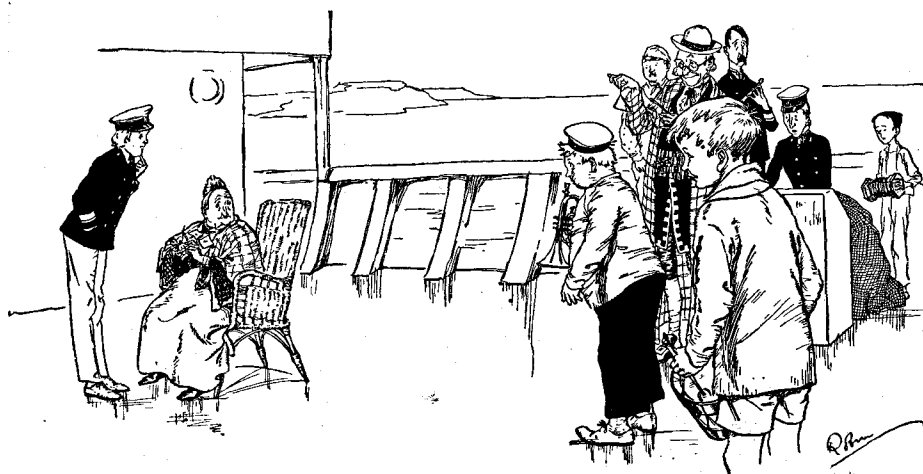
5s. (Collins.)

Useless to say that the boy is ever tired of adventure; the amount of thrills he can swallow is practically without limit! Here is this yellow covered annual, with its red-robed savage pirates outside; we have a splendid assortment of stories and articles. The magic names of R. Cove Smith (the Rugger player) and Philip Mead, the cricketer, on the wrapper will attract hundreds of lads. Mr. Mead is full of advice: "I hope you will always play forward when the occasion presents itself, and only play back under stern necessity." Mr. Cove Smith is equally instructive. "Don't," says he, "fail to push your weight in the scrum; don't break when you are heeling; don't stay down when you have lost the ball; don't try to pick the ball up—use your feet!" No less a personage than "Taffrail" writes on a middy's life and describes the breathless day of a "snotty." (At six-fifteen turn out of hammocks and do half an hour's physical drill, or boat-pulling in flannels.) And so on. A capital book, without a heavy or dead line in it.



From Yasmin
By W. Haines Jull
(Warne).

"MEANWHILE NOURINSHAR HAD
UNLACED THE HELMET OF STEEL."



From Mr. Papingay's Ship
By Marion St. John Webb
(Stanley Paul).

"I SEE THERE IS A BAND TO PLAY," SAID
THE BAKER'S GRANDMOTHER.

to put things right. Though they are sorry for what they have done they take their sorrows lightly, and their adventures are full of fun and mischief. It is a very jolly story, admirably illustrated by Ernest Aris.

THE TINY FOLKS' ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. (Oxford Press.)

The tiny folks will be eagerly looking for their own special annual, and will not be disappointed when they get it. Every bit of available space is covered with the jolliest of pictures, while verses and stories, in large type, tell all about the interesting boys and girls and quaint little animals. It is an excellent production.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

NUMBER

FOUR

JOY STREET.

6s. net. (Blackwell.)

This annual is not so good as its predecessors. The cover bears a list of distinguished authors who contribute



From Blackie's Children's Annual
(Blackie).

"WALK IN," HE SAID.

to the book, but so much of the contents seems to have been written with one eye on the grown-ups—indeed in several cases one feels that both eyes are on the grown-ups, and the children forgotten. Apart from these contributions there are stories and verses and pictures that girls and boys will really enjoy, and that will set them hoping that next year "Number Five Joy Street" will be all for them.

BLACKIE'S GIRL'S ANNUAL.

5s. (Blackie.)

No wonder this annual is such a favourite—it always brings with it such a refreshing waft of the open-air with all its delights and pastimes. Both in picture and story the tastes of different readers are amply provided for: sketching, swimming and diving,

in fact articles on sports of all kinds, are mingled with stories of school life, wild adventure and allmanner of pets. "Pretty Things for a Girl's Bedroom" is also a very attractive chapter.

We can imagine the editors have had no little difficulty in keeping it up to past standards, but they have certainly done so.



From The Boy Through
the Ages
By Dorothy Margaret Stuart
(Harrop).

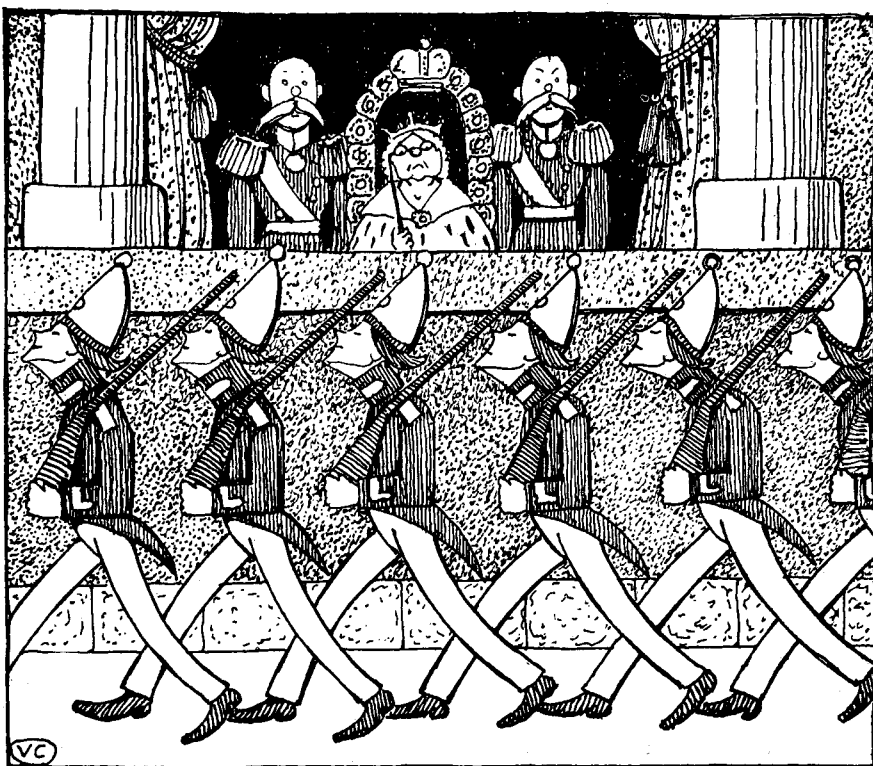
BOYS' SPORTS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(From a woodcut in the first picture book ever made for children.)

TRAVELS IN FAIRYLAND.

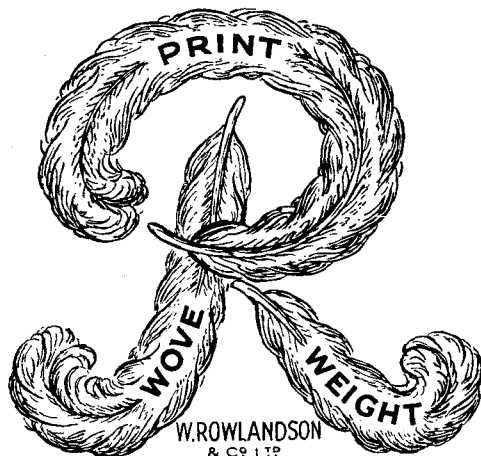
By DAPHNE MILLER. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

A foot-note tells us that "this book is intended as a companion or guide-book to 'An Ancient Map of Fairyland,' by Bernard Sleight." In it you will find a category of different species of faery and fairy stories and rhymes from various parts of the world. In a sense it is an anthology of fairy lore, very ingeniously put together. An amusing introduction describes how Oberon commanded his subjects to make a map of fairyland, and how Puck was commissioned to travel over the whole country and mark out the best routes, in the hope that "children will come and spend their holidays there, especially on wet afternoons." The book contains stories of all the places Puck visited, and it is certain that children will want to spend more than wet afternoons in following up his travels.



From Number Four Joy Street
(Blackwell).

THE PARADE.



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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CHURCH AND SACRAMENTS.

By the REV. CHARLES C. BELL. (Mowbray.)

Written in simple language, this book, by the Residentiary Canon and Precentor of York Minster, might be described as a child's introduction to the Church. It explains the sacraments and ceremonies in a way that children will readily understand, and boys and girls who are beginning to realise the significance of their religion will welcome it. There are some young people, we know, who, though brought up in the Church, remain for long years ignorant of the meaning of certain holy rites; they lack courage to ask questions, or perhaps have drifted into the way of taking things for granted without fully comprehending them. For such as these the Rev. Charles C. Bell's book will be a very real help and guide. There is a frontispiece and seven other black-and-white drawings by Miss Dorothy I. Adamson, whose delicacy of line and attention to detail is specially suited to this sort of work.

WINNIE- THE-POOH.

By A. A. MILNE.
7s. 6d. net.
(Methuen.)

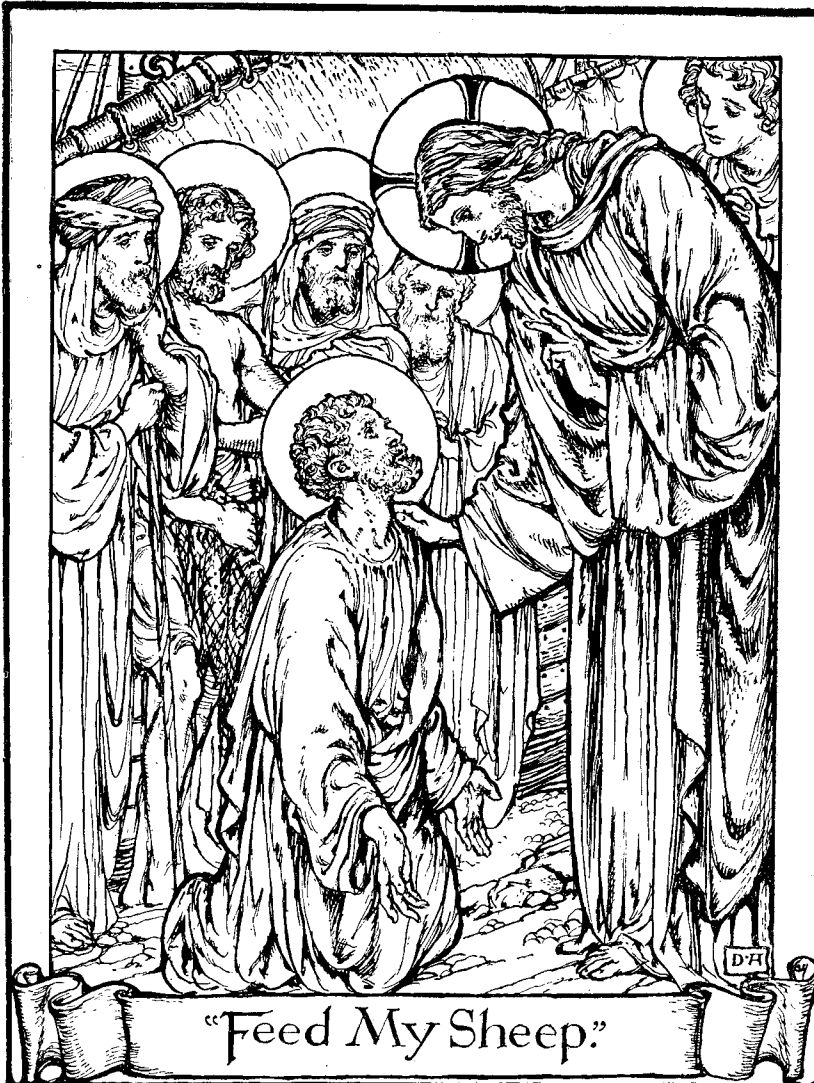
The delightful spirit which ran through "When We Were Very Young," and made it so lovable a book, is here again in "Winnie-the-Pooh"—though this time it comes to us through the medium of prose, not poetry. That is not to say that the little songs which the Pooh Bear makes up and sings to himself as he goes along are not poetry—but these are only few and far between; too few and too far between. We like best the "Lines Written by a Bear of Very Little Brain":

"On Monday, when the sun is hot,
I wonder to myself a lot:
'Now is it true, or is it not,
That what is which
and which is what?'

'On Tuesday, when it hails and snows,
The feeling on me grows and grows
That hardly anybody knows
If those are these or these are those.

"On Wednesday, when the sky is blue,
And I have nothing else to do,
I sometimes wonder if it's true
That who is what and what is who.

"On Thursday, when it starts to freeze
And hoar-frost twinkles on the trees,
How very readily one sees
That these are whose—but whose are these?' . . ."



From The Children's Book of Church
and Sacraments
By Rev. Canon C. C. Bell, M.A.
(Mowbray).

"FEED MY SHEEP."

The story is all about the adventures of Christopher Robin and his nursery friends the Pooh Bear, and Piglet, and Rabbit, and Owl, and Ee-yore the donkey and all the rest of them. Told in Mr. Milne's own particular way the story is delicious. The illustrations are by Ernest H. Shepard, who catches perfectly the author's whimsical fancies and expresses them in his pictures. "Winnie-the-Pooh" should be sure of a great welcome from every child and grown-up to whom he is introduced this Christmas.

COLLINS' GIRL GUIDE'S ANNUAL.

This is the annual which links up the girls in all parts of the world and for that reason carries with it a unique and very desirable interest. Stories of the open-air, of school days, of the romance of history, are blended in with much good humour, and articles covering every phase

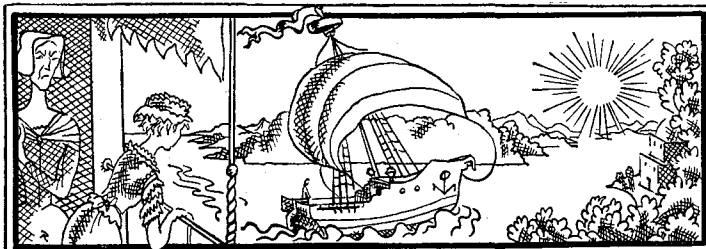
of Guiding, as well as other really useful information. Our own copy will soon be starting on its long journey to a small Company of Guides, recently formed at Monya, Mandalay.

FOLLOW THE DOTS PLAYTIME BOOK.

rs. (Ward, Lock.)

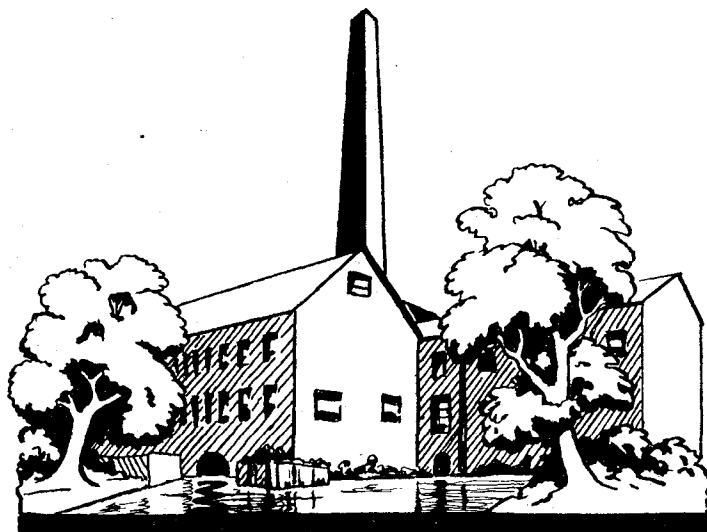
This is quite a fascinating game for the tiny mites to play—one that requires a no more dangerous tool than a lead pencil. The pictures are worked out by dots, and as each dot is numbered the pen can so easily follow them round. It will be great fun to

watch the pictures steadily appearing and see how they apply to the words at the top of the page. By the use of an india-rubber they can be used over and over again.



From Jason and the Princess
By Kathleen Colville
Illustrated by Albert Rutherton
(Chatto & Windus).

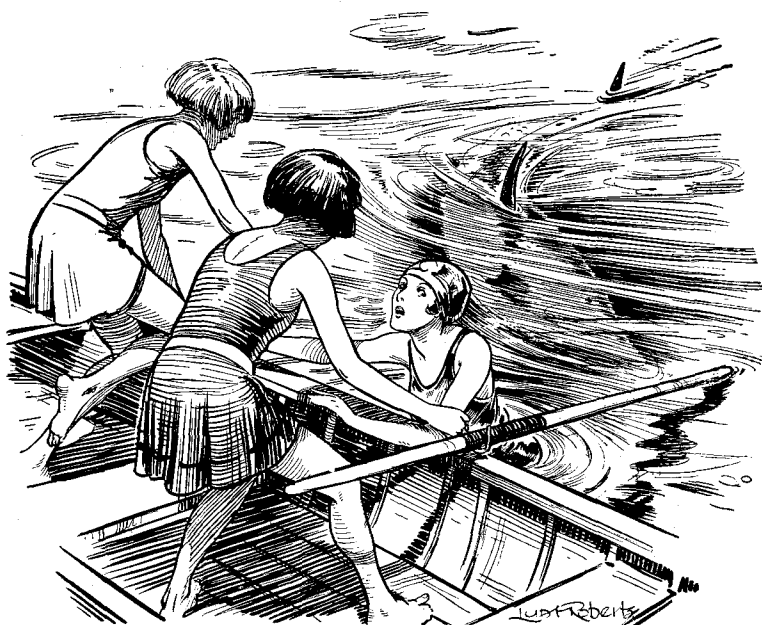
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From *British Girls' Annual*
(Cassells).

"AS CHARMETTE BEGAN TO HAUL
HERSELF OVER THE GUNWALE I
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A GREY
WHITE BODY."

THE SCHOOL AT NONE-GO-BY.

By ETHEL TALBOT. 5s. (Nelson.)

Miss Ethel Talbot strikes a new note in "The School at None-Go-By." The story is an entire break-away from the usual run of schoolgirl tales. Here we are presented not only with a delightful school and some well portrayed scholars, but are introduced to a really excellent mystery, a tribe of gipsies, and an astounding discovery. It is quite a stirring tale, very pleasantly told, and every reader will follow the fortunes of Rachel with interest. The book is charmingly illustrated in black-and-white by Miss Margaret Forbes.



From *The School at None-Go-By*
By Ethel Talbot
(Nelson).

"NONE-GO-BY
DID HELP."

SAINT ANTHONY:

The Saints in Silhouette.

Illustrated by ROBIN.
(Burns, Oates and Washbourne.)

THE CHILDREN'S SAINT.

By MAUD MONAHAN. Illustrated by ROBIN.
2s. 6d. (Longmans.)

"Saint Anthony" appears to be the first of a series of booklets which describe in easy running verse a number of incidents in the lives of the saints. The verses, by an anonymous writer, are reverent, yet have a humorous streak in them, which makes them alive. The pictures in silhouette, by Robin, that accompany the verses are beautifully done. They too are alive with feeling and action. So skilfully has the artist portrayed character in the silhouetted faces that one can imagine exactly what her people would look like in real life. Robin is an artist of rare ability. Another book illustrated by her is "The Children's Saint," by Maud Monahan. This tells the story of Saint Madeleine Sophie, and is transcribed by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. The black-and-white illustrations in this are of outstanding merit, and a joy to the eye.



From *The Secret of Desborough House* "SITTING ON A LOG WATCHING
THE BAY."
By Lillie le Plas
(Nelson).

NELSON'S ANNUAL.

With 32 colour plates and other illustrations. 6s.
(Nelson.)

The sub-title of this volume is "A Big Budget of Good Reading of Permanent Value," and that is certainly a description that every possessor will endorse. From the start—a glorious one, with "The Immortal Story of Zeebrugge" by Sir Henry Newbolt—to the finish, an interesting and useful one with humorous poems suitable for recitation—the book is packed with not only good things, but varied ones. There are articles on how to do things; there are entertaining biographies, real but not dry; there are stories, anecdotes (a choice collection); history, fun, information are here, also a very useful and pleasing series of tales of plays and operas, which enable one to understand and enjoy these when they are broadcasted. Here also are short plays for young actors, puzzles, too, and poems. And special praise must be given to the illustrations. Some of the plates are of pictures which are among the treasures of the world, pictures everyone should be familiar with, and among the black-and-white illustrations are practical designs provided to make descriptions of articles clearer and more helpful.

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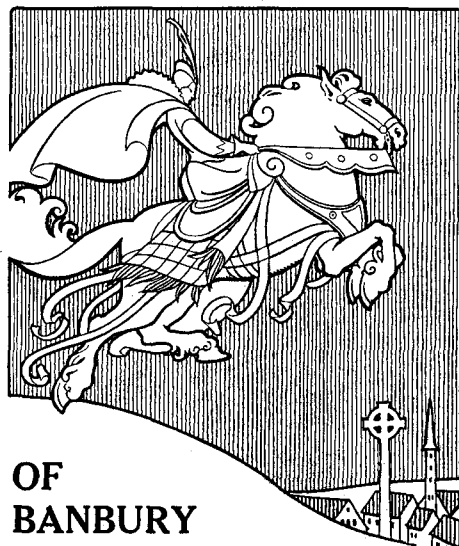
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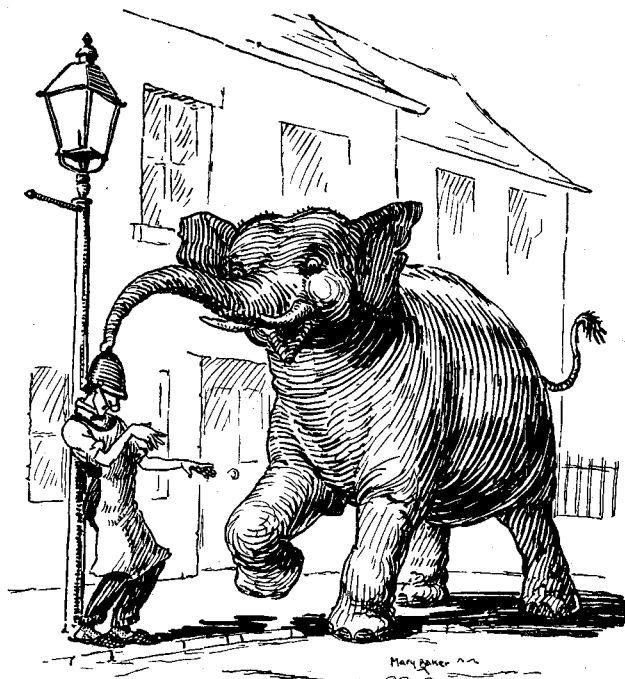
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(Raphael Tuck).

FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL.

5s. (Raphael Tuck.)

Christmas would scarcely be Christmas without Father Tuck; he is one of the never-failing friends of the children at this time of the year. With the help of a number of well-known writers and artists he gives us a feast of jolly things equal to any he has given us before. Here are all manner of stories and songs, pictures and puzzles, enough to last for quite a long time, and then, because they are so jolly, you will want to get back to them over and over again.

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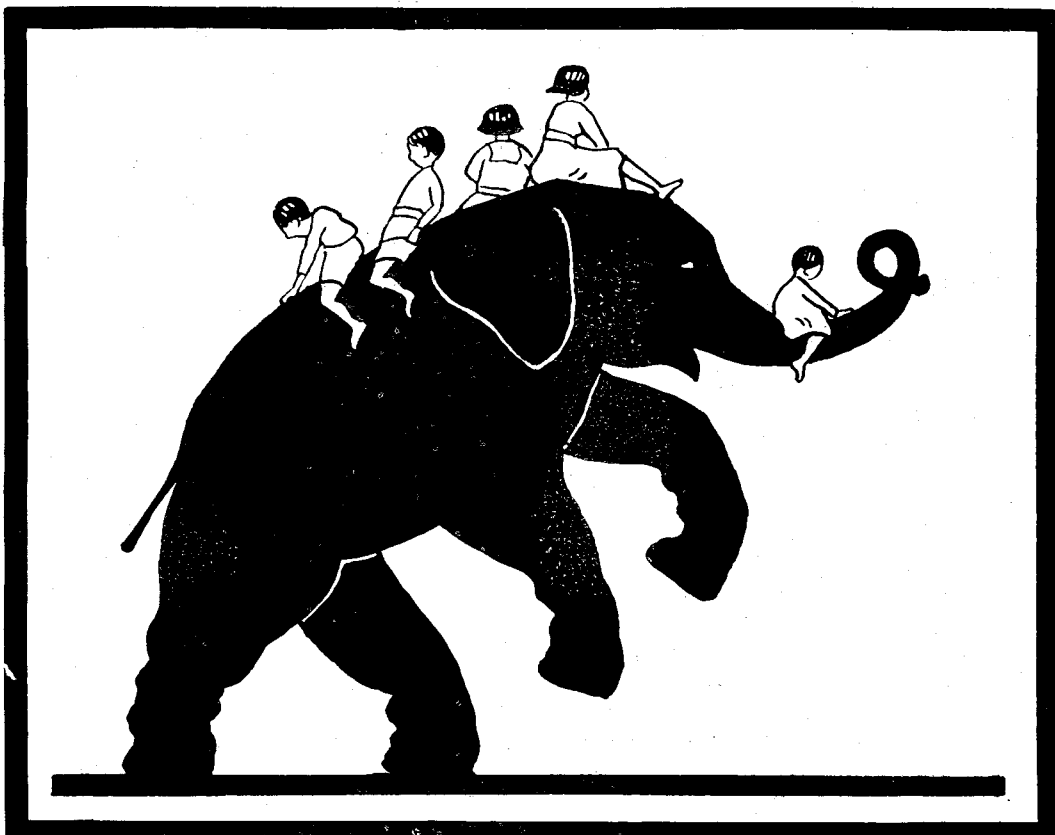
Here are two delightful ways of spending a wet day. For the first, only a pair of scissors is required. Out of this book can be made a village shop with counter and customers, a cradle, bedstead, Noah's ark, motor-car, stove, table, engine, as well as other things. All these are made more interesting by having their names given in French and Spanish, as well as in English. There is plenty of scope for the children's own ideas with regard to colouring in the second book. On every page there is a bird or animal; sometimes the same one is given coloured, sometimes partly coloured, and sometimes not coloured at all. This should make the children notice the natural colourings for themselves and see how near they can get to them.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD.

By FRANCES BOULTING. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

This is a very beautiful story of the childhood of Jesus told by one who has the soul of a poet. It is full of intimate knowledge of the land and of its history, the customs and habits of the time. It is marked with deep piety, and it is so free from dogma or any suspicion of denominational teaching or bias that it may safely be put into the hand of any child. It is just the story of a pure, happy and lovely childhood, full of joy, deep love of nature and a tender pity for helplessness and suffering in any form. The home life of Jesus as babe, child and boy is depicted with marvellous

sympathy and insight, with true womanly and motherly feeling. The author has taken the simple Bible stories as they stand and with all the accurate information as to scenery and customs of the time has tried to conjure up what very likely may have happened, and to picture the actual setting, bring the scenes of the parables into the village life. The book is intended for children of school age, but it would be of the greatest use to infant school teachers and others. There are copious notes and references and the book is beautifully illustrated by Maud T. Atkinson. It is not easy to tell such a story and make it seem real without losing any of its sacred significance, but Miss Boulting has succeeded wonderfully.



From Rhymes for Children
Written and illustrated by Paul Edmonds
(Pitman).

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WALK ALONG A TRACK?"

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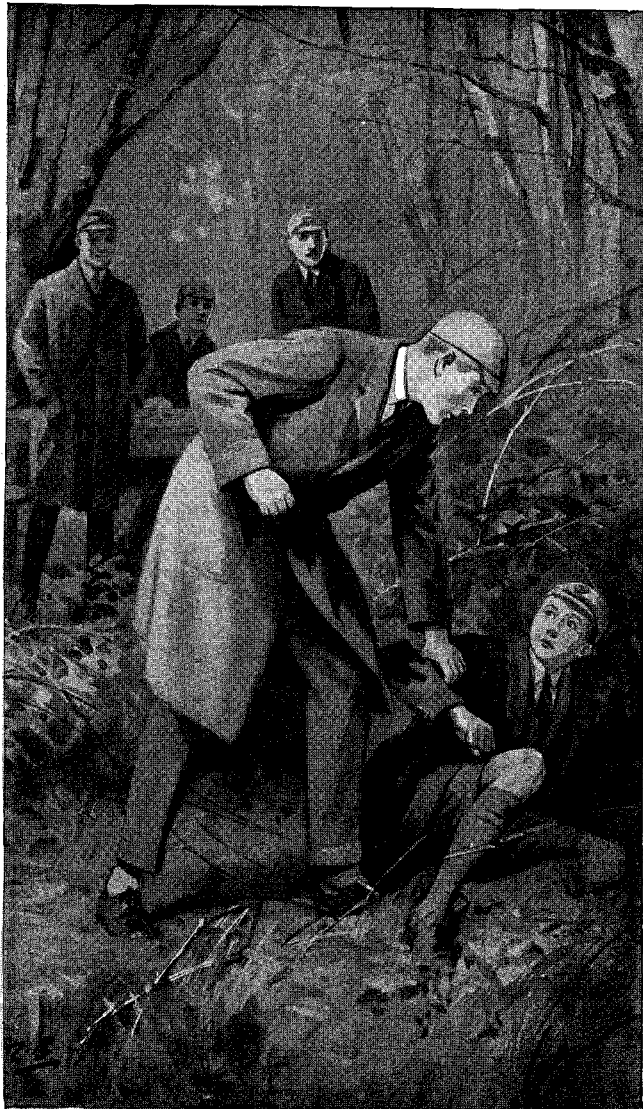
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By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 3s. 6d. each. (Nash & Grayson.)

We are amazed that it has been possible to bring out such delightful editions of these never-failing favourites at such a low price. Not only have they attractive bindings, gaily coloured with gold, but they have numerous illustrations, both in colour and black-and-white, by such well-known artists as Charles Buchel (in the former) and Stephen Reid (in the latter). For those boys who have not already a copy, now is the time and the opportunity to remedy that defection in a very delightful way.



From Manistry of the School-house "YOU YOUNG SWEEP!" HE
By A. L. Haydon CRIED. "HOW LONG HAVE
(Warne). YOU BEEN HERE P"

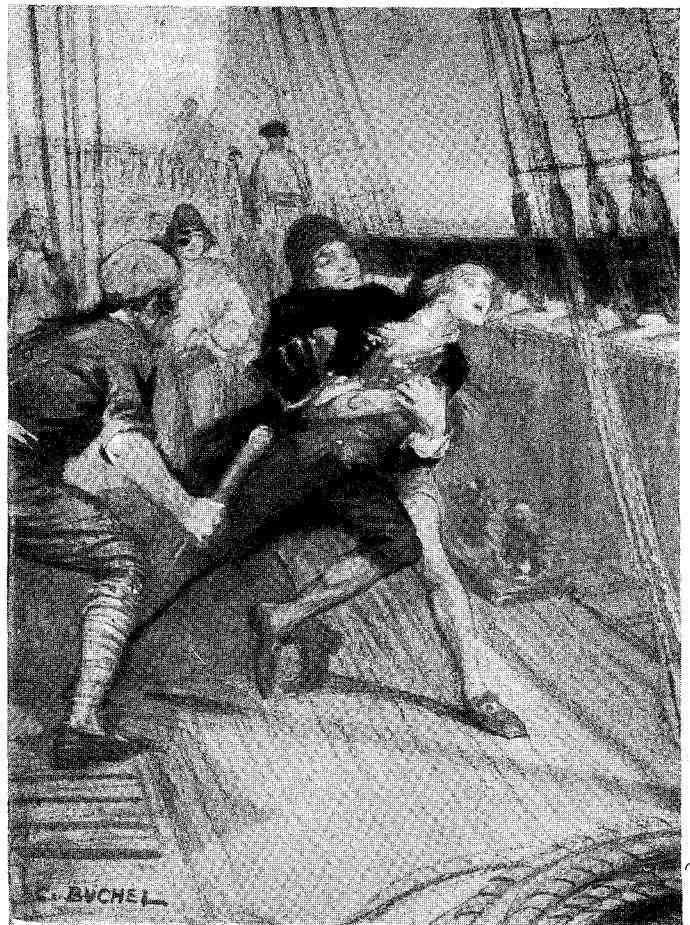
FIVE CHILDREN AND IT.

FIVE OF US AND MADELINE.

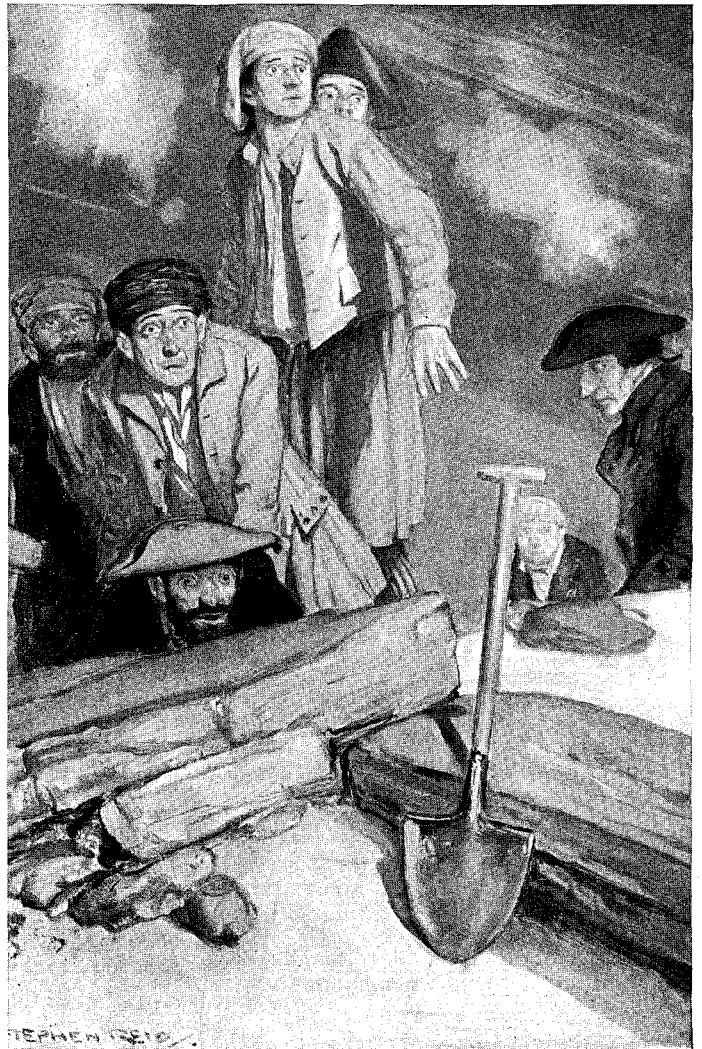
THE STORY OF THE AMULET.

By E. NESBIT. 3s. 6d. each. (Fisher Unwin.)

These books, which have delighted so many children in the past and won for themselves many devoted friends, now make another very welcome appearance in attractive blue bindings and with several delightful illustrations. The previous editions of these books hold honoured places on many children's shelves, and we feel sure these will do the same.



From Kidnapped (Nash & Grayson).



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From *The Holly Tree*
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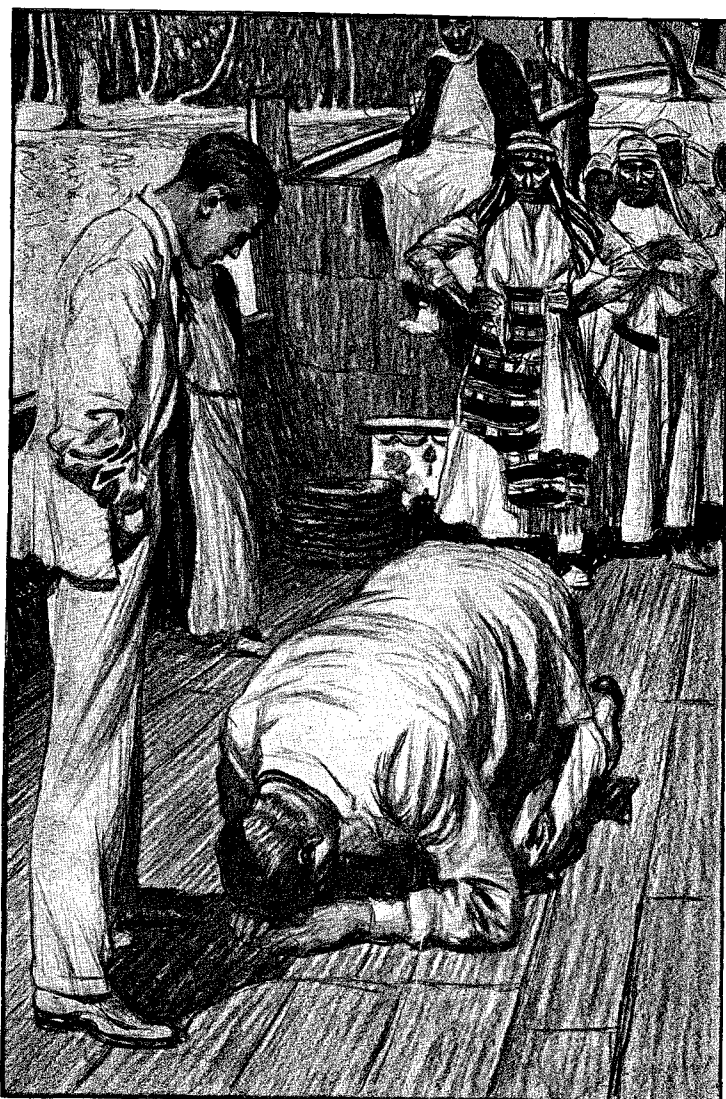
"HIS MOTHER COMES OF A HIGHLY
GENTEEL FAMILY,"

THE HOLLY TREE AND OTHER STORIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.
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Few more delightful or Christmassy-looking gift-books could be imagined than "*The Holly Tree*." Alive with Dickens's unique charm, these stories are always making fresh friends and have given happy inspiration to many artists. In the present instance Mr. Ernest H. Shepard has depicted many of the whimsical characters and quaint happenings of the story, giving them the real Dickensian touch. In none perhaps is his gift more clearly revealed than in "*The Procession Through the Streets*," accompanying

"*The Seven Poor Travellers*." This, with one other, is given in the most delicate of colours, and they are altogether charming.



From *Elephant Swamp*
By Ralph Durand
(Blackie).

"CARDEN PLEADS FOR MERCY."

ELEPHANT SWAMP.

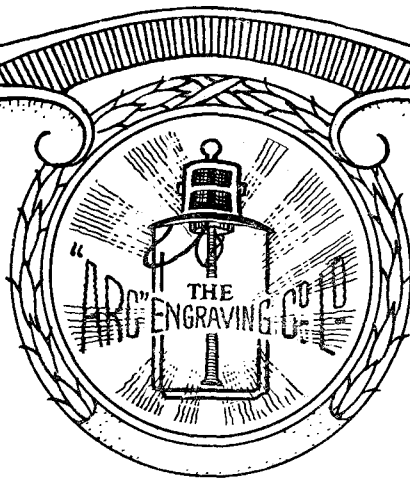
By RALPH DURAND. 5s. (Blackie.)

Here is a book which is at once enthralling and informative. We just live with its hero, Fred Carey, who, starting on his career with the faintest taint of failure attaching to him, makes good in the wild life of Central Africa. He has adventures of course; and these are thrillingly related. But he has also adventures of the spirit as well as of the body which help to form and solidify his character. The lore of tropical fauna and flora is not too obtrusively introduced, but comes in as a natural setting to the exciting incidents. There is a touch of legendary charm in the telling of this story which gives it an atmosphere lacking from most ordinary boys' books, and rather suggests the genius of that old-time master of our own early days, Rider Haggard. No parent or guardian or official or unofficial uncle can go far wrong who puts "*Elephant Swamp*" at the head of his list of Christmas presents.

OLD FRIENDS AMONG THE FAIRIES.

Chosen from the *Fairy Books* edited by ANDREW LANG. 5s. (Longmans.)

No matter how many new friends come to make our Christmas all the jollier, we cannot possibly leave the old ones out in the cold—that would be rank ingratitude. We simply cannot imagine any child not being on intimate terms with Puss-in-Boots, Jack and the Beanstalk, Hansel and Grettel, Rumpelstilzkin and the rest of them. Here they are all bound in a most attractive volume, with several very delicately coloured plates and a large number of black-and-white illustrations. These old friends in their new dress are very welcome, and will make a very choice gift.



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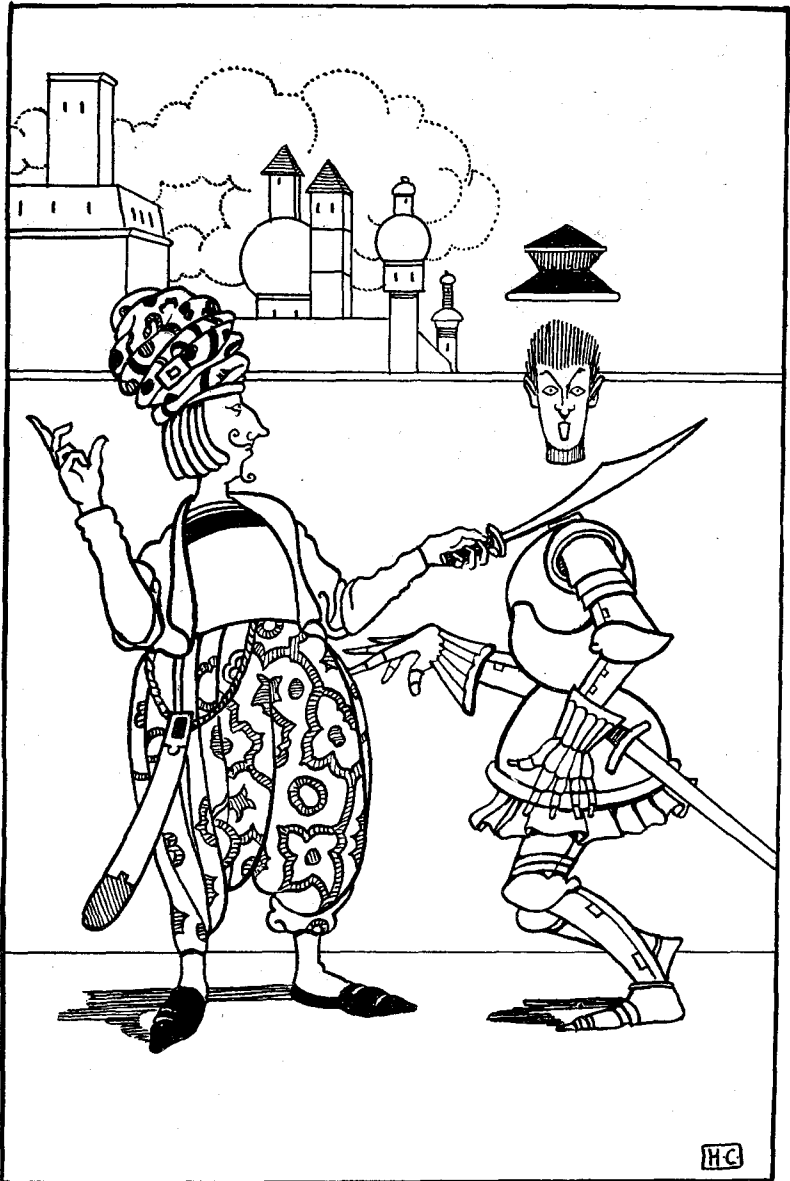
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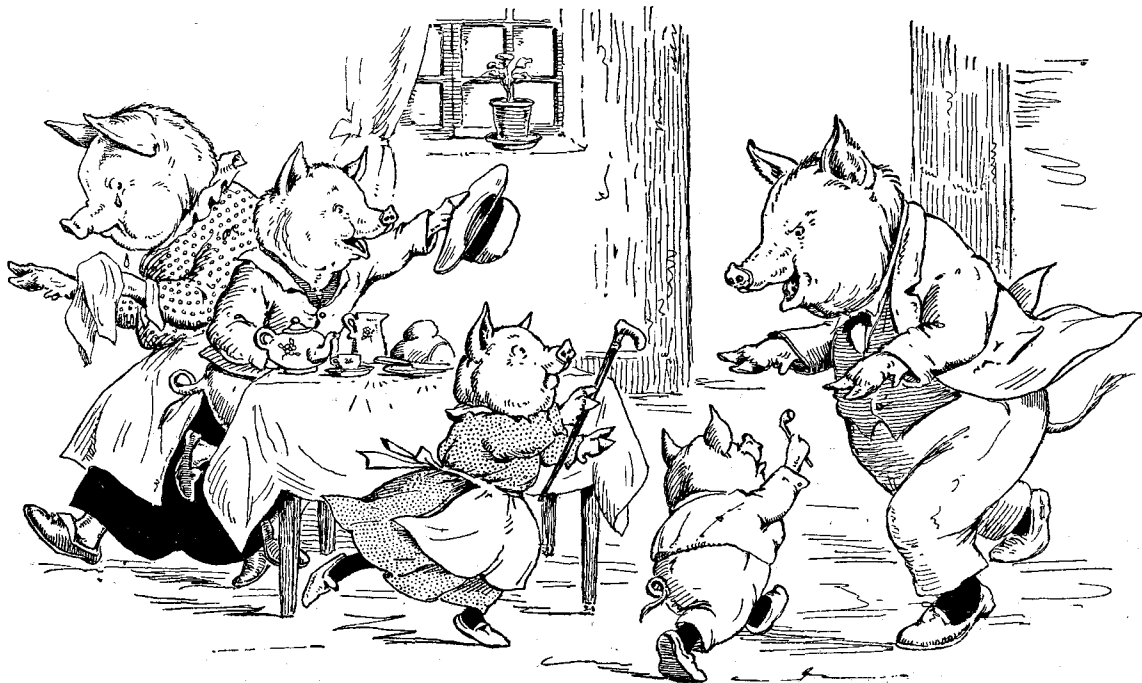
5s. (Nelson.)

This book is dedicated to "All children who have the wit to use a book well." That surely should include them all; it certainly would if they only realised how much trouble is taken by the editors to give them really interesting instruction as well as amusement. This is a big, fat volume and contains a very varied selection of good things, stories, verse, tricks, plays, designs for calendars and other things which make such useful presents, music, etc. The coloured plates are particularly attractive, while the black-and-white are most fascinating and often amusing, and are dotted about on nearly every page.

THE MAGIC A B C.

Illustrated by "SOURI." Written by AGNES S. PROSSER. 3s. 6d. (Dow & Lester.)

A novelty in picture-books, sure to be in great demand once children hear of its unique qualities, is this extraordinary A B C. When you open it you are confronted by a series of blank pages, with rhymes facing them, which tell you that "A's a large Apple" and "K is for Kangaroo," and so on. Kiddies presented with the book will stare blankly, and ask "But where are the pictures?" That is the delightful part about it; they have to make the pictures themselves. Not with a pencil, but with a silver coin. Let them take a shilling (an old one for preference), rub it over any of the apparently blank pages, and hey presto! a picture appears from nowhere! In a moment we can see the apple falling on Grandpa's head, and the kangaroo carrying her babies in her pouch. The pictures thus rubbed into existence are there for all time. Little boys, pussycats, puppy-dogs, all manner of surprising and unexpected things can be brought to light in this way; the excitement and amusement created will be unprecedented. And when all the pictures have been discovered they can be nicely painted.



From Partridge's Children's Annual
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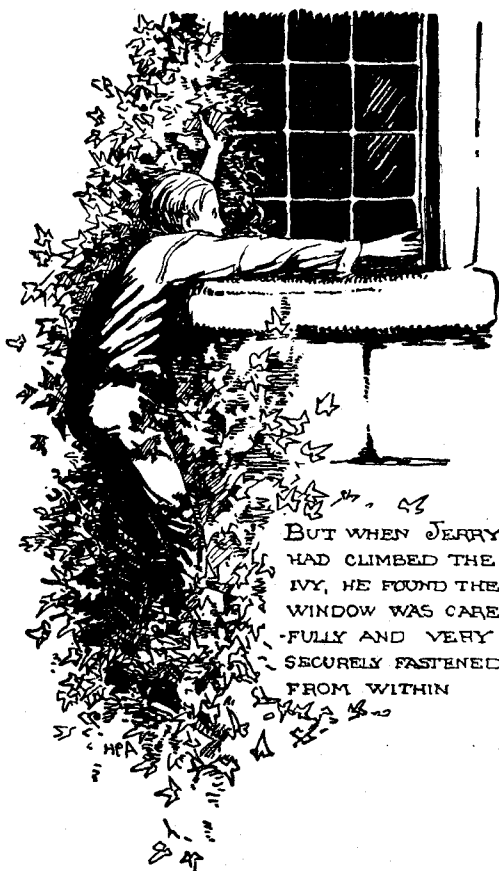
From Shoe and Stocking Stories
By Elinor Mordaunt
(A. & C. Black).

"THE HORSE SWERVED JUST AS
ITS HOOF WERE UPON HER."

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

5s. (Oxford Press.)

We could almost imagine that Christmas is here already



From The Mystery of Old Beams
By Jessie Leckie Herbertson
(Nelson).

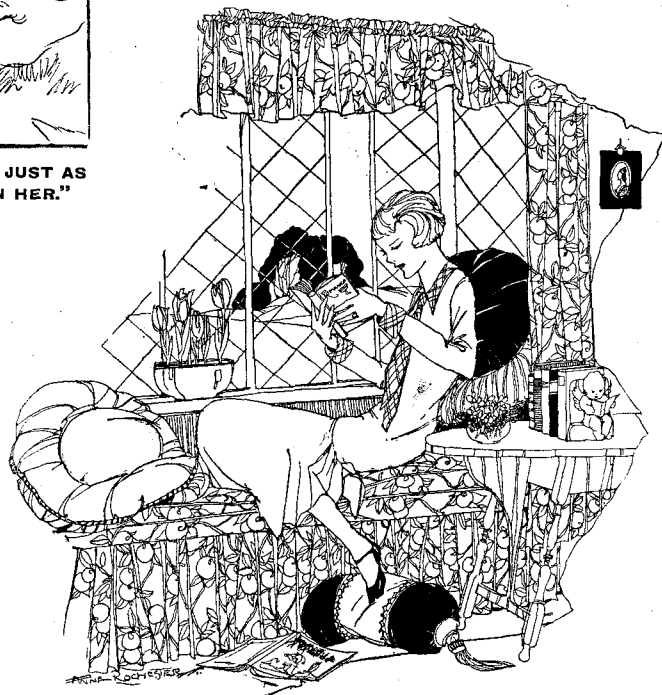
BUT WHEN JERRY
HAD CLIMBED THE
IVY, HE FOUND THE
WINDOW WAS CARE-
FULLY AND VERY
SECURELY FASTENED
FROM WITHIN

when we see the cover of this book, with the boy and girl pushing the wheelbarrow full of holly and mistletoe. When the book is opened the joy will be unbounded, for it is full of delightful stories and verses, whilst quaint pictures, large and small, coloured and otherwise, appear on nearly every page. There is no end to the good things provided here: the Nursery Weekly News is delightful; for those who love dogs there is a splendid story about "Sport"; for those who enjoy acting a Fairy Play; and all manner of interesting things.

THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL.

With numerous coloured and
black-and-white illustrations.
12s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

There has never been any doubt about the popularity of this annual. It is genuinely beloved. For several years past, and for all the months of each year except just about

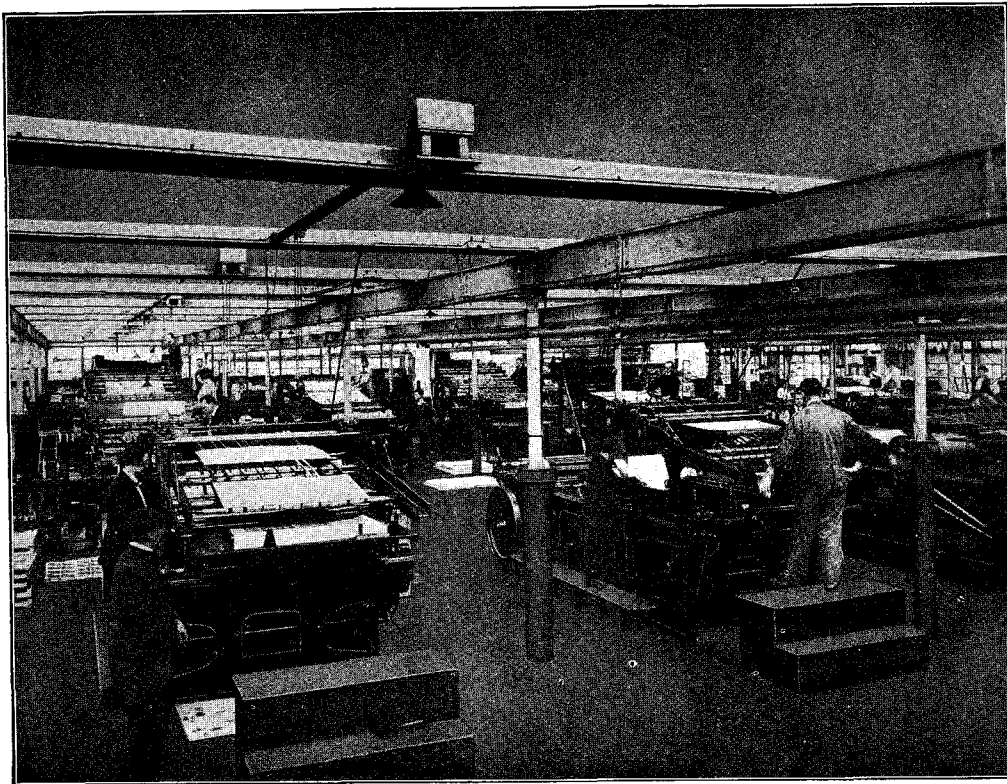


From The Girl's Own Annual
(R.T.S.).

THE READER.

Christmas time, there are well-meaning persons who have endeavoured by small lettering for the old title and large ones for the new, to change the old, beloved name of the "Girl's Own Paper" and call it "Woman's Magazine," but they will not succeed, and at Christmas time they frankly give up the struggle and call the bound volume by the popular old title "The Girl's Own Annual." But whether the name is the old or the new one, the interest of its pages is triumphantly maintained. With stories, articles, poems, pictures, the editor, with something akin to genius, produces each month a shillingworth of help, amusement, instruction, revelation, entertainment, hope and guidance. The day of publication is looked forward to by old as well as young with what may be termed excitement as well as eagerness. The names of the contributors are those of old and well-tried favourites as well as of strong younger recruits. When in doubt as to a gift for any girl and for most women, a copy of this annual will be a safe decision to come to.

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" THEN APPEARED DON LUIS, OUR DRIVER
ON THIS FATEFUL RIDE."
From *British Boys' Annual*
(Cassells).

BO-PEEP'S BUMPER BOOK.

3s. 6d. (Cassells.)

One of the best annuals of the year for children up to eight. Such well known writers as Enid Blyton and Barbara Todd are among the contributors of stories, and there are plenty of poems and clever rhymes. The book is attractively printed, with some of the stories in brown, green and red and black type, with sketches to match. Some of the stories are most original, and all of them are bright and thoroughly interesting to small readers, while excellent drawings in black-and-white and colours are stories in themselves. If kindness, courage and thoughtfulness are to be commended, and laziness, greediness and unkindness are to be denounced, the suggestions are so tactfully made that the children never dream there is a moral hidden anywhere.

THE BRITISH BOYS' ANNUAL.

5s. net. (Cassells.)

An ideal Christmas gift-book for boys—and girls. Full of good stories, including one long tale brimming over with thrills and adventures, called "King of the Speedway," by John Hunter. In addition to fiction, there are many interesting articles such as "Wonders of Modern Aircraft," by Clarence Winchester; "A Real Aquarium," by A. E. Hodge, F.Z.S.; "The 'Boy's Annual' Wireless Set," by Captain Ernest H. Robinson;



From *Bo-Peep's Bumper Book*
(Cassells).

"Rivers of Romance," by Scotland Liddell; etc. The book abounds in high class illustrations, and there must be something wrong with the boy who is not absolutely delighted with this treasure house of good things.

PLAY THE GAME, TORBURY!

By RICHARD BIRD. 5s.
(Blackie.)

An excellent school story, which tells of Torbury, a big day school where games were not popular and discipline was non-existent, and how the school woke up. There are the familiar characters—the captain of the footer team, who is unpopular with the slackers, and the new "Head"—but the author succeeds in making them quite lifelike. An excellent mystery runs through the whole tale, and the football matches described are done admirably. There are six full-page illustrations by H. M. Brock, R.I.

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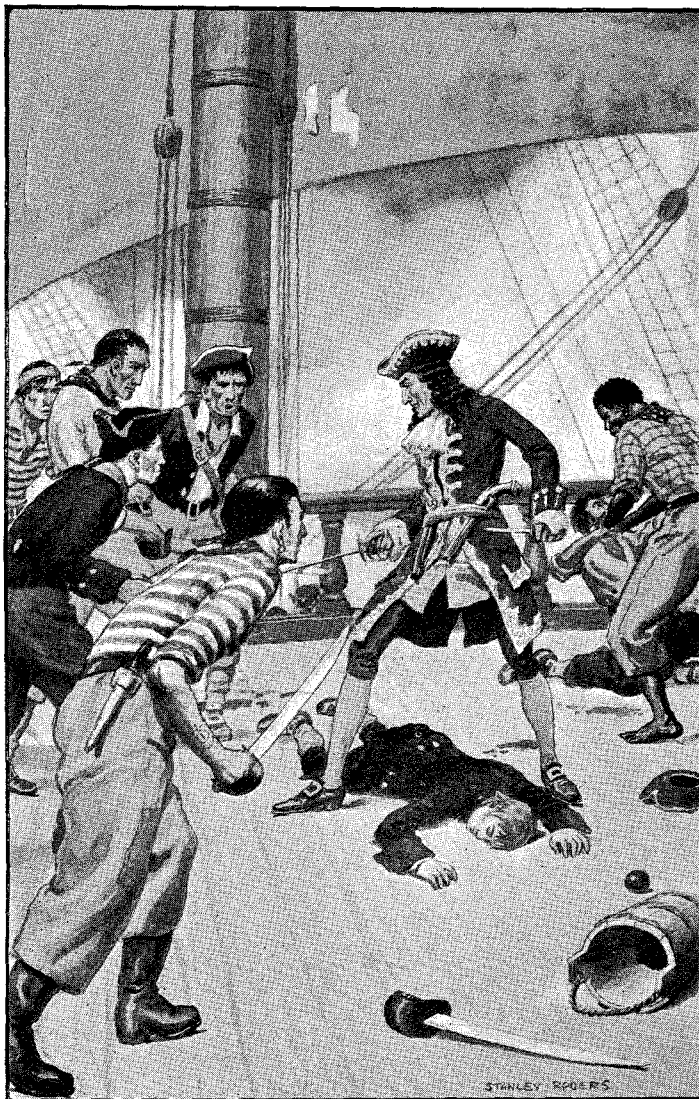
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

PEDRO OF THE BLACK DEATH.

By C. M. BENNETT. 5s. (Nisbet.)

This yarn is announced as a "prize" story; and although no further explanation is given, it is clearly above the average of adventure tales for boys. Thus, in the matter of incident Mr. Bennett is both fertile and generous (the thrills begin on the first half-page, and there follow complications enough to have yielded two books to a less lavish author). There is ingenuity in the portrayal of Pedro as half scoundrel, half hero; this calls for some very special pleading here and there, but on the whole the author carries it off successfully; as he does also the prolonged sojourn of young George, at large on a pirate ship, yet never a willing sharer of the pirates' adventures. A good rousing tale without a dull moment.



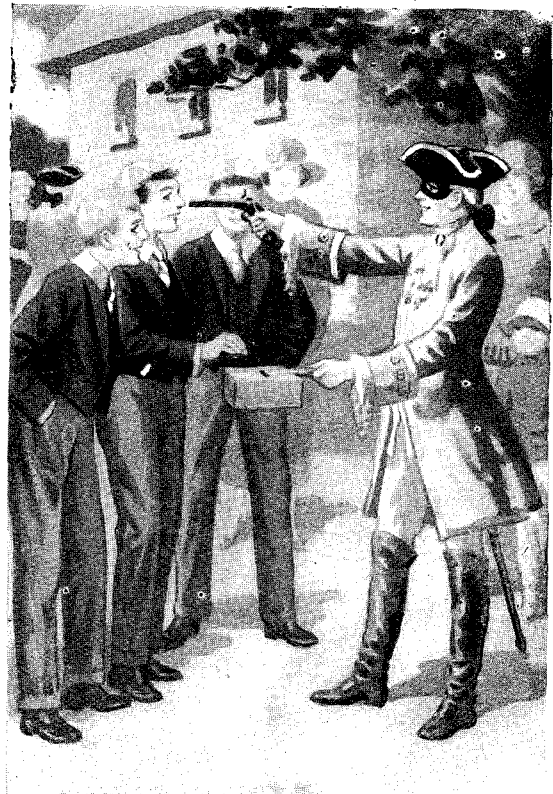
From *Pedro of the Black Death*
By C. M. Bennett
(Nisbet).

"THE PIRATE CAPTAIN STOOD
OVER ME, SWORD IN HAND."

THE WRENBURY MYSTERIES.

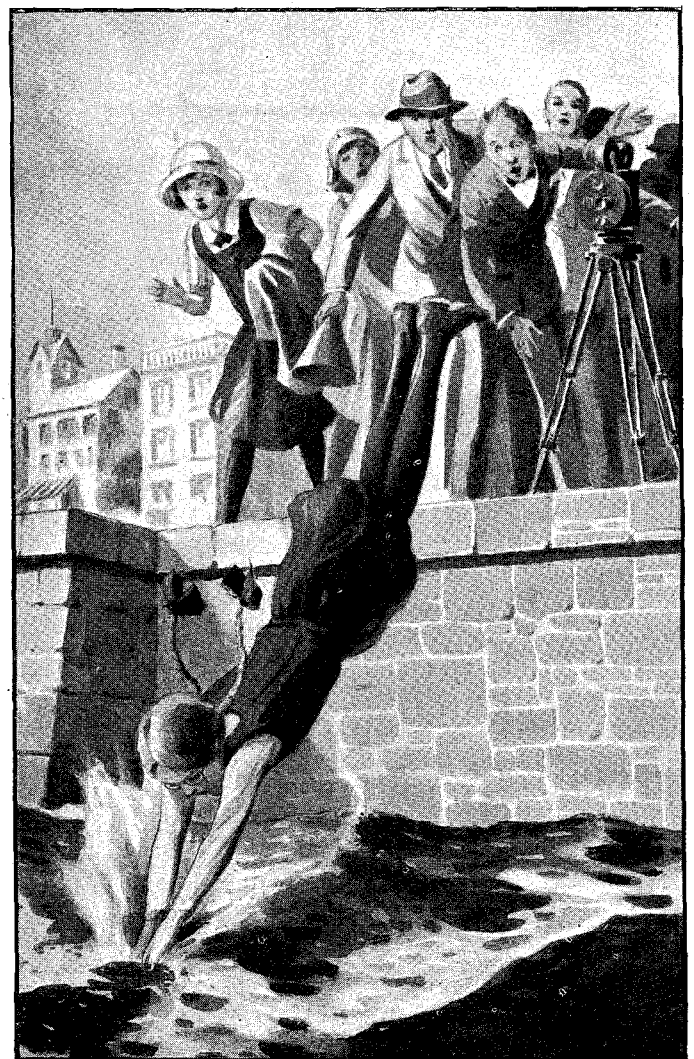
By MICHAEL POOLE. 1s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)

Who tied prefect Garton to the school flagstaff and left him there all night? Remove-form master Samuel Sonning, alias "Sunny Sam," thought he knew, for had he not seen Wimperis and his five chums creeping down the corridor in their pyjamas? And why did all the six give absurd answers to the question, "Who wrote 'The Idylls of the King'?" "Sunny Sam" was wrong. But to explain why, and disclose the real culprits would be unfair to authors and readers alike. Suffice it to admit that this is a lively school story which boys will enjoy, and which their elders will approve because, although youth is sometimes in conflict with authority, the balance is well adjusted in the end.



From *The Wrenbury
Mysteries*
By Michael Poole
(S.S.U.).

"YOUR MONEY OR
YOUR LIFE!"



From *The Exploits of
Evangeline*
By Christine Chaundler
(Nisbet).

"SHE DIVED INTO THE SEA
FULLY DRESSED."



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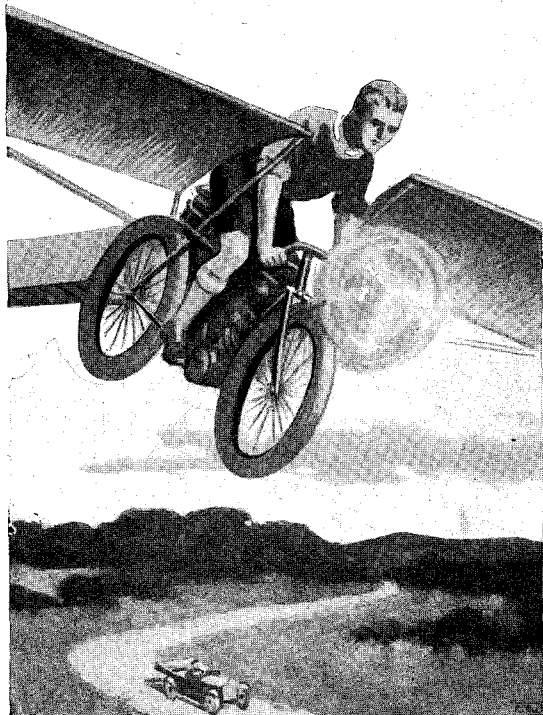
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

THE WONDER BOOK OF MOTORS.

6s. (Ward, Lock.)

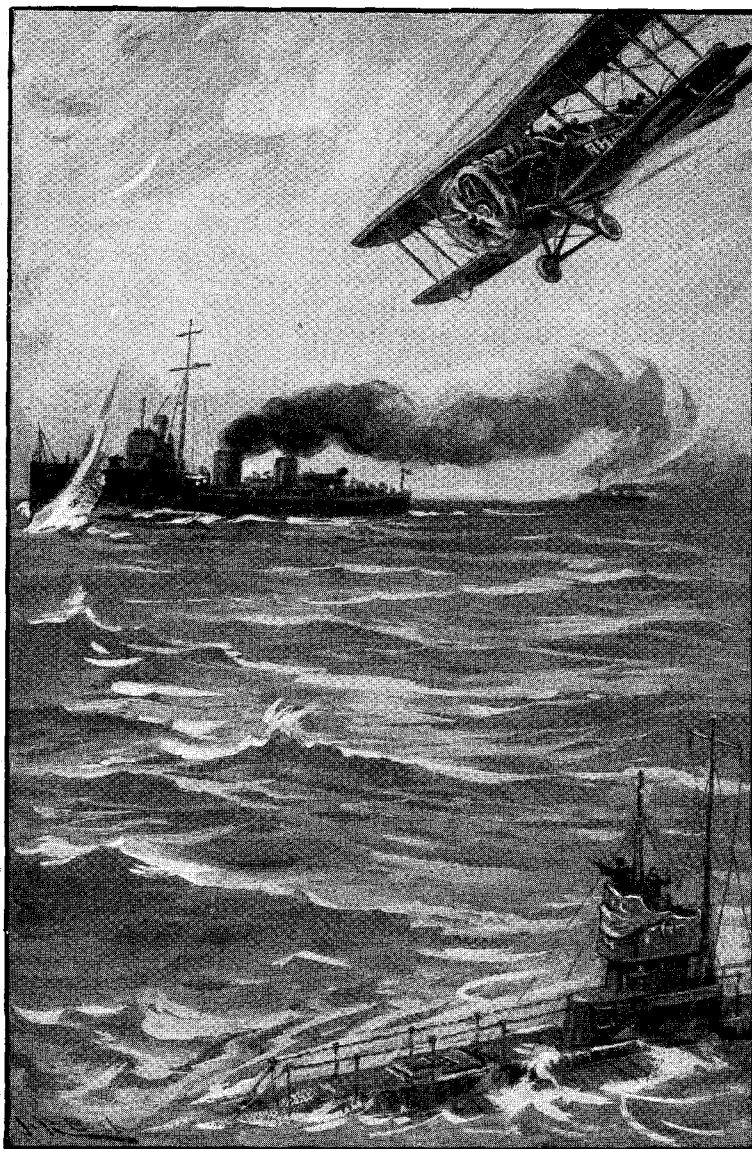
The word "motors" conjures up many and various pictures, according to the kind of people who are considering them. To some it opens up vistas of delightful scenery, of interesting places



From *The Flying Scout*
By Jack Hurst
(S.S.U.).

"THE RUSH THROUGH
THE BRACING AIR
EXHILARATED HIS
SPIRITS."

visited, of good company, etc., while to others the machines themselves, with all their intricacies, make the strongest appeal. This has been thoroughly recognised by the editor of this excellent addition to the Wonder Book series, and the result is a happy blending of all the different interests one could possibly connect



From *The Black Triangle*
By Escott Lynn
(Chambers).

"THE BRIGHT RAYS REVEALED A
GROTESQUELY HIDEOUS SIGHT."



From *The Wonder Book of Motors*
Edited by Harry Golding
(Ward, Lock).

MOTOR MOUNTAINEERING
IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

with motors. Motor-tests, motor-camping, motor-mountaineeing, the jolliest of picnics, advice about visiting many of Britain's choicest beauty spots; all these and many others are included in the articles which comprise this delightful book, while the illustrations seem well-nigh endless.

THE BLACK TRIANGLE.

By ESCOTT LYNN. 5s.
(Chambers.)

Mr. Lynn piles on the horrors in this adventure book. He begins right away with the introduction of a fiendish Doctor Mervyn, who is without heart or pity, and who is out on some devil's work. Charlie Mainwairing, the young English hero of the tale, first comes in contact with Mervyn when Mervyn's car runs into him on the

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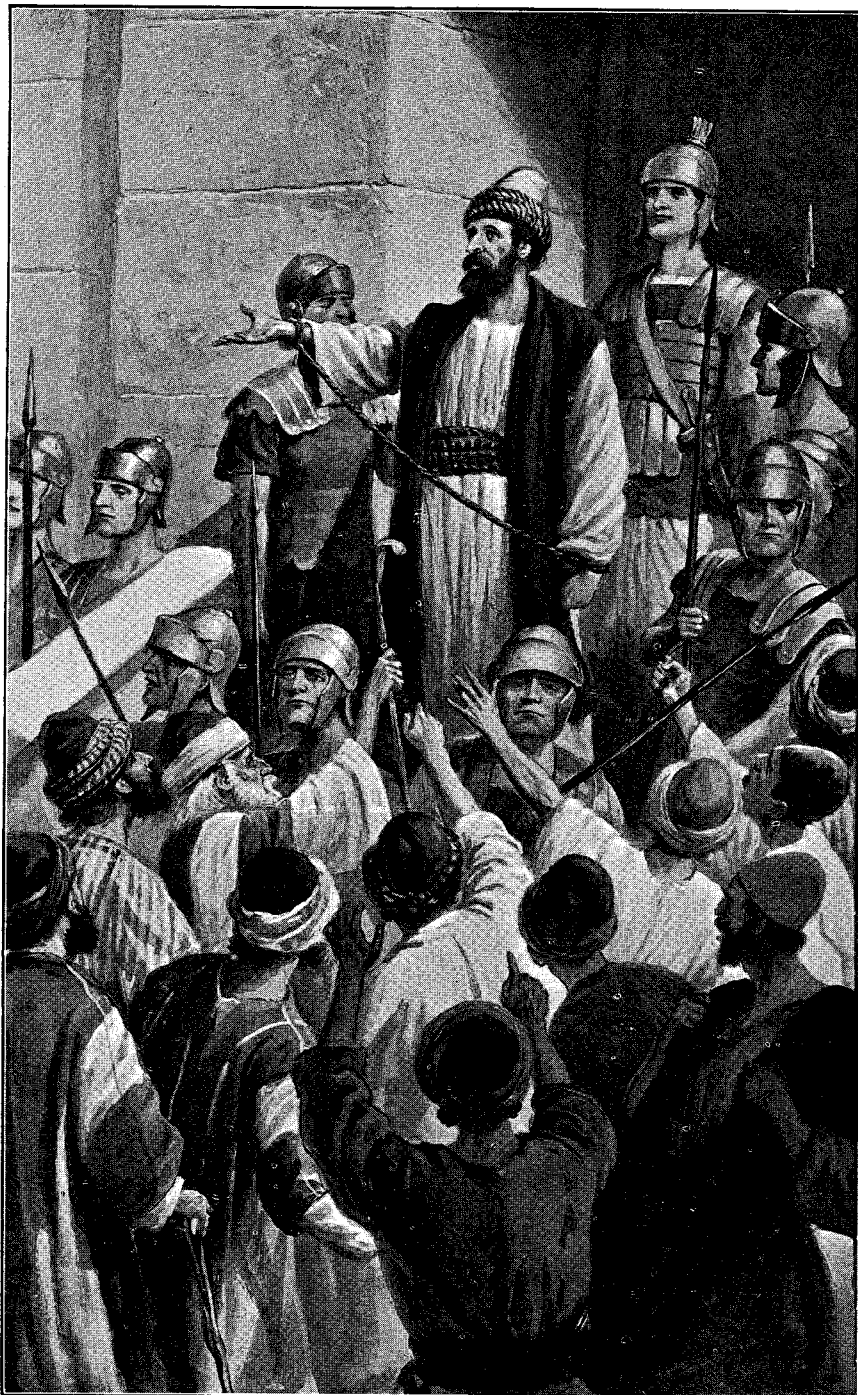
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

road and sends him and his push-bike into the hedge. "I caught then," said Charlie, recounting the incident to his brother, "a glimpse of the most awful face I had ever seen! It was very pale and lean, with a great deal of chin." Charlie after this haunts the house where the mystery man lives, and one day out of curiosity gets near the window of a room, hears a noise, imagines the doctor is coming and, all confusion and fright, slips in and hides behind a curtain. Then he becomes an unwilling but thrilled spectator of a terrible scene between Mervyn and a German called Schultz, who has displeased him. "Dear brother," says Mervyn to the slave, "you remember our rules; whoso bungles and whoso is suspected of treachery, kills himself." And he hands Schultz the frightful token of death, a small masonic triangle in black. Mervyn's gang are red revolutionaries. The story is deliberately melodramatic, and the interest is maintained with a joyous zest. But do not analyse it in cold blood: it is so impossible.

PAUL THE AMBASSADOR.

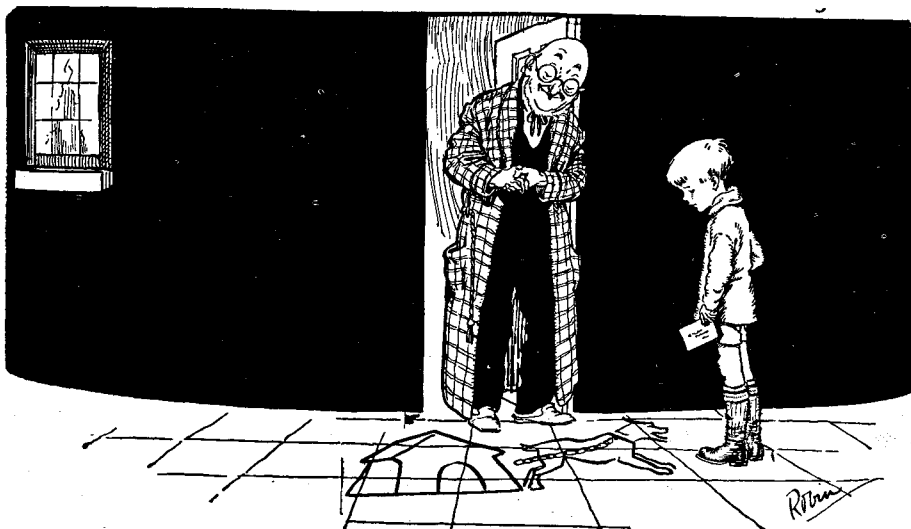
By GRACE WINTER. With illustrations. 8s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)

This "The Life Story of the Great Apostle" is a book



From Paul the Ambassador
By Grace Winter
(S.S.U.).

PAUL'S SPEECH ON THE
CASTLE STAIRS.



From The Little Round House
By Marion St. John Webb
(Stanley Paul).

"LOOKING DOWN, ROBIN SAW A
PAINTED DOG."

of real value to the ordinary lay reading public. No one will deny that St. Paul, beautifully though he wrote and spoke at some times, was beyond the quick grasp of ordinary persons at some other times, and his "Life Story," here retold for young people, cannot fail to be welcome. Miss Winter has done excellently, and we feel that many a parent, and those in authority, as well as the "young people" themselves and many "not so young," will be genuinely grateful for this revivifying of the wonderful story of St. Paul's life and labours. The work has been done with so much care, reverence, scholarship and right instinct that no one could find fault with the treatment. The life, environment, travels stand out with an arresting actuality; and, most difficult of all perhaps, the Epistles have been what one may term "clarified" and rendered a reality to children who could not have followed the more difficult language of many of them. Some imaginary conversations, talks between persons mentioned or indicated in the Acts and the Epistles, are illuminating, they make the times and characters wonderfully vivid, and render more complete the character and influence of the Apostle. One must add a word of praise for the excellent illustrations.

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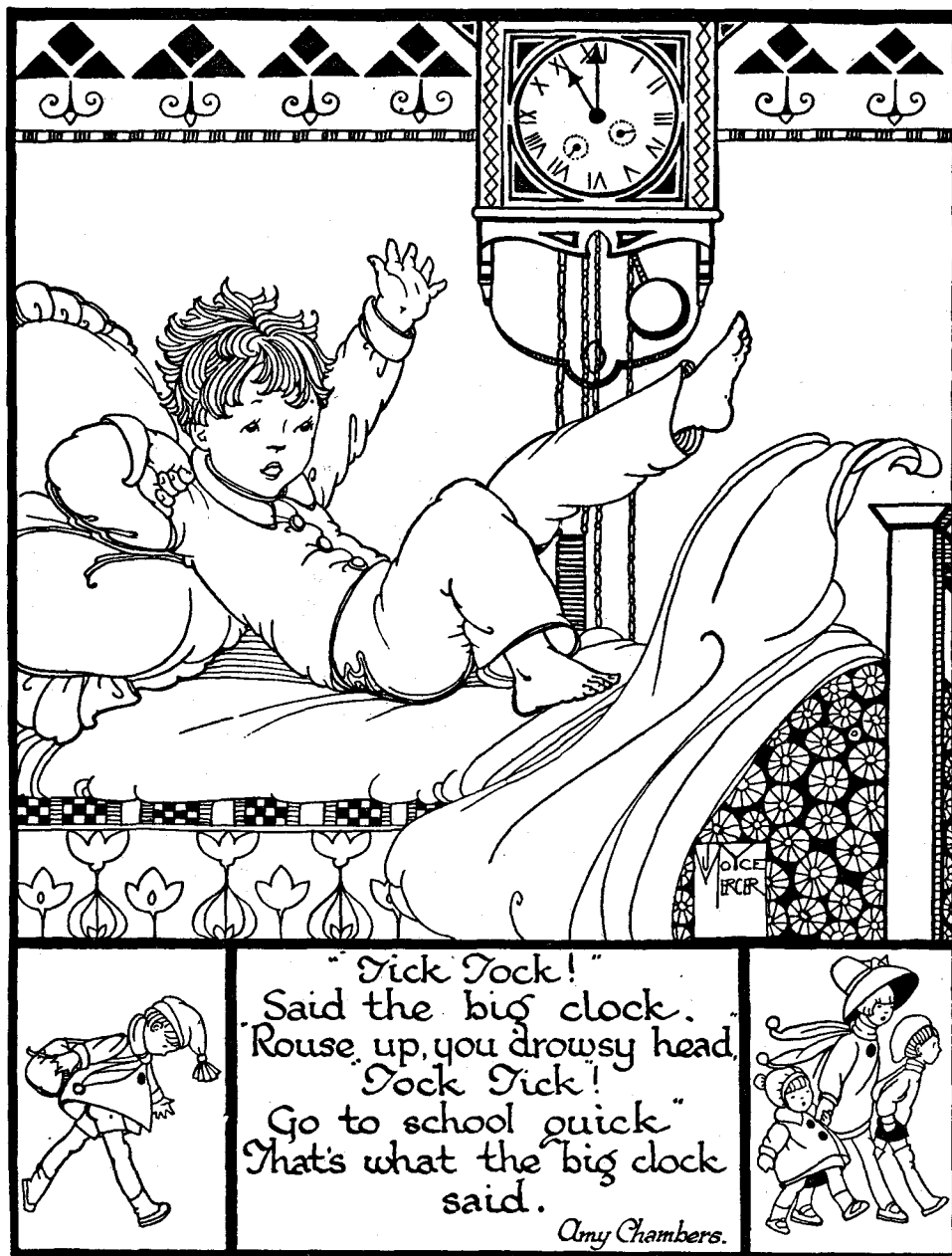
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From Collins' Toddles' Annual
(Collins).

TIME TO GET UP.

COLLINS' TODDLES' ANNUAL.

2s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

THE TWELVE PRESENTS.

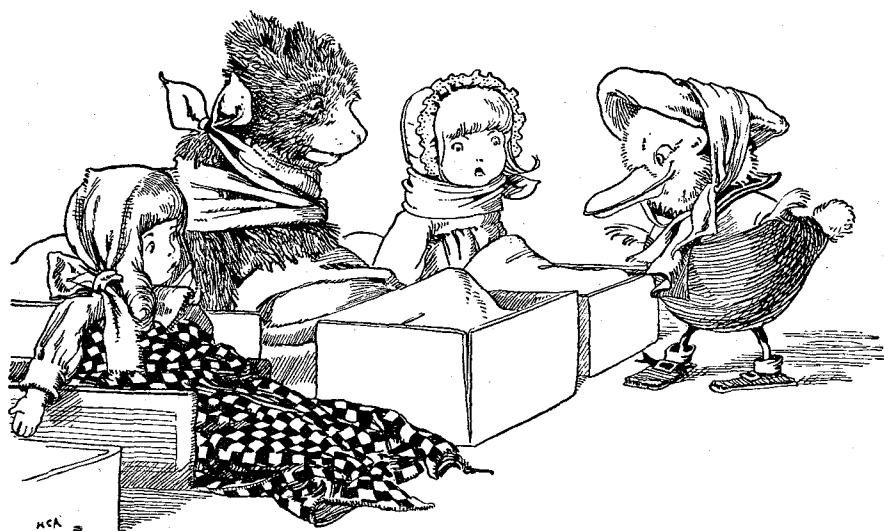
Decorated by HERRY.
7s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

This year's tales and rhymes and pictures for Toddles are enclosed in a delectable cover that even a heathen child would stare at with round eyes in ecstasy, for a curly-headed, bonny boy is riding a wooden horse with black spots on, and a tiny nigger doll is holding the reins, and a gawky teddy-bear is cheering them on with all his might. Inside the book there are many pictures just as jolly, and Miss Joyce Mercer, Miss Winifred M. Ackroyd, and Mr. Austin Molloy are the principal draughtsmen. There are also some "merry rhymes," by quite a number of people, including Miss Charlotte Druitt Cole, and the rhymes have titles like "Crumpets! Crumpets!" "Wicked Winnie," "Jessamy Jane," and "The China Cat." The tales for Toddles are mainly told by Mr. G. Bernard Hughes, except one or two such as the tale of a monkey on a stick, which is told excellently by Miss Cecily M. Rutley. Not many of this winter's annuals will be hugged so tightly as "Toddles' Annual" when the marching orders for bedtime are given, and few of the small people's dreams will be so happy as those which follow a before-bedtime perusal of this brightly produced and very fat volume.

THE BONNY BOOK OF JOSEPHINE.

By MRS. H. C. CRADOCK.
Pictured by HONOR C. APPLETON.
10s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

The adventures of Mrs. Cradock's Josephine and Josephine's friend John should keep the nursery absorbed for hours. Josephine has a puppy and a large family of dolls, and they all do just the kind of things that children love to read about. The story is told simply and realistically, and the attractiveness of the book is greatly added to by Miss Honor Appleton's delightful pictures.



From The Bonny Book of Josephine
Pictured by Honor C. Appleton
(Blackie).

"I SAID I WAS THE BADDEST," HE SAID.

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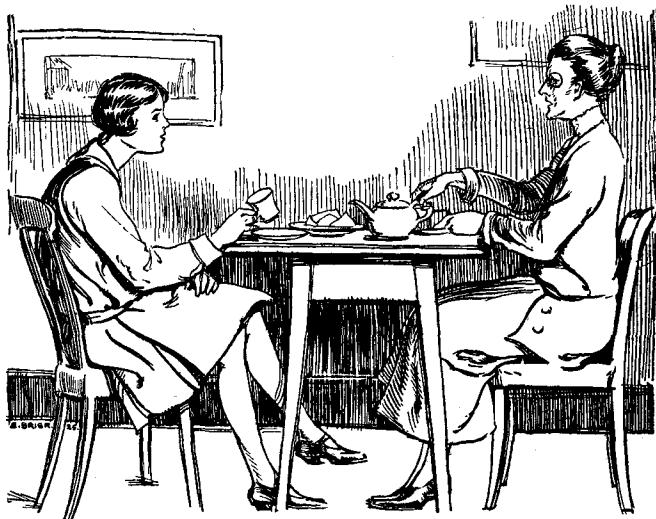
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926



From *Mrs. Noah*
By Marjorie C. Barnard
(Nelson).

"I HOPE I SHALL NOT FIND
IT NECESSARY TO MAKE
CHANGES."

SIRALLI AND OTHER TALES.

By CHARLES STONEHILL. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

This is a book of fairy tales of the old-fashioned type. They are well written and full of adventure, but frankly cruel in parts, with nothing subtle about the characters of the people who take part in them. The villain is the villain, and there is no mistake about it. However, no one could call the tales ænemic—there is plenty of plot and excitement in the book, which is ably illustrated by Harry G. Theaker.



From *The Hope of His
House*
By R. A. H. Goodyear
(Nelson).

"BRINGING HIM TO EARTH
AND FALLING ON HIM."

TOT AND TIM ANNUAL.

(Collins.)

What would those little Victorians have thought who were brought up on the heavy moralising that constituted suitable reading for the young less than a century ago, if they could have had such a volume as this placed in their hands? Nothing is spared nowadays to make reading easy and delightful for little folks at the beginning of things, and the "Tot and Tim Annual" with its bright pictures, its interesting stories and its gay bits of verse, will be an acceptable gift for any youngster. Artists and writers who every year contribute to the children's happiness have put their best efforts into this, and the many familiar names in the contents are a guarantee of first-class amusement for the kiddies.



From *Siralli and Other Tales*
By Charles Stonehill
(Selwyn & Blount).

THE SEVEN-HEADED
DRAGON.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY STORIES.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

Illustrated by ANNE ANDERSON.

10s. 6d. each. (Collins.)

One of the greatest of story-tellers for children finds, in Miss Anne Anderson, an artist who is wholly in sympathy alike with his quaint, grotesque fantasy and with the grace and spiritual beauty of his tenderest imaginings—an artist who as evidently understands children as did the author she illustrates. One could not desire a lovelier edition than this of those wonderful old stories, so lavishly pictured by Miss Anderson in colour and line. One of the colour plates is reproduced among our art supplements in this Number. We would advise any who want gift-books for children to see these two Andersen volumes before deciding what they will buy.

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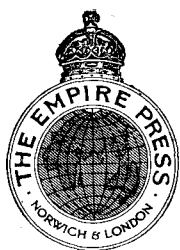
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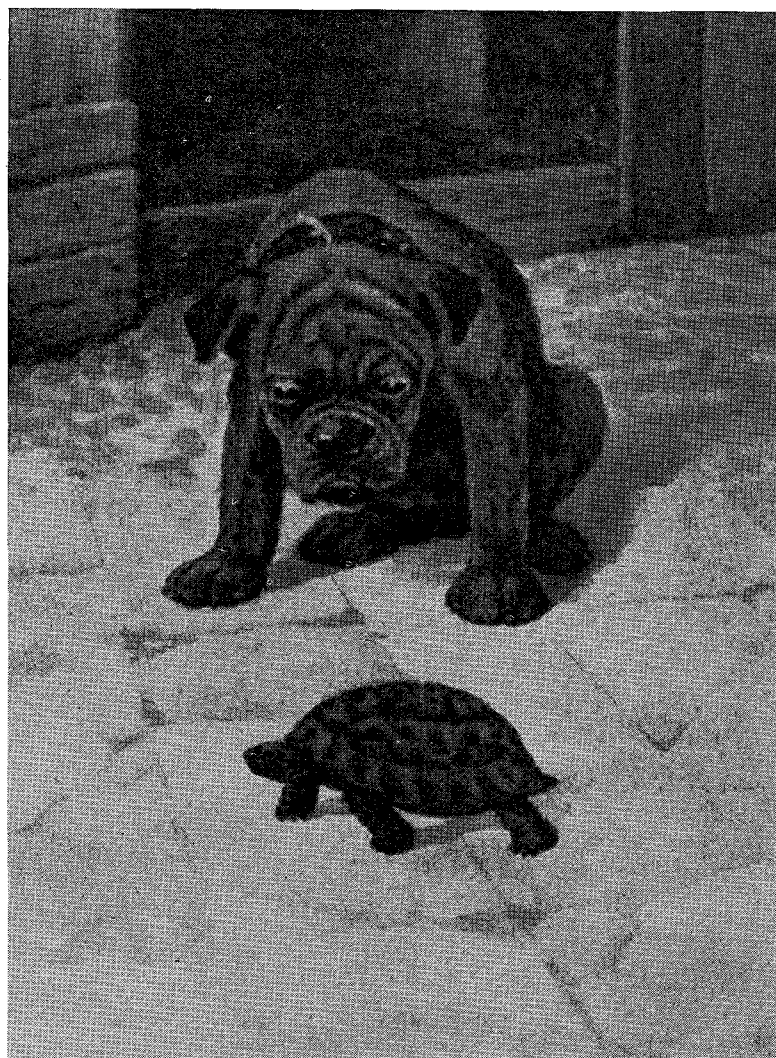
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1926

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR BABY.

3s. 6d.
(Oxford Press.)

It is only when you come across a book ideally suited to the baby mind that you realise how much skill and understanding has gone to the making of it. It requires a genuine knowledge of childhood to cater for the baby of the family—to be prepared for his ruthless logic and shrewd perception. But the artists whose beautiful coloured pictures illustrate Mrs. Strang's Annual this year, and the author of the simple letter-press accompanying the pictures, seem to know just what the tiniest ones appreciate. The big type, the gay colouring of the plates—all the work, by the way, of artists of repute—and the solidity of the pages which makes it impossible for the baby to tear them, will assure the annual its usual popularity in the nursery this Christmas.



From Chatterbox
(Wells Gardner).

THE TANK CORPS.
(From a colour block.)

explain the meaning of a "charade" and to enable the little readers to construct similar charades for themselves—a delightful amusement which deserves a greater measure of its old-time popularity than it receives to-day. Good illustrations add the necessary touch of colour to a pleasant production.

THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL.

12s. 6d.
(R.T.S.)

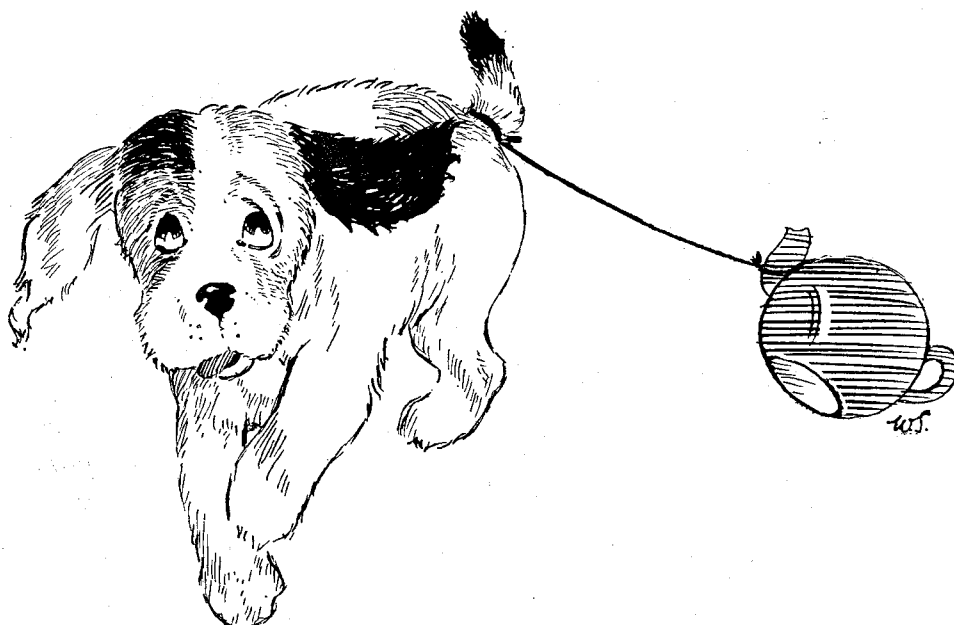
The standard of the *Boy's Own Paper* was set nearly half a century ago by one of the ablest editors who ever appeared in Fleet Street, and has become a tradition. This year's *Boy's Own Annual* would be a welcome present for any boy. It contains several excellent serials of adventure, romance and school life, and the articles are more than usually varied and interesting. It is admirably illustrated as usual, and retains its reputation for its

coloured prints. Among the list of authors are the names of such well-known writers for boys as Dillon Wallace, who contributes a sterling story of adventure in Labrador, Frank Elias, G. Godfray Sellick and Eric Wood. There are several contributions on scouting.

BLACKIE'S LITTLE ONES' ANNUAL.

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From Leading Strings
(Wells Gardner).

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LETTY: A STUDY OF A CHILD.

By ROSE
FYLEMAN.

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(Methuen.)

Children will delight in this story of Letty, though it is chiefly intended for their parents and teachers, who may learn much from it that is worth learning. An entertaining and a wise little book, Miss Hummel's illustrative scissors-cuts are part of its charm.